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THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.*

THE curious reader will assuredly have no objection to transport himself for a moment, chronologically, to about the year eighty of the last century, and geographically to Woodford, in Essex, there to inspect a small section of the innumerable Smith family. Behold the father, tall and stalwart in aspect, dressed in drab, as though he were an amateur quaker, and surmounted by a hat of the strangest proportions, like that which a retired coalheaver might be supposed to adopt from old association. The mother is fair to look on, with a charm of mind and manner yet more potent than the beauty of that frame, too delicate for long life among household cares. He is of quick, restless temperament, self-reliant, with a dash of whimsicality in his habit; never long in one place; fond of building and unbuilding; buying and selling some score of places in different parts of England. She has French blood in her veins, and the French vivacity sparkles through her native sweetness. So the children, four boys and a girl, have a goodly

heritage of qualities,—strength from one side the channel, brilliance from the other. All were remarkable for early tokens of talent. To the boys, books and disputation were as tarts and marbles. They read with insatiable greediness, and would try their skill against each other by fierce arguments on questions beyond their years. No other boys can stand a moment against these practised word-gladiators. They grow intolerably overbearing—the young Sophistae. Away with them from home, ere they be spoilt! A public school shall be their Socrates—shall exercise and temper those quick wits of theirs—show them their limit and their level.

Sydney Smith, the second of these lads, is the subject, and his daughter Lady Holland, the author of the memoir now before us.

Every one who knew Sydney Smith was aware that but a part of his nature—and that not the most truly noble—was known to the public. None was so deeply convinced of this as she who knew him best, and it was the beloved and melancholy task of his widow to prepare the memoranda and collect the letters which should form material for a worthy biography. But who should undertake it? Those who best understood him were

* *A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith.* By his Daughter, LADY HOLLAND. With a Selection from his Letters. Edited by MRS. AUSTIN. 2 vols. Longman. 1855.

too old, or too much occupied, or gone. Some said there would be little to tell for which the public would care; others, that the time was not yet come for the telling. But Mrs. Smith had consecrated her remaining days to the memory of her husband, and urged on Mrs. Austin her anxious request that she would undertake the memoir and correspondence. Failing health compelled that lady to decline any labor beyond that of editing a selection from the letters. She stipulated, very properly, for full liberty to suppress anything that might injure the dead or wound the feelings of the living. An excellent discretion has guided her hand throughout the execution of her work. A righteous disappointment awaits those prurient eyes that may scan this correspondence in search of pungent personalities and the piquancy of scandal. The slightest note admitted into the volume has at least its touch to contribute towards the desired portraiture. Nothing is excessive or wearisome, while enough is given faithfully to represent the writer in heart and act.

Lady Holland's memoir, too, is right pleasant reading. We cannot regret that even friends like Moore and Jeffrey were unable to undertake what a daughter has so admirably accomplished. This biography is characterized by good sense and good taste. The narrative is clearly and gracefully written, the anecdotes and good stories well told, with a terse idiomatic raciness at times, that happily marks the lineage of the authoress. Above all—and this must be the source of truest satisfaction to the writer—the work justifies before the world the cherished convictions of domestic affection,—makes it manifest that there were in the subject of it admirable qualities of mind and heart of higher worth by far than any attribute which the common judgment had assigned to the dazzling talker and the trenchant controversialist.

Mrs. Austin justly remarks, that the reputation of Sydney Smith has risen since his death. It has risen, and it is to rise. Every year lessens the number of those who can remember the marvellous charm of his conversation—that diaphragm-shaking, fancy-chasing, oddity-piling, incongruity-linking, hyperbole-topping, wonder-working, faculty of his which a bookful of Homeric compound adjectives would still leave undescribed. But meanwhile, the true proportions of that large intellect have been growing upon the vision of men. Blinded with tears of laughter, they could not estimate his magnitude. Hands

palsied by convulsive cackinations were too unsteady to hold the measure and fit the colossus with a judgment. Now it is better understood how all that wit was only the efflorescence of his greatness—the waving wild flowers on the surface of a pyramid. Time may take from the edifice of his fame some of its lighter decorations, obliterate quaint carvings, decapitate some grotesque and pendant gargoyles, destroy some rich flamboyant word tracteries; but that very spoliation will only display more completely the solid foundation, the broad harmonious plan of his life's structure, and exhibit the fine conscientiousness with which those parts of the building most remote from the public eye were finished, even as those most seen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods are everywhere.

It is the work of time either to detect or to vindicate the architecture of every conspicuous name. The decay which exposes pretence justifies truthfulness, and gives the very life it seems to steal.

But, while the truth and the power that lay in such a man might be thus secure of recognition, it remained for a memoir like the present to exhibit the love with which his nature overflowed—his strong affections—the thoughtful tenderness of his sympathy—his generous spirit of self-sacrifice—his passion for making all about him happy, from the least unto the greatest. It is a right thing and a delightful that we should be assured, by those who alone can render such testimony, that the wit and mirthfulness of the noted Sydney Smith were not mere drawing-room and dinner-table coruscations, stimulated by reputation, by company, by wine, but the daily sunshine of a home. For many years his life was a struggle with the incumbrance of inevitable debt, remote from society, in disappointment, in a kind of exile. How many, so circumstanced, would have made themselves and all about them wretched,—visiting their vexations, in fretfulness or gloom, on wife, and children, and servants! He was indomitable in good temper, indefatigable in prompt clear-headed action; sharing and lightening every one's burden by some blithe pleasantry or other; and esteeming no handicraft job a trouble, no contrivance a trifle, which could increase the comfort of any child, domestic, or even animal, beneath his care. We have seen, as from a distance, the scintillations of his wit, like the sparks

that find their way up into the night from the mouth of some lowly cottage chimney. How goodly is it to enter the door,—to look upon the great genial fire of household love from which they all were born—to watch the beaming faces round the ingle—to hear the ringing laugh of childhood, the merriment, the music, the singing. Whether at home or abroad, the wit of this man was the playful overflow of the strength given to a great lover of his kind. Bright it was, but no mere brilliance, no *feu de joie*;—it was shiningly benign, as the rocket gleaming through the sky, whose fire-path is followed by the rope that saves a shipwrecked crew.

At Winchester School, under much misery and semi-starvation, young Sydney produced thousands of Latin verses; ripening through this wretchedness for a fellowship at New College, Oxford. His inclinations would have led him to the bar; but it had been a costly matter to provide a legal education for his clever elder brother, Robert. So Sydney, after narrowly escaping being sent as supercargo to China, is urged by his father to enter the Church. At last he complies; and is next to be discovered, on diligent inquiry, a curate, in the midst of Salisbury Plain—a pauper pastor, horseless, bookless—nay, too often meatless, saying solitary grace over potatoes sprinkled with ketchup. Unhappy!—not for this poverty, but for the pressure which drove him to a calling for which he had no spontaneous vocation. At all events, filthy lucre did not entice him within the pale ecclesiastic. Once entered there, his duty was discharged most conscientiously, according to his views of it.

It appears to us as much a matter of course as the stopping of the heroine's runaway horse by the hero in a novel, that the squire of the parish, having ears on his head and some brains in it, should have taken a great fancy to Mr. Smith, the curate. He sends him to the Continent as tutor to his son; but war breaking out, they put into Edinburgh, "in stress of politics." In that "energetic and unfragrant city," he took two eventful steps—matrimony, the first; the second, the projection and production of the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he edited the first number.

In estimating the share of Sydney Smith in a movement of such importance, it is necessary to ascertain the secret of the power possessed by that portentous creation of buff and blue which was born, ideally at least, in the ninth flat of Buccleugh-place, Edinburgh.*

* See a full discussion of this question in No. XXXI. of this Review.

It was not that the writers in this periodical evinced a talent which distanced what a literature rich as that of England had hitherto produced. The real strength of the new comer lay in the genius and the daring of those successive assaults upon political and social abuses under which we groaned, from our Dan unto our Beersheba. There were the Catholics unemancipated—blood-thirsty game-laws—Test and Corporation Acts—prisoners could have no council—the laws of debt and conspiracy were scandalously oppressive—terrorism and taxation made up the business of the State, and digestion seemed the chief end of the Church. All the most thorough and most telling protests against abuses such as these, which made luminous the early course of the *Review*, proceeded from the pen of Sydney Smith. It is to his commanding genius that we must award the honor of winning a hearing for the *Edinburgh* from listless, despondent, or prejudiced auditors, on those great questions with which its deserved success must be forever associated.

Jeffrey worked harder for the *Review* than any one else. Most praiseworthy is the steadiness with which the versatile mind cooped up in that wiry little body, labored at the periodical oar; and, had the *Edinburgh* existed for Scotland only, it would have needed for success nothing but what Jeffrey could have furnished. His analytical, dissecting-knife style of mind, his metaphysical acuteness, his proneness to philosophize about men as mere abstractions, his love of disquisition—all these were articles in demand north of the Tweed. The clever owner of such qualities might be pardoned, on their account, his flippancy, his critical destructiveness, his weary steppes, here and there, of unrelieved prosiness. As to wit, no one asked for it. Sydney Smith used to say that it required a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. But in England humor is native and of high account. We do not think a man the less in earnest for his jest by the way, for an extravaganza now and then. With all our practicality, we love a playful fancy, quaint indirectness, grotesque collocations, sudden turns, gravely comic ironies. We do not always speak upon the square; we are not ashamed of having been known to utter an impracticable wish. Caledonia has given us some humorists of note, but they have always been formed by the culture and the society of England. Jeffrey, as Smith jocularly told him, was brimful at any time of arguments on every imaginable question; but Sydney alone could render

the arguments he urged irresistible from laughter as well as logic. It is not too much to say that to his mind, more than to any other, was the *Edinburgh* indebted for the vigorous hold it took upon the public feeling of that time. His own modest estimate of his share in the work is thus expressed in one of his letters to Jeffrey:—

"You must consider that Edinburgh is a very grave place, and that you live with philosophers who are very intolerant of nonsense. I write for the London, not for the Scotch market, and perhaps more people read my nonsense than your sense. The complaint was loud and universal of the extreme dullness and lengthiness of the *Edinburgh Review*. Too much, I admit, would not do of my style; but the proportion in which it exists enlivens the *Review*, if you appeal to the whole public, and not to the eight or ten grave Scotchmen with whom you live. I am a very ignorant, frivolous, half-inch person; but, such as I am, I am sure I have done your *Review* good, and contributed to bring it into notice. Such as I am, I shall be, and cannot promise to alter. Such is my opinion of the effect of my articles. Almost any one of the sensible men who write for the *Review* would have written a much wiser and more profound article than I have done upon the game-laws. I am quite certain nobody would obtain more readers for his essay upon such a subject; and I am equally certain that the principles are *right*, and that there is no lack of sense in it."—Vol. ii., p. 181.

After a residence of five years in Edinburgh, Sydney Smith removed to London, straitened in means, too liberal in his views to hope for much beyond merest journeyman's wages from his Church, but consoled by the *entree* of Holland House, by an increasing circle of friends, and by signal popularity as a preacher. Languid West-Indians crowded to hear a man who preached in the every-day speech of good society, who was earnest, practical, intelligible, even interesting, in the pulpit, and under whom they almost forgot to yawn. The lectures on Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution, added deservedly to his fame and funds, and blocked up with equipages the streets which are named after Albemarle and Grafton.

In 1809 preferment came, through Lord and Lady Holland, in the shape of a small living at Foston le Clay, in Yorkshire. A change in the law made residence and building compulsory, and Sydney Smith must atone in his own person for the ecclesiastical negligence and abuse of a hundred and fifty years.

Had he been the feather-brained, popularity-hunting fashionable which John Foster

chose wrathfully to fancy him, he must have perished for lack of ices, champagne, and small-talk. He must have lost at least one pair of boots and all his peace of mind in the stiff clay of Foston. Nor would he have been the first London parson who has all but died of a living in Yorkshire. "Muster Smith," said the octogenarian clerk of Foston, on his first appearance, "it often stroikes my moind, that people as comes from London is such *fools*." Clerk and people straightway discover that their new pastor is no fool. He adapts himself to the situation with a facility that would have been amazing in any one except himself and Alcibiades. At London or at Foston, at Susa or at Sparta, your true lord of circumstance is equally at home. In the twinkling of an eye Sydney Smith has grown bucolic. His ignorance of agriculture is vanishing every day. He dines with the farmers, he sets on foot gardens for the poor, he doctors peasants or cattle, as the case may be (for he heard medical lectures at Edinburgh), he takes an absorbing interest in the diet and gestation of sheep and kine, and can find amusement in the trifles which constitute the events of a hamlet, so sparsely peopled, "that you never for years see so many as four people all together except on a very fine Sunday at church."

Nine months of cheerful untiring energy sufficed to build the new parsonage-house which was to replace the crumbling hovel formerly so called. He says:—

"It made me a very poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress, to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals; Bunch became the best butler in the county.

"I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter (who came to me for pariah relief, called Jack Robinson), with a face like a full moon, into my service; established him in a barn, and said 'Jack, furnish my house.' You see the result!"—Vol. i., p. 159.

Apropos of "Bunch," Mrs. Marcet records an amusing scene which she witnessed on a visit to Foston.

"I was coming down stairs the next morning, when Mr. Smith suddenly said to Bunch, who

was passing, 'Bunch, do you like roast duck or boiled chicken?' Bunch had probably never tasted either the one or the other in her life, but answered, without a moment's hesitation, 'Roast duck, please sir,' and disappeared. I laughed. 'You may laugh,' said he, 'but you have no idea of the labor it has cost me to give her that decision of character. The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and shrewdest in the world, but you can never get a direct answer from them; if you ask them even their own names, they always scratch their heads, and say, 'A's sur ai don't know, sir'; but I have brought Bunch to such perfection, that she never hesitates now on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? She has them by heart, and repeats them every day. 'Come here, Bunch!' (calling out to her), 'come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet; and Bunch, a clean, fair, squat, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—'Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door slamming, blue-bottle fly-catching, and curtsy-bobbing.' 'Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle fly-catching is.' 'Standing with my mouth open and not attending, sir.' 'And what is curtsy-bobbing?' 'Curtsying to the centre of the earth, please sir.' 'Good girl! now you may go.' She makes a capital waiter, I assure you. On *state* occasions, Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well; but he sometimes naturally makes a mistake, and sticks a gimblet into the bread instead of a fork.'—Vol. i, p. 136.

Here is another illustration of the man from the same pen:—

"But I came up to speak to Annie Kay. Where is Annie Kay? Ring the bell for Annie Kay." Kay appeared. "Bring me my medicine-book, Annie Kay. Kay is my apothecary's boy, and makes up my medicines." Kay appears with the book. "I am a great doctor; would you like to hear some of my medicines?" "Oh yes, Mr. Sydney." "There is the gentle-jog, a pleasure to take it; the bull-dog for more serious cases; Peter's puke; heart's delight, the comfort of all the old women in the village; rub-a-dub, a capital embrocation; dead-stop settles the matter at once; up-with-it-then, needs no explanation; and so on. Now, Annie Kay, give Mrs. Spratt a bottle of rub-a-dub; and to Mr. Coles a dose of dead-stop and twenty drops of laudanum. This is the house to be ill in (turning to us); indeed, everybody who comes is expected to take a little something; I consider it a delicate compliment when my guests have a slight illness here. We have contrivances for everything. Have you seen my patent armor? No? Annie Kay, bring my patent armor. Now, look here: if you have a stiff neck or swelled face, here is this sweet case of tin filled with hot water, and covered with flannel to put round your neck, and you are well directly. Likewise, a patent tin shoulder, in case of rheumatism. There you see

a stomach-tin, the greatest comfort in life; and lastly, here is a tin slipper, to be filled with hot water, which you can sit with in the drawing-room, should you come in chilled, without wetting your feet. Come and see my apothecary's shop.' We all went down stairs, and entered a room filled entirely on one side with medicines, and on the other with every description of groceries and household or agricultural necessities; in the centre, a large chest, forming a table, and divided into compartments for soap, candles, salt, and sugar.

"Here you see," said he, "every human want before you:—

"Man wants but little here below,
As beef, veal, mutton, pork, lamb, venison show."

spreading out his arms to exhibit everything, and laughing. 'Life is a difficult thing in the country, I assure you, and it requires a good deal of forethought to steer the ship, when you live twelve miles from a lemon. By-the-by, that reminds me of one of our greatest domestic triumphs. Some years ago, my friend C——, the arch epicure of the Northern Circuit, was dining with me in the country. On sitting down to dinner, he turned round to the servant and desired him to look in his great-coat pocket and he would find a lemon; 'for,' he said, 'I thought it likely you might have duck and green peas for dinner, and therefore thought it prudent, at this distance from a town, to provide a lemon.' I turned round and exclaimed indignantly, 'Bunch, bring in the lemon-bag!' and Bunch appeared with a bag containing a dozen lemons. He respected us wonderfully after that. Oh, it is reported that he goes to bed with concentrated lozenges of wild-duck, so as to have the taste constantly in his mouth when he wakes in the night.'—Vol. i, p. 355.

Nor was this gaiety in any measure the result of mere heedlessness or insensibility. His strong affections gave poignancy to all that was trying in his lot. But the sense of duty, the spirit of love, the manly resolve to make the best of whatever might befall, bore him bravely up till better days.

"I have not unfrequently seen him in an evening," says Lady Holland, "when bill after bill poured in, as he was sitting at his desk (carefully examining them and gradually paying them off) quite overcome by the feeling of the debt hanging over him, cover his face in his hands, and exclaim 'Ah! I see I shall end my old age in a gaol!' This was the more striking from one the buoyancy of whose spirits usually rose above all difficulties. It made a deep impression upon us; and I remember many little family councils, to see if it were not possible to economize in something more, and lessen our daily expenses to assist him."

Meanwhile he was a diligent contributor to the *Edinburgh*. He was never without

some subject in hand for investigation. He was a very rapid reader, nimbly "tearing out the bowels of a book," seizing and estimating general results. His memory was not remarkably retentive. In gaining the fullest and most accurate information, written or oral, on any topic he was about to handle, he was most scrupulous and indefatigable. The necessary data once collected and arranged, he wrote swiftly, with all his heart and soul; never pausing for polish or effect, rarely altering or correcting what he had written. His power of abstraction was great. With admirable agility he could transfer, in a moment, his whole mind from one subject to another. From the dry drudgery of bills and business papers he could turn instantly to the composition of an essay or a sermon, and write with rapid ease, unhindered by surrounding conversation or music, unvexed by interruptions. A certain mental restlessness rendered that necessary interchange of business and study which would have fretted most literary men, a positive advantage to him. Ever eager to see and hear, he liked first impressions; he would never dwell more than ten minutes together on the same scene or picture. When no interruption came from without, he would make one; and presently return to his desk, enlivened by a turn in the garden, by play with a child, or attention to some domestic concern. In fact, his capacity for business and for letters was alike extraordinary. He could plod and plan, scrutinize and calculate, as though he had never in his life conceived a fancy, said a good thing, or written a wise one. When made, at last, canon residentiary of St. Paul's, how did he electrify the officers of the Chapter! He was the impersonation of Administrative Reform. Here was a man who would not run in the routine groove—who would take nothing for granted—who would sleepily confide in no person merely because it had been usual to trust him with everything—who insisted on examining everything, and everybody for himself—who taxed the bills (the wretch!)—who somehow had come to know, as well as the builders (the monster!) all about putty, white lead, and Portland stone. Would that we had more such men to manage all our affairs, secular and religious, men brave and true enough to sacrifice peace at first, for purity and safety afterwards. "I find traces of him," says his old friend, the Dean of St. Paul's, "in every particular of Chapter affairs; and on every occasion where his hand appears, I find

stronger reason for respecting his sound judgment, knowledge of business, and activity of mind; above all, the perfect fidelity of his stewardship."

But we anticipate his history. In 1828 Lord Lyndhurst courageously offered him a stall vacant at Bristol. Thither he repaired, not to a larger, but a more secure source of income; and, on the 5th of November, preached a sermon before the Mayor and corporation so intolerably tolerant, that they "could scarcely keep the turtle on their stomachs." The kindness of Lord Lyndhurst enabled him to exchange Foston for the beautifully-situated living of Combe Florey, near Taunton.

And now, in the ebb and flow of politics, the Whigs came into power. Lord Melbourne expressed his regret in after years that he had not made Sydney Smith a bishop. Considering, not the ideal, but the actual, Church of England, never had man better claim. He had fought on the Liberal side, when every blow he struck demolished a hope of prebend. He had stood alone in his profession, aiding with his pen the Whig cause, as not another man in England could, when Whiggism was outcast and empty-handed. A bishopric, he was well aware, would not have increased his happiness—it would have been refused if offered; but whether such return came or not, his heart was no less true to the cause he had embraced. It was not for place that he had wrought and endured so much. But at all events Lord Grey will appoint him to a prebendal stall at St. Paul's; some years after, his brother leaves him his property; and behold him in easy circumstances for the rest of his days. In his first letter to Archdeacon Singleton, he is provoked to sum up his receipts from the Establishment as follows:

"You tell me I shall be laughed at as a rich and overgrown churchman; be it so. I have been laughed at a hundred times in my life, and care little or nothing about it. If I am well provided for now, I have had my full share of the blanks in the lottery as well as the prizes. Till thirty years of age I never received a farthing from the church; then 50*l.* per annum, for two years; then nothing for ten years; then 500*l.* per annum, increased for two or three years to 800*l.*, till, in my grand climacteric, I was made Canon of St. Paul's; and before that period, I had built a parsonage-house with farm offices for a large farm, which cost me 4000*l.*, and had reclaimed another from ruins at the expense of 2000*l.* A lawyer, or a physician in good practice, would smile at this picture of great ecclesiastical wealth; and yet I am considered as a perfect monster of ecclesiastical prosperity."

Let sanguine mediocrity, seeking refuge in the Church of England from Dissent, consider this career. Grievous are the blanks indeed, and sure, to unpatronized independence of thought. It is said that under popular church government, the minister of religion dares not speak according to his convictions. What heroism was requisite in Sydney Smith to avow his! O Neophyte! about to enter holy orders for respectability's sake and the morsel of bread, learn thy first lesson from the sagacious Canon of St. Paul's. He tells you, "What bishops like to see in the inferior clergy is a dropping-down-deadness of manner. Go! buy thee a full-length mirror, and practice it all day long!"

Now, reader, we ring the bell and order you refreshments; here are some fragments of Smith's conversation—

"It is a great proof of shyness to crumble bread at dinner. Oh! I see you are afraid of me," (turning to a young lady who sat by him,) "you crumble your bread. I do it when I sit by the Bishop of London, and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop."

"Don't you know, as the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen."

"Yes! you find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and twopence."

"There is a New Zealand attorney arrived in London, with 6s. 8d. tattooed all over his face."

"An argument arose in which my father observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person, and after naming several among the ancients, he added, 'Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend —, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed.'

"When so showy a woman as Mrs. — appears at a place, though there is no garrison within twelve miles, the horizon is immediately clouded with majors."

"At Mr. Romilly's there arose a discussion on the *Inferno* of Dante, and the tortures he had invented. 'He may be a great poet,' said my father, 'but as to invention, I consider him a mere bungler—no imagination, no knowledge of the human heart. If I had taken it in hand, I would show you what torture really was. For instance,' (turning merrily to his old friend, Mrs. Marcet,) 'you should be doomed to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily in the end be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay, let me consider?—oh, you should be dumb. False dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne should forever be shouted in your ears; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence; and you should not be able to say a single word during that period

in their defence.' 'And what would you condemn me to, Mr. Sydney?' said a young mother. 'Why, you should forever see those three sweet little girls of yours on the point of falling down stairs, and never be able to save them. There, what tortures are there in Dante equal to these?'"

"Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers."

"When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit, on first coming to Foston, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years made such a cloud, that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation."

"Nothing amuses me more than to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. Mrs. Jackson called the other day, and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week. 'Heat, ma'am!' I said, 'it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.' 'Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, sir! Oh, Mr. Smith! how could you do that?' she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. 'Nothing more easy, ma'am; come and see next time.' But she ordered her carriage, and evidently thought it a very unorthodox proceeding."—Vol. i., p. 266.

Lady Holland has summoned to the witness-box some of those best qualified to testify, who with one voice aver, not only that grave truth was often couched in Sydney's wildest witticisms, so that taste and principle always redeemed them from buffoonery, but that many who best knew him admired his wisdom even more than his wit. "His reputation," says an accomplished lady, "has been much founded on his powers of entertaining, which are very great, indeed unrivalled; yet I prefer his serious conversation." Mrs. Austin went to hear him, "with some misgivings," she says, "as to the effect which the well-known face and voice, ever associated with wit and mirth, might have upon me, even in the sacred place. Never were misgivings more quickly and entirely dissipated. The moment he appeared in the pulpit, all the weight of his duty, all the authority of his office, were written on his countenance; and without a particle of affectation (of which he was incapable) his whole demeanor bespoke "the gravity of his purpose." More than once had he the satisfaction of receiving letters of gratitude, assuring him that his preaching had not been in vain, and had stopped the writer in a course of guilt and dissipation. "The expression of my father's face," says Lady Holland, "when at rest, was that of sense and dignity; and this was the picture of his mind in the calmer and graver hours of life; but when he found (as we sometimes do) a passage that bore the stamp of *immortality*, his countenance in an instant

changed, and lighted up, and a sublime thought, sight, or action, struck on his soul at once, and found a kindred spark within it." In the family circle he would give expression at times to thoughtful religious feeling; but, with a taste so sensitive, and a dislike of conventional religious phrases so strong as his, we should be strangely wanting in charity were we to suppose that solemn thoughts were not more frequent with him than solemn words.

What sunny wisdom pervades remarks and maxims such as these:—

"When you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect; and improve those excellencies which command attention and respect."

"Don't be too severe upon yourself and your own failings; keep on, don't faint, be energetic to the last."

"Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God."

"Let every man be *occupied*, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best!"

"Some very excellent people tell you they dare not hope; why do they not dare hope? To me it seems much more impious to dare to despair."

"The real way to improve is not so much by varied reading, as by finding out your weak points on any subject and mastering them."

"True it is most painful not to meet the kindness and affection you feel you have deserved, and have a right to expect from others: but it is a mistake to complain of it; for it is of no use: you cannot extort friendship with a cocked pistol."

"I destroy, on principle, all letters to me, but I have no secrets myself. I should not care if almost every word I have written were published at Charing Cross. I live with open windows."

"Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-and-twenty recipes against melancholy: one was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after-life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others."

"Oh! I am happy to see all who will visit me; I have lived twenty years in the country, and Have never met a bore."

The wit of Sydney Smith was always under the control of good taste and good feeling. It was never mischievous to him by any unseemliness, impertinence, or vulgarity.

Throughout his writings, so remarkable for natural flow and freedom of style, so simple and so idiomatic, you search in vain for anything slipshod, for triteness or chit-chat, for a single colloquial solecism. His style, like golden-haired Pyrrha, is always *simplex munditiis*. The brilliance of his conversation owed none of its fire to the glass. A thimbleful of wine destroyed his understanding, he said, and made him forget the number of the Muses. He sings the praises of water in a style that will make the floods in all testotal stomachs to clap their hands. Far other the sparkling faculty of another wit, hectic from the ruddy wine, effervescent with champagne—poor Theodore Hook—the victim of the convivial cruelties of the great, mercilessly dined to death. Some of the happiest jests of Smith were ecclesiastical. But such sallies were too professional to be profane. They seemed to rebound upon himself, or they played about his order; they certainly scorched nothing. If there was satire in them, it was directed only at hypocrisy or corruption. If he could lightly touch the terrene and external part of religion—its secularized institutions—its drowsy dignitaries; he paid lowliest obeisance (wherever he could discern it) to its heavenly spirit. He could play with the tassel of his cushion; never with the leaves of his Bible. Assuredly, of no other wit could this be said, that many persons felt flattered rather than otherwise, when singled out by him as the objects of a conversational attack. How genial and frolicsome must that raillery have been,—irradiating, never scathing,—summer lightning, indeed,—always directed by a delicate kindness to something unlinked with the feelings or the pride—something that could be offered up—at which the owner could laugh as heartily as any one in the room, feeling as if some article of his, like a watch, or a handkerchief, was made the subject of a feat by a master of legerdemain; as though he had unawares contributed to the common delight, and turned on, with a sudden touch, the great wit-fountain—never that he was held up as a butt of scorn for the arrows of an irrepressible, and universal laugh. When he was quitting London for Yorkshire, the absent and eccentric Lord Dudley said to him, "You have been laughing at me constantly, Sydney, for the last seven years, and yet in all that time you never said a single thing to me that I wished unsaid." He remarks, "This, I confess, pleased me." Doubtless:—rare heart and head! A wit—and yet more beloved than feared!

In attempting a summary of the characteristics belonging to such a nature, the first place is due to that piercing sagacity for which he was so remarkable,—that combination of moral qualities with intellectual acuteness which constitutes practical wisdom. His first object is to clear away encumbrances,—to make “a naked circle” about the matter in dispute, so that there may be a clear view of it from every side. He goes at once to the core, never mistaking adjuncts for essentials, never deceived by fine phrases, by conventional solemnities or sentimentalities. “We must get down at once,” he cries, “to the solid rock, without heeding how we disturb the turf and the flowers above.” On the American rivers, the great logs floated down get jammed up here and there;—a man must be let down by a rope from the overhanging trees,—find, if he can, the timber which is a kind of keystone and stops the rest—detach it—be pulled up in a twinkling—and away dash the giant trunks, shooting headlong, helter-skelter, down the stream. This delicate and perilous office Sydney Smith discharged for the dead-locked questions of his day. His treatment of a half-smothered, obfuscated topic never fails to clear and freshen it for all who come after him;—it is refreshing as a shower on dusty leaves, which not only gives them moisture at the time, but, by washing clean the clogged stomata, fits the innumerable mouths on every spray for drinking in their future nourishment from the surrounding air. He drives a slippery antagonist to his last wriggle,—a pompous and windy one to his last gasp—by insisting on their saying what they mean. Whether in extracting the terror from a term meant for bug-bear, or the hue from a term designed as a cosmetic, his consummate logic is equally admirable. The rhetorician finds that his color-box is gone; the polemic, with linstock lighted, that his powder has been damped. Sydney Smith has conquered by rendering useless weapons which had been redoubtable till he appeared. He need not himself launch a single envenomed personality, or point one deep-throated railing accusation. Those familiar with his writings will remember instances of such high service in the searching examination he institutes into the use and misuse of words like “pedantic,” “simplicity,” “speculative,” “conscience,” and many more.

Of course, to such a man, all mere party cries, specious generalities, clerical flunkeyism, official cant, and owl-faced commonplaces, must be ever abominable. “Upon religion and morals,” he writes, “depends

the happiness of mankind; but the fortune of knaves and the power of fools is sometimes made to rest on the same apparent basis; and we will never (if we can help it) allow a rogue to get rich, or a blockhead to get powerful, under the sanction of these awful words.” He tells brother Abraham, with perfect truth, “If I could see good measures pursued, I care not a farthing who is in power; but I have a passionate love for common justice and for common sense, and I abhor and despise every man who builds up his political fortunes upon their ruin.” To a clerical opponent, who accused him of want of piety, he replies:—

“Whether I have been appointed for my piety or not, must depend upon what this poor man means by piety. He means by that word, of course, a defence of all the tyrannical and oppressive abuses of the Church which have been swept away within the last fifteen or twenty years of my life: the Corporation and Test Acts; the Penal Laws against the Catholics; the Compulsory Marriages of Dissenters, and all those disabling and disqualifying laws which were the disgrace of our Church, and which he has always looked up to as the consummation of human wisdom. If piety consisted in the defence of these,—if it was impious to struggle for their abrogation, I have indeed led an ungodly life.”—*Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton*, p. 252.

It must have been a shock indeed to every churchman who had made an adored poetical abstraction of the Church to see all the sanctimonious obscurity and lullaby laudation with which he had surrounded his idol dissipated or ignored,—to be reminded that the discrepancy and contention which would be disgraceful and pernicious in worldly affairs, should, in common prudence, be avoided in the affairs of religion,—to hear plain facts simply stated by a man who could retain possession of his faculties in the presence of a bishop,—verily the Knight of La Mancha in the cave of Montesinos could not have been more amazed when his Dulcinea sent to borrow six reals on her new dimity petticoat. “I have but one illusion left,” said Sydney in his mellow age, “and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury.” Alas! that too must be lost by this time to many of his readers, and a wicked world has ceased to put its trust even in archbishops!

The power of Sydney Smith as a light-diffuser and fallacy-detector on the grand scale was rendered the more formidable by a comprehensiveness not inferior to his discrimination—by his moderation and self-control. He never overstates his case. The argument once demolished, he does not vindictively pursue its unhappy parent. He does not

take it for granted that every advocate of what is cruel or unjust must of necessity be a brute or a rogue. It is his habit to pause, even in full career, and make due allowance on every opportunity for the influence of education, of position, of routine. He never employs his perfect mastery of language—like the powders applied to dahlia-roots and hyacinths—to change the natural hue of the facts as they grow, and give to the resultant product an artificial coloring. Practical as he is he is no cold-blooded utilitarian. Such men he ridicules as ligneous creatures, from whom, when bored with a gimlet, sawdust must come forth. His early days were unheated by the revolutionary fervor that kindled the contemporary youth of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth; nor did his age, like theirs, forsake the liberal cause. His facts were as carefully examined and set forth—his arguments as guarded and as complete, as though his only hope had lain in diligence and logic. His witty illustration hides no weak places—it is the crest of his helmed argument—the mere pennon of his spear. The sword of this Taillefer does not deal blows less deadly because he rides out before the battle-front, tossing it in the air and catching it. So full of life is he, that when he has hewn his thoughts into serviceable shape for his purpose, they sprout forth presently into unlooked-for arboresecent fancies,—are vivacious as the acacia wood, which, planed into a door-post, has been known to root again and shoot out budding boughs above the threshold. He can diverge as wondrously from the established treatment of a subject as doth the tower of Pisa from the perpendicular, yet never fall;—nay, as that tower may safely ring its peal of bells in an attitude menacing instant prostration, so can his strange faculty disport itself at will in posture the most hazardous, and peril no gravity save that belonging to his readers. Such ease and self-possession belong only to great strength. Great as might be the ardor with which he would defend a good thing or assail a bad one, vehemence never made him forget that there were other good things and other bad beside the one in question. He did not imagine that the universe hung on the particular controversy with which he might be at any time occupied; he kept his material in its place; he had no hobby; he was guiltless of a panacea.

His judgment of mankind was healthy, neither Utopian nor cynical. Unlike the Sultal Mahmoud, who, smiting the Indian idol with his mace, saw gush forth therefrom an

incredible quantity of pearls and precious stones, Sydney Smith found image-breaking anything but lucrative. But neglect and misrepresentation could not sour him. He was content to take men as we find them. If the highest motive moved them not, he thought it no shame to appeal to a lower. The skilful mariner must know not merely how a ship *might* be worked in a storm, but what the particular craft he has to manage can be brought to do—how she will “behave,” as they say, in a certain crisis. This was the kind of knowledge by which he set most store in the management of men. He never enjoyed for its own sake the excitement of striving with his fellows. Some men, plunged into controversy, acquire fresh heat and life,—as fire-flies are said to regain their fading lustre on being immersed in hot water. Such a man was Priestly; such was not Sydney Smith. Some worthy cause must be at stake before he will vex his soul with contention. How strongly does his dignified forbearance and large-hearted love contrast with the savage Berserker fury of Swift, or the malign grin of Voltaire—to whom Ridicule and Sarcasm were Castor and Pollux, sole guiding stars across the frothy, melancholy sea of life.

Yet there was one phase of our common nature which presented to Sydney Smith a riddle he could not read. Into the heights and depths of our spiritual being he seems never to have searched. A religious enthusiast was to him as strange and incomprehensible a creature as an ornithorynchus paradoxus. If he sees a man profoundly oppressed by the sense of guilt, he straightway imagines him a poor dyspeptic wretch, who thinks to please God by tears and groans. He is right when he says that God is love; but how strangely wanting in discernment when he fails to see that it is this very love which deepens to such poignancy the consciousness of ingratitude. Faith appears to be understood by him in the mere ecclesiastical rather than in the scriptural sense—as the opinion of the seen, more than the power of the unseen world. He is right when he insists on the necessity of practical preaching, of searching exhortation to the moralities of daily life, but grievously in error when he looks for genuine success apart from the motives set forth in the gospel, and the regenerating influence of the Spirit of God. What measure of such truth he himself may finally have come to hold we know not: far be it from us to judge him.

The complaint we urge is simply this;—

not that he was not religious just in our fashion, but that he denied sincerity or common sense to great numbers who were not religious in his. His injustice to evangelical religion is notorious. In contact with that hated thing, his love of mercy and of justice vanishes—his nobler self is gone, and he is Sydney Smith no more. True, he would persecute neither Methodist nor Catholic; but his charity and candor are pushed to the utmost for the one, his scorn and abhorrence are concentrated on the other. He is eager to believe that every evangelical cobbler deems it glorious to lie for the tabernacle. He can scarcely be persuaded that a Papist will deem it glorious to lie for the church. He is indignant at the power of illiterate preachers over the common people. He forgets how the order of Francis has preyed upon the mob, how the order of Dominic has hounded them on. The bad taste of Methodism disgusts him. A little reading among the works of some of those whom Rome delights to honor—the visions and meditations of some illustrious saints—the foul-mouthed utterances of the French preachers of the League, would have revealed to him sanctified puerilities, holy profanities, delirious obscenities, blood-thirsty blasphemies, in comparison with which the maddest rant of an American camp-meeting is seemliness, sobriety, and sense.

As to the good taste of much that Smith saw fit to quote from the public organs and private journals of the evangelical party, we have not a word of apology to offer. With many passages citation is condemnation, and they convict themselves without a stroke from the satirist. But the sin of the assailant lay in resolving to believe, and to make others believe, that the religionists assailed were made up only of superstition and austerity—if sincere, all grimness—if hollow, all grimace—frantic with a heady proselytism, or greedy with a low-minded cunning.

To his attack on Indian missions every succeeding year brought in, and is to bring, fresh refutation. But for missionary effort Sutteeism would still have been allowed, Indian priestcraft petted, and the wheel of Jugger-naut shoved onwards by the shoulder of the Honorable East India Company. He makes the difficulties encountered by missionaries his great argument against missions. Those difficulties had been largely created by the godless gainfulness which lived only to shake the pagoda-tree and gorge. Their existence only showed that brave and devoted hearts had not stirred them too soon. Quite other-

wise did Sydney reason concerning the obstacles in the way of improvement among ourselves. The Champion of reform in England abominates the reformers of India; and the chastiser of episcopalian Brahmins at home is the apologist of an idolatrous priesthood abroad. The reiterated publication of the article on Missions is far less excusable than its production at the first. It was not like Sydney Smith to persist against accumulating facts—to refuse to allow himself mistaken. If he had spoken a hasty word to any one in his employ, he could never be easy in his mind till, with manful kindness, he had in some way acknowledged his fault, and healed the wound. But an evangelical dissenter was beyond the pale of courtesy or justice. Lady Holland tells us, "Some one speaking of missions ridiculed them as inefficient. He dissented, saying that, 'Though all was not done that was projected or even boasted of, yet that much good resulted; and that wherever Christianity was taught, it brought with it the additional good of civilization in its train, and men became better carpenters, better cultivators, better everything.'" There is his own good sense here; many reputed conversions are very questionable; many Indians have been made bad Hingoes without being made good Christians; much is still to do; but the collateral benefits of Christianity alone are an incalculable gain—underrated too often by religious impatience, eager for flattering reports. His views had evidently undergone modification; we are glad to give publicity to the change; we could wish that he himself had done so.

The position of Sydney Smith in the Church of England it is not difficult to understand. In his view, that institution meant "a check to the conceited rashness of experimental reasoners—an adhesion to old moral landmarks—an attachment to the happiness we have gained from tried institutions greater than the expectation of that which is promised by novelty and change. He was grieved to see it near "dying of dignity," but such he knew was the chronic disorder of all establishments. The practical energetic preaching, the activity, the education he advocated, were, alas! only to be found among the evangelicals he denounced. The Puseyite attempt at revival by priestcraft, sacraments, and wax-chandlery, was quite as little to his taste. He has much reverence for principles, little for dignities. For the life of him he cannot say of his bishop, as Cob of Bobadill, "I do honor the very flea of his dog." To every clergyman, duly sensible of

the proprieties, the very sneeze of a bishop should be like the sternutation of the King of Monopotama, which is greeted by shouts in the ante-chamber, shouts in the palace-yard, shouts in the city-streets,—announced and reverberated by a thousand loyal voices; but bold recusant Sydney Smith can watch *rectis oculis*—without awe, and without response—the convulsion of an episcopal proboscis! This provoking Spartan calls a spade a spade, and shockingly discourses of the Church as indeed it is. They accuse him of desecrating holy things. He answers as England did to Ireland in one of our old wars. The Irish had laid up their corn in a church, hoping that the sanctity of the building would preserve their stores. The English replied that the sacrilege lay with the enemy, in converting the holy place to such a purpose; and removed the grain as coolly as if the sanctuary had been a barn.

Sydney Smith maintains that, as there is no adequate payment for the many in the Church, there must be prizes for the few. His letters to Archdeacon Singleton are unanswerable exposures of a fallacious and unjust attempt at reform, by which the strong ecclesiastics would have pilfered from the weak, without appeasing after all the popular dissatisfaction. Most of his ecclesiastical opponents conveniently identified the pious and the comfortable. To disturb an abuse was to assail religion. Has not Sancho the most religious objection to being drawn into discussion when guzzling among Camacho's flesh-pots? "Good, your worship," cries he, "judge of your own chivalries, and meddle not with judging of other men's fears and valors; for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbors: and pray let me whip off this scum; for all besides is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world."

A most felicitous allusion exhibits in a sentence the effect of his plain-speaking. "When an argument taken from real life and the actual condition of the world is brought among the shadowy discussions of ecclesiastics, it always occasions terror and dismay; it is like Æneas stepping into Charon's boat, which carried only ghosts and spirits. *Gemuit sub pondere cymba Sutilis*." Sydney Smith will not cloak the matter; he acknowledges that the great majority who enter the Church do so having in view the good things which that Church may bestow. Yet every one so entering professes that he is moved thereto by the Holy Ghost. The bait must be there, he contends, or capital would not flow into the establishment. But what becomes of the

vows upon the threshold? Hapless dilemma!—what, indeed!

He judged of the Romish priesthood very much by himself. He imagined them scarcely more likely to violate truth, humanity, or justice for their church, than would be for his. They had come down in the world, and he pitied them. They seemed to him the feeble shadow of a bye-gone terror. They resembled in his eyes the player in the *Spectator*, who complains so bitterly that, having once done the thunder, he is now reduced to act the ghost. They had suffered adversity, and he trusted they were the better for it. The service he rendered them was a righteous one and brave, however unworthy and incurable the subjects of the benefit. With scepticism, on the other side, he was never disposed to tamper for a moment. The irreligious spirit of the *Edinburgh* awakened his grave displeasure, and drew forth strong remonstrances to Jeffrey.

As a master of English, Sydney Smith may take his place upon the highest seat. A better model of style it would be difficult to propose,—partly from his intrinsic excellence,—partly because the absence of mannerism renders mere imitation impossible. Two comprehensive attributes may suffice to characterize his composition—Simplicity and Wit.

It is too common to confound simplicity with baldness, and to challenge its excellence accordingly. A simple style must be transparent, idiomatic, natural. Let these qualities be preserved, and a playful humor, or a rich fancy, will never detract from its simplicity. The soil need not be barren, but the flowers must be spontaneous. No brushes and powders, no wires, wax, or gauze, must litter the study table—materials for an artificial flora. No pedantic theory must play the martinet with the common rank and file of speech, or drum out the attention of the reader and the thoughts of the writer in a monotonous roll of periods.

Sydney Smith thought with clearness, and therefore expressed himself clearly. We cannot believe that any man fairly understands his own meaning who is unable to convey it to the tolerably educated mind about him. The banks and shoals of the sea are the ordinary resting place of fogs. It is so with thought and language—the cloud surely indicates the shallow. The literary criticisms of Smith betray his impatience of all artifice. He is aggrieved by the scholastic grandiosities of Parr; he exposes the pompous egotism of Rose; he

rebukes, though gently, the apostrophes of Waterton. His allusions and illustrations are never too refined or recondite; requiring in the reader some unusual knowledge or peculiar point of mental view, and therefore meaningless to the many as a signal flag seen edgewise. His style acquires force as well as clearness from his Teniers-like finish and minuteness of detail—his constant preference of the concrete to the abstract. There is no question about his outline—no drapery conceals drawing careless or untrue—there are no figures half visible through mist. He is like the man of whom the Italian said, that he always spoke in *relief* (*parlava sempre scolpito*). Wherever he can make a generality special by adducing names, places, tangible objects, he always does so. If such features are not at hand, he invents them. Thus, speaking of the Bishop of Peterborough's questions, he says, "By this new system of interrogation, a man may be admitted into orders at Barnet, rejected at Stevenage, re-admitted at Brogden, kicked out as a Calvinist at Witham Common, and hailed as an ardent Arminian on his arrival at York." On the same principle we meet by the way with an enumeration like the following:—"Few men consider the historical view which will be taken of present events. The bubbles of last year; the fishing for half-crowns in Vigo Bay; the Milk, Muffin, and Crumpet Companies; the Apple, Pear, and Plum Associations; the National Gooseberry and Currant Company—will all be remembered as instances of that partial madness to which society is occasionally exposed," &c. Similarly, in the speech on the Reform Bill, the stewards and country gentlemen acquire a grotesque individuality in the fortunes of Messrs. Vellum and Plumpkin. His habit of recapitulation at the close of an article greatly intensifies the impression of the whole. In this way he not only provides against any possible misconception as to his object, but sends away the reader with a telling summary of fact and argument ringing in his ears. Thus the whole of the fallacies exposed in the article on Bentham, are gathered together at last in the Noodle's oration. In like manner, at the end of a masterly paper on the Catholic question, he winds up with a succession of spirited addresses to the several classes interested—to the No-Popery Fool—to the No-Popery Rogue—to the Honest No-Popery People—to the Catholics, &c. The final page of the paper on Female Education is an epitome of the whole, remarkable for

vigorous compression. An article on America is concluded by a collection of antithesis, concentrating in a paragraph the vast advantages and little inconveniences of which that land of anomalies is made up. The ease and self-possession resulting from the consciousness of strength, preserved his simplicity inviolate, whatever might be his anxiety, his eagerness, his indignation. His steed of the pen, as the Orientals would say, never perspires. No other man has ever despatched so many questions in one irresistible, immortal sentence. He will kick out the life of a time-honored sophism by a single foot note. His parenthesis is terrible—a mere tap on the ear in passing, that smites like the sail of a windmill.

Barrow's celebrated enumeration of the varieties of wit might be completely illustrated with first-rate specimens from the writings of Sydney Smith alone. We have not another writer in our language who has united to a wit and humor so exuberant and multiform a treatment of his subject so comprehensive, so conscientious, so truly philosophical—not another with like measure of the perilous faculty, so completely preserved by heart, and taste and judgment from ever injuring others by malice, or himself by folly.

Space would fail us to specify the many kinds of facetiousness with which his style abounds. The humorists have always claimed the privilege of word-coining, and the royal exercise of this prerogative distinguishes, while it never disfigures, the language of Sydney Smith. This kind of originality lies on the surface, and is the first to strike every eye. Sometimes he fashions strange compounds from the homely Saxon idiom; sometimes he devises bigwig classical epithets, devised with scholarlike precision, comic from their formal gravity, so dexterously misplaced. Thus he speaks of a "lexicon-struck" boy, of "Malthus-proof" young people, of "persecution-fanciers," of "wife and daughter bishops," of "butler bishops," even of "cook and housekeeper bishops;" he describes a measure as rejected "with Percivalism and contempt;" and he enriches our mother tongue with that serviceable hybrid "Foolometer." So when, in the academic vein, he laughs at pedants with sesquipedal words of his own, he will talk of "frugivorous children," and of "mastigophorous schoolmasters;" of "amorphous hats;" of "fugacious" or "plumigerous captains;" of "lachrymal and suspicious clergymen;" of some people who are "si-

mious," and others who are "anserous;" he holds up, as "the Anglophagi," the placemen who prey upon the country; and designates our September sins by the awful name of "perdricide."

A mind of such happy vivacity will, of course, make the simile and the metaphor the frequent vehicles of fun, of satire, sometimes even of argument—fine and sharp as the Italian's "dagger hid in a hair." For example—"Men of very small incomes, be it known to his Lordship, have often very acute feelings; and a curate trod on feels a pang as great as when a bishop is refuted." Thus again, "To be intolerable strict and harsh to a poor curate, who is trying to earn a morsel of hard bread, and then to complain of the drudgery of reading his answers, is much like knocking a man down with a bludgeon, and then abusing him for splashing you with his blood, and pestering you with his groans. It is quite monstrous that a man who inflicts eighty-seven new questions in theology upon his fellow-creatures, should talk of the drudgery of reading their answers."

Of the pun—that Pariah among the jests—Sydney Smith furnishes but few examples, and those, with scarcely an exception, classical.

His mock-heroics are numerous, and all good. Take this sly hit *en passant* at the pompous Latinized style: "Not only are Church, King, and State allured by this principle of vicarious labor, but the pot-boy has a lower pot-boy, who, for a small portion of the small gains of his principal, arranges, with inexhaustible sedulity, the subdivided portions of drink, and, intensely perspiring, disperses, in bright pewter, the frothy elements of joy." Who has not been convulsed by reading Peter Plymley's statulent description of the scheme for subduing the French by stopping their medicinal supplies? "What a sublime thought—that no purge can be taken between the Wesser and the Garonne—that the bustling pestle is still—the canorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude!"

A species of wit to which Sydney Smith is much addicted, we must call, The Particularization of the Hyperbole. When putting something impossible, or imagining something extravagant, he generally contrives to give it, by a sudden turn, a peculiar adaptation to the case in hand. For instance, speaking of Mrs. Trimmer, the well-known writer of children's books, he

does not simply say that he knows she would on no account wittingly have done such injustice to Mr. Lancaster; but, "if she had been aware of the extent of the mischief she was doing, she would have tossed the manuscript spelling-book in which she was engaged into the fire, rather than have done it." Thus, again, any one might write, "Nothing can persuade me that the antiquated superstitions of Rome are likely to resume their empire over the mind of this country." What force and freshness does our wit give to the same thought—how he makes it flash and attract all eyes by expressing it this way—"Tell me that the world will return again under the influence of the small-pox; that Lord Castlereagh will hereafter oppose the power of the court; that Lord Howick and Mr. Grattan will do each of them a mean and dishonorable action; that anybody who has heard Lord Redesdale speak once will knowingly and willingly hear him again; that Lord Eldon has assented to the fact of two and two making four, without shedding tears or expressing the smallest doubt or scruple; tell me any other thing absurd or incredible, but, for the love of common sense, let me hear no more of the danger to be apprehended from the general diffusion of Popery."

A remarkable feature in the satire of Sydney Smith is the way in which it is wrought in his argument, description, or narrative. It diffuses itself through his style like an atmosphere. The touches are slight and incidental, as though he could not help it—he has not to stop or go out of his road for the purpose. Thomas Fuller often embroiders his history with sarcastic touches and humorous allusions; they fringe a sentence, or they slash it by a parenthesis; they glitter on it, or they wind, like a button or a braid—but with Sydney Smith this vein of wit is as it were *shot* into the fabric—it glances at every movement in the texture itself. In this respect he bears some resemblance to Thackeray, whose satire and whose kindliness too, will come out in the most ordinary passages of a story—in the narration of the commonest incidents—showing that this humor is no mere decoration of the structure he builds, but, in a manner, the very seasoning of its rafters. Sydney Smith and Thackeray are akin, too, in the tendency of their genius to confine itself to man and his interests. Dickens, in whom the poetical development is larger, has more sentiment and discursiveness. He will invest natural objects with character—informs with

life scenery, buildings, and very furniture. The supernatural and the mysterious steal in among the oddities and the prose of our wondrous daily life. The strange sights of foreign lands suggest to Sydney Smith not poetical or spiritual analogies, but political or ecclesiastical ones—some reality in the actual world at hand. And these very suggestions furnish illustration of the way in which he scatters satire as he goes, instinctively, almost unawares. Thus he reads in the old travels of Brocquière that the Christians at Damascus are locked up every night—"as they are (he remarks) in English workhouses, night and day, when they happen to be poor." This is his reflection on being informed of the astonishing power of the tolling note uttered by the South American campanero: "The campanero may be heard three miles!—this little bird being more powerful than the belfry of a cathedral ringing for a new dean—just appointed on account of shabby politics, small understanding, and good family!" A description of the sloth sends his ideas home at once to his profession: "This animal moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop." The boa constrictor reminds him, naturally enough, of the Court of Chancery.

How rapid and how keen are strokes like the following—the mere sparkle of his oars as they dash onward: "To buy a partridge (though still considered as inferior to murder) was visited with the very heaviest infliction of the law," &c. "Even ministers (whom nothing peeters so much as the interests of humanity) are at last compelled to come forward," &c. "We curse ourselves as a set of monastic madmen, and call out for the empty satisfaction of Mr. Percival's head."—"Crying out like a school-boy or a chaplain," &c. "The sixth commandment is suspended, by one medical diploma, from the north of England to the south." "If a man finds a partridge upon his ground eating his corn in any part of Kentucky or Indiana, he may kill it, even if his father is not a Doctor of Divinity." "A good novel is a book which makes you impatient of contradiction and inattentive,—even if a bishop is making an observation, or a gentleman, lately from the Pyramids, or the Upper Cataracts, is let loose upon the drawing-room."

That brevity is the soul of wit is an aphorism which, like many other proverbial sayings, conveys but half the truth. It is the

province of wit not merely to utter the happy saying which is born and complete upon the instant, but also to pursue an idea with inexpressible nimbleness of thought, through roving, and windings, and transformations numberless, long after apprehensions less brisk and agile have dropped it in exhaustion. The chase is marvellous as the conflicts of geni in *The Arabian Nights*, where the fugitive spirit transforms himself, quick as thought, into hare, or worm, or minnow; and the pursuer as swiftly hurries after in shape of hound, or bird, or pike. How long and fondly does the wit of Shakspeare buzz and hover about Bardolph's red nose; that volcanic promontory threatens to coruscate forever; he scarce knows how to let it go. Sydney Smith is a mighty hunter of fancies in his way too; sometimes in wild fun; sometimes in earnest—that he may develop all the intrinsic absurdity of some notion which he combats. At one time he will stop and draw an imaginary picture; at another he will enter with grave irony into an arithmetical calculation. These methods are favorite weapons with Swift; but Smith is his equal in piquency and force, and far superior in refinement both of thought and expression. Swift wields the quarter-staff; Smith draws a rapier.

A whole gallery full of pictures might be collected from his works, full of figures and of scenery selected or imagined with exquisite skill, and every touch and adjunct helping the designed effect of ridicule. Take only one, where he runs riot on the imagination of England invaded, laughably heaping together the most incongruous incidents, and pursuing his argument all the while. "Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits; all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farmhouse been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate." There are besides the pictures of bishops at their pay-table (*Works*, iii. p. 230); of the ludicrous effects of an intimation by Lord John (p. 227); of the agonized scrivener who took the archbishop's oath for him (p. 222); of the ambitious baker and young Crumpet (215); of the clergyman ideal and the clergyman ac-

tual (p. 250), a very striking pair; and all these are hung together in the apartment, yclept "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton:" go, reader, and gaze upon these works of art, spirit-stirring, laughter-moving, rare as Sir Toby's catch that would "draw three souls out of one weaver!"

"Ah, Mr. Smith!" said a Romish dignitary one day, "you have such a way of putting things!" He had received a home-thrust. Among other "ways," the Canon had a habit of making speeches for his adversaries whereby they are sorely discomfited. He does so (with aggravating truthfulness) for the justice, when pleading on behalf of untried prisoners; he delivers a legal opinion in the person of a fifth judge in the article on man-traps and spring-guns; and he annihilates Noodle by making him open his mouth.

But beyond this legitimate exercise of the dramatic faculty there is the parable or apologue, in which the humor of Smith is unrivalled. Swift's *Tale of a Tub* and *History of John Bull* are allegorical caricatures of great power. The satire consists in reducing party characteristics to domestic personalities; in representing the dignified procedure of war, diplomacy, and government, under the homely mask of squabbles between relatives and neighbors—the husband and the wife—the master and the servant. The idea is excellent, but the execution coarse, even for those days. Such indirectness should not be protracted. The *History of John Bull* is sustained too long, and though frequently redeemed by most felicitous invention, grows rather tiresome by requiring reference to the key at every turn. The satiric fictions of Smith are always pertinent, brief, and delicate in their handling. The story of Mrs. Partington—the convenient passage from the *Dutch Chronicle* about the Synod of Dort—the fables concerning the physician and the apothecary in the reform speeches—and the account of the dinner which opens the sixth of *Peter Plymley's Letters*—are well-known specimens.

The difference is remarkable between the humor of Smith and of Charles Lamb, simple and genial as they both are. Smith is excellent at putting together a principle or a policy in a person—an adept at the representative, concentrative process. Lamb is most fond of taking a person to pieces and unfolding a character—as great a master of the explicative art. How he peeps under foibles and oddities to look at the heart—lovingly dilates upon them—draws us near

to strange bits of humanity, and holding a hand of each, makes us friends forever! Smith does great service in bringing down to the common level some highflying pretence or title that gives itself airs, and claims to sit apart. Lamb does a service peculiar to himself in bringing some forlorn eccentricity up to the level of our ordinary sympathies. Lamb is subjective, individual—a man dreamy, whimsical, and unpractical. Smith moves in the stream of affairs, and has always work in hand. He is too intent on producing conviction to have time for the erratic quaintnesses and leisurely delights of Lamb's meditative fancy. For the same reason, and for higher yet, he can never descend to the tricks and starts, the *coups de théâtre*, the utter ribald nonsense, which offend us in Sterne. The very structure of the sentences marks the contrast—the rapid flow of Smith's, the shortness and slight connexion of Lamb's, as though deliberately uttered at intervals, in monologue, between the whiffs of the musing pipe. Sydney Smith all minds, in their order, will more or less appreciate; the common prosaic temperament gets out of patience with Lamb, and thinks him childish. Observe how the two speak of the rising convict-colony of Sydney. Lamb writes to his friend at the antipodes, "What must you be willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man! You must almost have forgotten how *we* look. The kangaroo—your aborigines—do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europe-tainted, with those little short fore-puds, looking like a lesson framed by Nature to the pickpocket! Marry, for diving into fobs they are rather lamely provided *a priori*; but if the hue and cry were once up, they would show as fair a pair of hind-shifters as the expertest loco-motor in the colony. . . . Do you grow your own hemp? What is your staple trade—exclusive of the national profession, I mean? Your locksmiths, I take it, are some of your great capitalists." Sydney Smith expresses his fears that, in spite of the example of America, this country will attempt to retain the colony under harsh guardianship after it has come to years of discretion. If so, "endless blood and treasure will be exhausted to support a tax on kangaroos' skins; faithful Commons will go on voting fresh supplies to support a *just and necessary* war; and Newgate, then become a quarter of the world, will evince a heroism not unworthy of the great characters by whom she was originally peopled."

In conclusion, we must repeat our protest

against the mistake which regards wit as the principal endowment of that powerful and noble nature—against that popular error which persists in associating brilliance with reckless superficiality. With justice has Sterne entitled this narrow and vulgar notion the *Magna Charta* of stupidity and dulness. An illustration, he says, is not an argument—of course not—"nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glass clean to be a syllogism—but you all, your worships, may see the better for it." Let that keen and massive intellect have due honor—and yet more, that brave, and tender and self-sacrificing heart. Let Sydney Smith be remembered as a man who fought in the van of reform, when reform was accounted infamous; who to his own sore loss, in a profession sadly eminent for servility and prejudice, stood forth against gigantic wrongs, and helped our country to

its present home prosperity; who would put out the same energy in saving a poor village lad which he lent to aid a nation's cause; to whom vanity was a strange thing, and envy a thing impossible; and who used his dangerous and dazzling gifts never to adorn a falsehood or insult the fallen, always to crown truth with glory and to fill the oppressed with hope. With prophetic insight, he could discern, in humane solution of the problems of the present, the established axioms of a better future,—could be sure that the novel superstructure of to-day would become the venerated foundation of to-morrow; and to the life he lived and the cause he advocated may be applied, with the fullest justice, those wise words which Tacitus has placed in the mouth of Claudius:—*Inveterascet hoc quoque: et quod hodie exemplis tuetur, inter exempla erit.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ALEXANDER II.

EUROPE had scarcely recovered from the shock caused by the sudden and unexpected death of Nicholas, ere speculations began to be formed as to the character of his successor, Alexander II. It was whispered and eagerly believed that with the death of our great enemy peace would be immediately restored; for his successor was known to belong to the German party, and besides, a collision might be anticipated with his brother Constantine, who was notoriously of a pugnacious character, and supposed to have already urged a claim to the throne, owing to his having been born during the reign of the Emperor, and not, like his brother, when he was only grand-duke. But all these anticipations were soon found to be unfounded, "so he went unto his fathers, and his son reigned in his stead:" it was just like a passage in Jewish history. Alexander ascended the throne without the slightest disturbance, and his brother was one of the first to offer his allegiance.

Foiled in their anticipations of an agreeable *intermezzo* in the shape of a Russian home revolution, political quidnuncs then had re-

course to the Emperor's antecedents. He was essentially a man of peace; indeed, according to their sanguine showing, his education must have been managed by a brother Bright in uniform. But these delusive hopes have been scattered to the winds: Alexander will follow and remain true to the policy of his ancestors, and will carry on the war undoubtedly "to the last man and the last rouble."

Russia is certainly a fortunate country in one respect: she is profoundly ignorant of the peculiar blessings of a House of Commons. No disappointed ex-minister can there wreak his vengeance by denouncing the measures and betraying the secrets of his late colleagues; no wolves in sheep's clothing* rise to plead the cause of the enemy; no would-be patriots distort the simplest facts to support their own party purposes; and, finally, ministers do not degrade themselves by becoming political Jack Puddings, and answering the most vital questions by a broad, unmeaning grin, intended to signify so much. Rus-

* Query. Quaker's drab.—Printer's Devil.

sia may consider herself fortunate in so far that she is governed by one head, and the responsibility can be easily traced. But, to compensate for these blessings, Russians lose the Briton's most glorious prerogative—they dare not grumble, their "Thunderer" is merely a Journal of Invalids, and its thunder only *brutum fulmen*—so, balancing both sides of the question, perhaps we may consider ourselves lucky in being Englishmen, and regard our "collective wisdom of the nation" in the light of the slave who rode in the triumphal car to remind the victorious general that he was only a man—as the *amari aliquid* which continually rises *medio de fonte leporum*.

With a whole nation at his back, Alexander's policy could not be expected to run counter to its prejudices. He found the war already commenced on his accession to the throne, and he must perforce continue it if he wished to maintain his own position. His character may very possibly be peaceful, and like an enlightened ruler he may deeply deplore the horrors of war, and foresee the fearful consequences it will entail on his nation; but even an autocrat cannot do everything he pleases, as Nicholas discovered on more than one occasion, and the solution of the great problem, "Peace or War," does not depend entirely on himself. Up to the present, indeed, he has displayed no intention to give way; and if we read his character aright, as described in M. Léouzon Leduc's "Personal Reminiscences of the Emperor Alexander II.," recently published at Paris, and from which we purpose to make a few extracts, it does not deviate very materially from that of his father.

Alexander II. was born on the 29th April, 1818. From his birth he was an object of the greatest care and interest to his illustrious father; but, naturally of a mild disposition, he clung more fondly to his mother, whose gentle nature responded to his own. His father, accustomed to a soldier's rough life, was pitiless in any matter which appeared to him to display weakness of character, and his son, while respecting him, was insensibly led to fear him. In the same way his impetuous brother Constantine gained a complete authority over him, and seems to have domineered over him to his heart's content, if we may believe the following anecdote, which M. Leduc quotes on good authority:

"One day, when the two grand-dukes were playing with several of their comrades in one of the *salons* of the Winter Palace, they suddenly made such a disturbance, that the Emperor Nicho-

las came out of his cabinet angrily to call them to order. The Emperor tore open the door of the room, but at the sight of the scene that was taking place, stopped in amazement on the threshold. The Grand-Duke Constantine was holding Alexander down with his knee; he had passed a scarf round his neck, which he was pretending to draw tightly; his comrades were shouting in glee, while Alexander, feigning despair, was crying for mercy. 'What is the meaning of all this?' the Emperor exclaimed. He soon learned that the children had been representing a scene in Russian history—the death of Paul I. He addressed a stern admonition to them all, telling them it was not permitted to represent such hateful actions. Then he placed Constantine and his companions under arrest for having made the heir to the throne play the part of a victim. As for the latter, as he had been guilty of crying for mercy, he was put in confinement. 'A Russian sovereign,' Nicholas said to him, 'must never ask for mercy!'

The education of Alexander was entrusted to General Mörder, a German and a Protestant, who had been attached to the suite of Alexander I., and held by him in great estimation. The youthful prince soon became greatly attached to him, and sincerely regretted his death, which took place soon after Nicholas ascended the throne. His place was taken by the poet Jaukovsky; it was an honorable selection, both for the subject and the sovereign. The course of instruction to which Alexander was subjected was very varied. He learned the classics, though superficially, as they are generally acquired in Russia; he also learned modern languages, which he speaks fluently and elegantly, more especially French and German. His father paid great attention to his studies, and watched him carefully, but he never displayed that curiosity or love of learning for which his brother Constantine was ever remarkable. The latter, indeed, was a remarkable lad: he regarded his name as an omen, and dreamed of Constantinople; he studied and spoke Turkish; the glory of Russia filled his mind; while awaiting fresh conquests, those already made interested him; he was the only person in the empire thoroughly conversant with its history, manners and literature. He was frequently to be found lying at full length on a map and tracing the lines; and when asked what he was doing, he would reply, "I am regulating the division. I am marking what will be my brother's share and what mine!" At other times he would go so far as to curse the law of primogeniture, and vowed that he would never yield to it.

At first there were strange collisions between the brothers, for Constantine was never particular about his language or his actions.

Appointed, at a very early age, admiral-general of the fleets of the empire, he dared one day to arrest his brother, who had come on board his vessel without asking permission. This was only a foolish outbreak, which the Emperor soon punished him for; but other facts not so eccentric in their nature revealed daily the innate contrast between the two sons of the Emperor. Still we must allow that the contact with Constantine wore off that excessive tenderness, which was the only failing in Alexander's character. He learned by observation the qualities which the real Russians demand most in their princes, and he made it a point to cultivate them in himself. In a very short time he rivalled his brother in their father's affection, and was adored by the whole Russian nation.

The Emperor, though a fond father, was terribly severe: the slightest infringement of discipline was surely punished, with a degree of harshness almost resembling vindictiveness. Out of numerous examples let us select the following, as narrated by our author:

"According to the customs of the empire, Alexander, when quite a youth, entered the military service as a cadet. At fourteen years of age he was appointed a subaltern in the guards. A few days after this promotion, while proceeding to the apartments he occupied in the imperial palace, he traversed a hall in which several high dignitaries were assembled. On the approach of the prince they rose and bowed. This mark of respect, paid him by old soldiers, greatly flattered the young man: he wished to enjoy it again, and passed several times in succession through the hall; but the generals who had saluted him previously paid him no attention. The grand-duke, much annoyed, ran to complain to his father. The latter, taking him by the hand, led him back to the hall where he had left the generals. 'My son,' he said to him in their presence, 'it is really painful to me that you understand so slightly the duties imposed on you by your new epaulettes towards your superior officers, and that you do not feel that respect which heads grown gray in the service of the state claim from you. Are you aware that the men by whom you wish to be honored, you ought to honor yourself? for to them your father owes his throne and his life, and their fidelity, zeal, and loyal services can alone pave your way to that throne, and assist you in filling it with glory. Bow, then, to these noble gentlemen, and consider as a great honor every mark of devotion and respect they grant you. What you have just done convinces me that you are still too young to wear the epaulettes that have been given you: I will take them back. You must not reclaim them until your conduct has proved that you are capable of wearing them honorably.' And the Emperor detached the epaulettes from his son's coat, and warned him not to forget this lesson."

At the age of sixteen, according to the fundamental laws of the empire, Alexander was of age, and took the oath of allegiance to the throne; and henceforth he was constantly seen by his father's side, attending reviews and inspections of the troops, and learning from him all the principles of military routine and discipline. His life resembled that of a soldier in the field. He slept on a very hard bed, which he quitted at daybreak, and proceeded straight to his study. There maps were laid out, plans attached to the walls, and books open: the prince studied strategies and tactics. At a later hour private instructors came to teach him the principles of administration and government. His meals were hurried, his exercise continual. He was first aide-de-camp to the Emperor Nicholas, and colonel-commandant of the Russian regiment of the lancers of the guard. To these titles he added another, which no Russian prince had borne before him: he was hetman of the Cossacks. By the time the grand-duke had reached his twentieth year, the effect of such monotonous routine began to be seen on his countenance: he grew pensive and melancholy, and his father began to be alarmed. To cause a change in his mode of life, a journey to Germany was suggested, and the grand-duke gladly consented. It was at this period that the Marquis de Custine met Alexander at Ems, and was enabled to draw that portrait of him which appears in his work on Russia.

After visiting a multitude of courts, and passing in review all the marriageable daughters, the grand-duke made a final halt at Darmstadt, when he proposed for the Princess Wilhelmina Augusta Marie. The news of this event surprised all the world, for the young princess was so modest, and lived in such retirement; but these were the very charms which Alexander found in her: her character harmonized with his own, and he was not long in obtaining the consent of the Emperor to his marriage. The young lady proceeded to Petersburg, was received into the Greek Church, in pursuance of that amiable egotism which allows no prince of Russia to marry a person of another religion save the orthodox faith, and was christened Maria Alexandrovna.

The marriage took place on the 16th (28th) April, 1841, and until 1850 the grand-duke enjoyed all the blessings of conjugal felicity, when he undertook a journey into the Caucasus. He arrived at Tiflis on the 7th October, where he was magnificently received. On his road homewards he, how-

ever, had an opportunity of testing the courage of the Tchetchenzes, as will be seen from the following despatch, sent at the time by Prince Woronzoff to the Emperor Nicholas:

"Yesterday we left the fortress of Voadvichenskaya with a fitting escort, composed of the infantry of my regiment of chasseurs, six sotnias of Cossacks of the line, a sotnia of the Cossacks of the Danube, a strong body of native troops, and a body of Tchetchenzes. According to his usual custom, his imperial highness rode in the centre of the advanced guard. On arriving between the rivers Roschina and Valerik, his highness perceived a band of enemies on this side the chain of outposts. He immediately rushed towards them, followed by his escort, the generals, a number of Cossacks, and the native militia. He drew so near to the enemy that they were able to fire on his highness. But they were suddenly put to flight and pursued by the Cossacks, and my reserve attacked them in the rear. The leader of the enemy was killed before the eyes of his highness, and his body remained in our possession: his arms were handed to his highness. It was not without apprehension, I must confess, that I saw the grand-duke advance so bravely beyond the chain, and rush upon the enemy, far in advance of his escort, especially when I remembered that his highness was mounted on a very spirited horse, and it was impossible for any member of the escort to keep up with him. We were just at the end of our tour, and I so little anticipated such an event that I had retired to my carriage, owing to a violent cold I was suffering from. When I was informed of the circumstance and had mounted my horse, I saw his imperial highness pulling up three versts off: the affair was over.

"My apprehension was then changed into a lively feeling of joy, seeing that circumstances had permitted our well-beloved prince to take part in an action which, though of slight importance in itself, was not the less a deed of actual war, and entirely in our favor. Thus the grand-duke has been witness to the intrepidity and bravery not only of our Cossacks, but also of the Tchetchenzes, our devoted allies. Still, there is something even more important in this affair, namely, that our late levies, who three weeks back were fighting on the side of our foe, were enabled to judge with their own eyes of the truly warlike spirit which animates the august heir to the throne of Russia. This unexpected victory has terminated the fortunate tour of his imperial highness in the Caucasus—a tour, the precious reminiscences of which will live eternally in the hearts of your majesty's faithful subjects in that country.

"In informing your majesty of this trait of bravery in the grand-duke, I venture to trust you will bear with delight the glorious impression produced by the conduct of his imperial highness on all those who witnessed it. I dare to hope that your majesty will not refuse me or the corps of the Caucasus the happiness of seeing the Order

of the Brave glistening on the noble and worthy chest of his imperial highness. Such a favor would only be an act of justice; I therefore beseech your majesty not to reject my request. The Cross of St. George, 4th class, will be not merely a well-merited reward for his imperial highness the Czarevitch, but also a precious testimony of the satisfaction your majesty feels in the whole corps of the Caucasus. Each regiment will be overpowered with delight."

We know not whether the Emperor placed implicit faith in this pompous report of Prince Woronzoff. The bulletins of the Caucasian generals are frequently deceptive. At any rate, he would listen eagerly in this instance, since his own son was the subject of the panegyric. Besides, an action, however insignificant—a simple skirmish with the Cossacks, a nation who sell their lives so dearly—deserved reward. The Emperor, therefore, granted the order, and sent Colonel Patkul to deliver it. This was the termination of the grand-duke's travels in the Caucasus, and he returned to his family at Tsarskoe Zelo on the 13th (25th) November, 1850, after an absence of two months.

The grand-duke had been raised in succession to all the highest dignities of the empire. He had been member of the imperial council, commander-in-chief of the guards and grenadiers, supreme chief of the military schools, and chief curator of the military hospital at Telesmé, commandant of the Russian lancers of the guards, of the Erwan carabinieri, chief of the Austrian regiment of uhlans, No. 11, of the 3d regiment of Prussian uhlans, &c. But of all these dignities, none appears to have been so dear and sacred to him as that of chancellor of the University of Finland.

The University of Finland was indebted to the chancellor for many ameliorations. Not satisfied with those which Alexander I. and Nicholas had introduced, he added new influences. To him the institution owes a professorship of the Finnish language and literature, which had been hitherto wanting; under his patronage the academy, or society, of Finnish literature was founded, with the object of searching through the national records, and popularizing the treasures discovered in them. To complete his great work, the chancellor defrayed at his own charges the expenses of several expeditions. Castren, Wallin, Kellgren, Cygnæus, and so many others who profited by this new favor, have perfectly justified the confidence placed in them by the marvellous results of their travels.

The most curious thing relative to Alexander's epoch as chancellor of the university, was the incessant antagonism between him and Prince Menschikoff. The latter did his utmost to annihilate the Finnish literature and language, while the other was continually striving to raise them. But although the grand-duke was frequently defeated in his laudable efforts, owing to the great influence of the prince with the Emperor, the intention was always manifest, and the Finnish nation, aware of the difficulties with which its protector had to contend, felt grateful for his attempts, even when unsuccessful. The following anecdote throws a striking light on the subject:

"One day some flatterers, of whom plenty can be found wherever the government resorts to measures of corruption, wished to display their fidelity to Prince Menschikoff by presenting him with an estate. The affair was proposed to the senate in a secret committee, and it naturally afforded no opposition. But, where to find an estate? After much research, they decided on the domain of Anjala, situated in the government of Wiborg. It belonged to Count C——, a zealous and incorruptible patriot. They proposed to him a sale, though without explaining the object; for they knew that, if aware of it, the count would never consent. They acted in a roundabout way, and ordered a harmless young officer to negotiate in their name. As soon as the purchase was completed, the nominal owner gave up the estate to the senate, who presented it to Prince Menschikoff in the name of Finland. Melancholy decision! but the promoter of this comedy was decorated with a new Russian order for *eminent services rendered to his country*!"

The grand-duke thus labored incessantly for the welfare of his country, though frequently thwarted by the old Russian party, until the sudden and unexpected death of his father raised him to the throne. Among the various orders of the day, and addresses which followed immediately on his accession to the throne, the one to the *corps diplomatique* appears to us so pregnant with meaning, that we venture to transcribe it:

"I am persuaded, gentlemen, of the sincerity with which you all regret the misfortune which has happened to us. I have already received proofs of it on all sides, which have greatly affected me, and I yesterday told the ministers of Prussia and Austria how sensible I was of them. I declare here solemnly before you, gentlemen, that I will remain true to all the sentiments of my father, and that I will persevere in the line of policy which served as a rule to my uncle the Emperor Alexander, and to my father. They are the principles of the Holy Alliance. But if this alliance is no longer in existence, it is not assuredly the fault of my father. His intentions always remained

straightforward and loyal; and if, latterly, they were misunderstood by some, I doubt not that God and history will do him justice.

"I am ready to offer my hand for a peace on the conditions he had accepted. Like him, I desire peace, and wish to see the horrors of war terminated; but if the conferences opened at Vienna do not result in a manner honorable for us, then, gentlemen, I will fight at the head of my faithful Russians, and perish sooner than yield. As for my personal feelings for your sovereigns, they have not altered. (Turning to Baron von Werther, Prussian minister) I have never doubted the fraternal and friendly affection which his majesty the king always felt for my father, and I told you yesterday how grateful I was for it. (Then, addressing the Austrian ambassador, Count d'Esterhazy) I am profoundly touched by the kind words the emperor has transmitted to me on this occasion. His majesty cannot doubt the sincere affection my father pledged him on an occasion, which has so recently been alluded to in an order of the day addressed to the Austrian army by their emperor."

Much has been said in favor of the colossal stature of the Emperor Nicholas. It seems impossible to regard in him the moral man without remembering the physical: one was an explanation of the other. The Emperor Alexander is far from bearing the aristocratic type so fully developed as his father, but everything reveals the monarch in him. He is about five feet seven inches in height: that *embonpoint* with which M. de Custine found fault when he was twenty, has disappeared. His muscles are thoroughly formed, and he is splendidly proportioned; in fact, more so than his father, whose thin legs, so frequently displayed in tightly-fitting trousers, hardly suited his gigantic stature. It has been said that Alexander has military tastes; it would be hardly otherwise, if we bear in mind the education Nicholas gave his sons, but we may doubt whether these tastes are so excessive in the present Emperor as in his predecessor; nor do we think he will ever be inclined to play the part of the sergeant of Europe. He does not possess that implacable firmness of his father, but his ideas are more noble and elevated. He would not, like him, descend to the lowest details of the service and the puerile regulations of the barrack-room. In addition, Alexander is not a campaigner; he loves ease and the comforts of life; he studies pleasure; a richly-covered board amuses him more than a review. He will fulfil, undoubtedly, his duties as military sovereign with exactitude, but he will not go beyond them. A gentleman rather than a soldier, he will always

prefer the splendor of his court and the pacific *otium* of his study to the barren fatigues of the exercising ground. He possesses domestic virtues which render him dear to his family. Peace and harmony, mingled with amusement and intelligent pastimes, preside at his hearth. His wife gives the tone, and is greatly admired and esteemed for her exquisite taste and her sound and varied education. The present empress is said to be imbued with the soul of a Catherine II.: we shall be able to judge of this by the influence she exercises on the new reign. To cite our author once more :

"With his sensible heart, lively, open spirit, and joyous humor, Alexander II. is a great source of pleasure in private life. He has a great number of friends devoted to him, and to whom he is faithful. This was seen when he formed his imperial court, for he would not part with any of those who were attached to the grand-ducal house. His personal feelings, without estranging him from the sincere and truly national men of the Russian party, attract him to the West. His predilections are for England rather than France. He has English tastes, he loves the English, and their constitution pleases him. It has even been said that if he were as absolute master of his empire as he wishes to be, he would give it a similar constitution. Alexander II. is religious, but not more so than any gentleman in Russia, whose faith has been purified by contact with European civilization. He would require a very thick mask to play the part of an orthodox pope as his father did. We are confirmed in this by the discussions which took place between him and M. de Nesselrode, when it was proposed to publish the last manifesto of the Holy Synod. A fanatic Czar would not have hesitated so long. It is evident that, in this circumstance, Alexander II. yielded to the imperious necessity of his position more than to his personal convictions. This has not escaped the jealous attention of the *têtes montées* in the empire. As a proof, we may refer to the address of the officers of the guards, and the articles of the *Abeille du Nord*. Dissatisfaction is concealed behind the formulae of devotion, and the offer of confidence scarcely veils the bitterness of the remarks."

The death of Nicholas, as might be expected, gave rise to a number of opportunities in which the natural sensibility of Alexander II., and the sincere attachment he bore his father, could be revealed. We need only quote the touching scene which took place at the Winter Palace, when the Emperor received the deputation of the military schools :

"At half-past one the Emperor made his appearance. After walking a few paces up the hall, he stopped and said, 'Gentlemen, I wished to col-

lect you once again together in order to take leave of you as your supreme head. For six years I lived among you, and during all that period you rendered me very happy.—You are all here in my heart. I will myself read to you my order of the day.'

"The Emperor commenced the perusal in a loud and sonorous voice. When he came to the words in which he reminded them that the six years of his personal direction of the schools had been years of supreme satisfaction to him, his voice was choked by sobs; tears suffused his eyes when he reached the passage addressed to the children. All present wept; there was not a dry eye in this immense hall. On arriving at the passage addressed to the aide-de-camp General James Rostovtsov (chief d'état major of the military schools), the Emperor offered him his hand. Rostovtsov kissed it with reverence. The Emperor then stopped, turned to the general, and pressed him to his heart. After finishing the order of the day, Alexander, his eyes still bathed in tears, embraced in turn the members of the council and the directors of the schools. While embracing the director of the corps of cadets of Pultava, he said to him, 'Give this kiss to your pupils from me.'

"Then turning to the sergeant-majors, pupils of all the schools: 'Draw near me—nearer!' And sobs again interrupted the Emperor. 'Children,' he said to them, 'love and gladden your Emperor as you did your chief: retain the memory of our common father and benefactor. I transmit to you his blessing and my own.' And he laid his hands on the two cadets nearest him. They began to sob also, and kissed his hands. The Emperor kissed them on the forehead, and giving free vent to his tears, said to them: 'I would have liked to embrace you all: kiss your companions for me.'

"Then walking further up the hall, and addressing the 1st corps of cadets, he said: 'I give you the uniform of your benefactor of imperishable memory, the Emperor Nicholas, in remembrance of his paternal love for this corps. The company of the Emperor (1st company, 1st battalion) will in future wear the cypher of the deceased Emperor, on its epaulettes.' Then turning to the corps of engineers, the Emperor said to them: 'You will in future bear the name of the engineers of Nicholas, to whom this institution owes its existence.' Then addressing them all, the Emperor added: 'During the whole period that I have held the direction of the military schools, I have never experienced aught but pleasure; the progress made by the pupils gladdened the heart of the late Emperor, our common benefactor, and procured me his favor. Once again I thank you all, all, all!'"

Such sensibility as is revealed in the previous description, Alexander had frequently displayed in his relations with Finland; but from his infancy it had been shown more than once in a manner to justify the formation of the fairest hopes. "What would you have done to the conspirators of the 14th of

December?" the Emperor Nicholas once asked him. "I would have pardoned them all!" the young prince replied.

And yet, in spite of his evident goodness of heart, the world has not yet heard of any amnesty in Russia. Can it be that, in mounting the throne, Alexander II. has already divested himself of those noble qualities which distinguished his nature? We can hardly believe it, although persuaded that despotism will pervert the finest characters. We would sooner attribute the delay to the difficulties of his new position, which he cannot master immediately. He has assumed the sceptre under exceptional circumstances: he finds himself face to face with a system which he could not gainsay without a period of transition. He owes the greatest care to the memory of his father, and to the old

Russian party, now so frantically excited. But this period of concession will not last any long time; the day will arrive when the young Emperor will boldly shake off his dependence, and boldly inaugurate the era which will henceforth bear his name. Such was the policy of Nicholas with respect to the measures taken by his predecessor; and surely we have a right to expect the same from Alexander II.

In conclusion, we have to express our renewed thanks to M. Léouzon Leduc for the opportunity he has afforded us for forming a fair estimate of the character of the present Emperor of the Russians, and we can confidently recommend his work to all those who may feel desirous to examine this interesting subject more closely than we are enabled to do in our necessarily restricted limits.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF GERMANY.

WE feel confident of having chosen both an interesting and an instructive subject, in bringing before our readers a short account of the German Universities. In no country, not even in England, are there any institutions of higher importance than they are, for the advancement of learning and science; and it is not only to perform a public task profitably, but also to pay a debt of private gratitude, that we invite consideration of those seats of erudition which have been visited and looked upon with reverence by so many British scholars, divines, philosophers and medical professors, in the age of Crammer and of Porson, in the time of Canning and of Dr. Arnold; albeit, amongst so many English visitors, and some true admirers, the German Universities have never yet met with one who was sufficiently actuated either by gratitude or else by a desire of criticizing, as to lay before the public of this country, a more lengthened and, if possible, just account of them. Satisfied to reap their advantages, content to borrow or to explore their intellectual treasures, we

have never thought it necessary or expedient to consider the peculiar system of the German Universities in general, or to form a correct estimate of the moral and scientific tone that pervades them. Men recorded their impressions of them in little more than a doggrel verse or so, which Canning could address to Göttingen,* or Porson† devote to the memory of Brunck, Ruhnken, or Her-

* We allude to his well-known verses on

"—the University of Göttingen."

† Richard Porson:

"I went to Frankfort and got drunk
With that most learned Professor Brunck;
I went to Worts and got more drunken
With that more learn'd Professor Ruhnken."

Νήιδες ἐστε μέτρων, ὦ Τεύτορες, οὐχ ὁ μὲν
δς δ' οὐ.

Πάντες, πλὴν Ἑρμαννος· ὁ δ' Ἑρμαννος
σφόδρα Τεύτων.

"Skilled ye are in Metries, Germans, not the one
or the other,
But all, except Hermann. But Hermann is a
thorough German."

mann, who, at the same time, as Porson confesses, made him *drunk* with their knowledge. From them less information is to be derived than from some continental travellers, who now and then could not fail to turn an accidental and transitory glance towards the German Universities, and who allowed them sometimes a rank, however secondary, amongst the objects of their attention. Of the best we have met with, we may mention "Russell's Tour in Germany, in 1824 and 1825," a book which is certainly written in a vigorous and judicious style, though it may pass sometimes rather a harsh criticism upon the peculiar national habits of the German student. The author, who resided some time at Jena, and seems to have acquired most of his information on the German Universities at the time of his stay at this particular university-town, rates the moral standard of the German academicians very low. This will not astonish him who knows that Jena has been formerly noted in Germany for the wildness and extravagancies of her students; but it is obvious, for the same reason, that Jena can hardly be considered as a fair specimen. In the latter part of his book, the author himself admits that the life of the students at Berlin and at Göttingen does not generally exhibit the crude forms which he found to be characteristic of the Jena student.

Thus we must refer our readers for further information on our subject principally to German publications. It may be well to add, that the Germans have shown a greater interest in the scientific institutions of their neighbors, than the latter have shown for the institutions of Germany. They possess a most elaborate account of the English universities by Huber; and but as lately as 1851, a Professor from Joachimsthal College, Berlin, L. Weise, paid a visit to England and Scotland, for the especial purpose of inquiring into the state of education at schools, both high and low, in these countries. The letters in which he published the results of his inquiries, after his return to Prussia, establish a close comparison between educational establishments in Prussia, and those of England. "G. Bell's Journal of English Education" has given the only translation of them, as far as we know, up to the present time.* Whatever we may think of the author's opinions—according to which the moral and religious part of education would

seem better attended to in England, the mental and intellectual better in Prussia—the letters of Wiese will be worth the notice of all who take an interest in educational topics.

We hope that at a time when the question of University reform is so strongly engrossing public attention, an account of the Universities of a neighboring people may not be unwelcome. But we consider the subject not merely from an educational point of view. It would be very short-sighted, and doing the question little justice, were we to view them only as schools where the young are initiated in the rudiments of science. Their influence is not limited to the rising generation; and their claims to our examination rest upon a still broader foundation—they are nurseries for the philosopher, the scholar, and the statesman—for all who are to fill the most important stations of a country—in short, we may call them the foci of a nation's intellectual life, the sources of its learning, and the fountains of its science—the illustrious assemblages of all its wisest and most thinking men. Moreover, as great social bodies, they display in a remarkable way the genius and character of a nation, and exercise a decisive influence on its moral, political, and social condition. And this particularly applies to the universities of Germany, which have at all times acted in that country a singularly conspicuous and prominent part; and have acquired there an importance which does not belong, in the same degree, to the universities in other countries, both by the greater frequency with which they were resorted to, and by the political ascendancy, which, in the turn of events, has devolved upon them.

We are fully aware of the impossibility of doing so comprehensive a subject full justice within the narrow limits of this essay. We shall therefore limit our description of the German Universities to leading points of general interest, and treat of their peculiar system of instruction, their internal composition and constitution, their relation to the State; and instead of a longer and more precise discussion of their moral and political character, offer some short sketches of the life and habits of the German student, which the personal experiences and recollections of the writer have partly suggested.

A statistical and historical survey of the German Universities will fitly afford us a proper beginning. Germany boasts at present of about twenty-five universities; the uncertainty of the correct application of the

* We see that one or two translations of Wiese's letters have appeared since this was written.

terms *German* and *University* does not allow of a more exact statement. They are of very different ages, some very old, some quite recent. But, as regards their origin, they have been all erected by the sovereigns or secular powers of the different provinces, and none of them existed before the middle of the fourteenth century. This enables us already to draw a twofold conclusion concerning their nature. It explains, on one hand, the entire absence of mediæval institutions, and of monastic, secluded habits; and it shows, on the other, also, why they were, and are yet, dependent on the governments. The earliest university in Germany was that of Prague. It was in 1348, under the Emperor Charles IV., when the taste for letters had revived so signally in Europe, when England may be said to have possessed her two old universities already for three centuries, Paris her Sorbonne already for four, that this university was erected as the first of German Universities. The idea originated in the mind of the Emperor, who was educated in Paris, at the university of that town, and was eagerly taken up by the townspeople of that ancient and wealthy city, for they foresaw that affluence would shower upon them if they could induce a numerous crowd of students to flock together within their walls. But the Pope and the Emperor took an active part in favoring and authorizing the institution; they willingly granted to it wide privileges, and made it entirely independent of Church and State. The teaching of the professors, and the studies of the students, were submitted to no control whatever. After the model of the University of Paris, they divided themselves into different faculties, and made four such divisions—one for divinity, another for medical science, a third for law, and a fourth for philosophy. The last order comprised those who taught and learned the fine arts and the sciences, which two departments were separate at the Sorbonne. All the German universities have preserved this outward constitution, and in this, as in many other circumstances, the precedent of Prague has had a prevailing influence on her younger sister institutions. The same thing may be said particularly of the disciplinary tone of the university. In other countries, universities sprang from rigid clerical and monastic institutions, or bore a more or less ecclesiastical character, which imposed upon them certain more retired habits, and a severer kind of discipline. Prague took from the beginning a course widely different. The

students, who were partly Germans, partly of Slavonian blood, enjoyed a boundless liberty. They lodged in the houses of the townspeople, and by their riches, their mental superiority, and their number (they are recorded to have been as many as twenty thousand in the year 1409), became the undisputed masters of the city. The professors and the inhabitants of Prague, far from checking them, rather protected the prerogatives of the students, for they found out that all their prosperity depended on them. We can desire no clearer or more powerful proof of the tendency of the German University system, than that which we must recognize, when we see Prague enter at once upon the arduous task of spiritual reform. Not two generations had passed since the erection of an institution thus constituted, before Huss and Jerome of Prague began to teach the necessity of an entire reformation of the Church. The phenomenon is characteristic of the bold spirit of inquiry that must have grown up at the new University. However, the political consequences that attended the promulgation of such doctrines led almost to the dissolution of the University itself. For, the German part of the students broke up, in consequence of repeated and serious quarrels that had taken place with the Bohemian and Slavonic party, and went to Leipzig, where straightway a new and purely German University was erected. While Prague became the seat of a protracted and sanguinary war, a great number of Universities rose into existence around it, and attracted the crowds that had formerly flocked to the Bohemian capital. It appeared as if Germany, though it had received the impulse from abroad, would leave all other countries behind itself in the erection and promotion of those learned institutions, for all the districts of the land vied with each other in creating universities. Thus arose those of Rostock, Ingolstadt, Vienna, Heidelberg, Cologne, Erfurt, Tübingen, Greifswalde, Trèves, Mayence, and Bâles—schools which have partly disappeared again during the political storms of subsequent ages. The beginning of the sixteenth century added to them one at Frankfort on the Oder, and another, the most illustrious of all, Wittenberg. Every one who is acquainted with the history and origin of the Reformation, knows what an important part the latter of these universities took in the weighty transactions of those times. The Reformation originated in a disputation of university professors, on

the famous ninety-five theses of Dr. M. Luther, and in its earliest stage the whole movement had the appearance of a mere academical squabble. But soon the overwhelming eloquence of the chief champion of the new doctrines, the deep researches of Melancthon and its other adherents, the burning of the Papal decrees by the whole studentship of Wittenberg, with Luther at their head, convinced the world that questions of greater moment were hidden under the learned discussions of the Wittenberg professors. It is not our business here to follow up the further course of those memorable events. Wittenberg remained by no means the only champion of Protestantism. At Marburg, Jena, Königsberg, and Helmstädt, universities of a professedly Protestant character were erected. These schools became the cradle and nurseries of the Reformation; and, humanly speaking, it may be said that the regeneration of Christian faith, in those times, was, on the Continent at least, the work of the German Universities. Nor can this, by any means, be considered as an accidental merit of theirs. On the contrary, there can be no doubt that the organic principle of the German Universities, given as it was at the erection of Prague, and faithfully preserved in all the subsequent universities—we mean their unrestricted independence of teaching and learning—was, as it were, a preliminary, if not the direct cause of the Reformation. Though England, at that time, had her Oxford and her Cambridge, though she had had her Wickliffe, her Thomas More, yet the impulse of the Reformation came to her less from her own universities than from Germany. While King Henry VIII. engaged in a dispute with Luther, Cranmer and his fellows turned their eyes to Germany; the reformers mostly looked to it for information on the questions that had begun to sway their minds. But whilst in Germany, the universities, backed by the people at large, carried the Reformation against the Emperor and the temporal powers; England, where the universities, as bodies, were more subject to traditional rule and authority, took in the beginning only a secondary part in the cause of the Reformation, and made it its own only in proportion as the changeable views of the sovereigns of the country imposed upon them the necessity of either acquiescing or opposing its movements.

Unfortunately the German Universities lost in the next centuries a great part of their lustre and renown; not that they had become

unfaithful to their mission, and renounced at any time their task; but the country was in general unhappy—and we must not wonder, if during a long period of continual slaughter and ravages, we find the thirst of knowledge subsiding, and people less eager to frequent or promote those seats of learning which had brought on them, together with all the light they had given, so much dissension and strife. No new university was added to the old list—and those which existed divided themselves into two opposite camps. Whilst the Saxon, the Prussian, and all the Northern Universities proclaimed Protestant principles, the Roman Catholic States of Germany, such as Austria and Bavaria, made their Universities strictly orthodox schools; they were not able to do so without cutting down the liberty of teaching and learning in a great many instances, and without reducing them to a kind of seminaries, with close inspection and superintendence from their governments. Though the Protestant princes kept themselves not always free from the reproach of having interfered with the learned schools of their countries, yet they allowed them throughout to retain their original organic principles, and dictated to their professors no creed, to their students no mode of learning. Some decided improvements were gradually introduced, the most important of which was certainly the abolition of the Latin language in University lectures, and the institution of the German tongue in its stead—a merit which is due to the University of Halle and its professors.

The political struggles of Germany called her Universities repeatedly again into the foreground. Thus, when the French invaded the country, and conquered a great part of the Prussian provinces, in consequence of the battle of Jena, the German Universities, and particularly Halle, became the haunts of the national party. The armies of Blücher, and the Black Band of Lützow and Körner, chiefly consisted of German students, who, in their enthusiastic patriotism, had taken an oath to accept no quarter from a Frenchman, and to give none; but not to rest till the foe was expelled from the land. It is chiefly with such soldiers that the battles of Katzbach, Leipzig, Montmartre, and at last of Waterloo, were fought, and the yoke of the French usurper was ultimately broken.

During the late internal struggles of Germany, the Universities took again the lead, as champions of civil freedom. It was not likely that institutions, so intimately connected with the progress and intellectual improvement

of their country, should have espoused another cause than that of liberty and social advancement. But their party has as yet been too weak; and the princes found means to counteract and defeat the bold projects of the Berlin and Vienna students by their cannons and their regular armies. It behoves us best to leave future events and impartial historiography either to justify or to condemn the policy which the German academies of 1848 and 1849 adopted, and not to pronounce, from our own feelings or reminiscences, a sentence which might appear one-sided to part of our readers.

It is universally admitted that the seven Prussian Universities take a prominent rank amongst those of Germany. The largest, and yet the most recent of them, is that of Berlin. It was erected in 1810 by the late King Frederick William III., and has had the most illustrious names amongst its professors—such as F. A. Wolff, Lachmann, Böckh, Zumpt, J. Bekker, among scholars; Rose, Mitzscherlich, Ehrenberg, Encke, Lichtenstein, on natural sciences; Schleiermacher, De Wette, Neander, Hengstenberg, in divinity; Müller and Dieffenbach, amongst physicians; and Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, among its philosophers. It has also the largest number of students, amounting at present to about 2,400, of whom only 1,800 may be said to frequent it with the view of perfecting themselves in one of the learned professions. Next to Berlin in point of numbers rank Breslau, Bonn, Halle, of between 700 and 1,000 students; finally, Königsberg, Griefswalde, and Münster, of between 200 and 400 students. Names like those of Bessel, Argelander, Niebuhr, Gesenius, Nitzsch, and Tholuck, will, to mention only a few of their stars, sufficiently establish their claims to intellectual merit. But others of the German States boast of universities highly noted for their success. Thus Heidelberg adds the charms of a delightful neighborhood to the excellent resources it offers for educational purposes, and this has sometimes the effect of inducing the academicians who frequent it to turn the former of these advantages to a far greater account than the latter. Göttingen, where Leibnitz and Luden once taught, was erected by George II., King of England, and elector of Hanover. It was always famous in the classical and historical departments. Tübingen, in the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, has, amongst other excellencies, an important seminary for Protestant divinity joined to its University. Its divines form a distinct and imposing school of their own. Giessen boasts

of that greatest chemist of the age, Liebig. Jena was till lately ill reputed in Germany, on account of the democratical and dissolute tone of its students. Leipzig, adorned by many great names, has lately lost one of the first scholars in G. Hermann, the veteran of classical erudition. Kiel, Rostock, Marburg, have establishments by no means to be despised, though they may not rank with those first mentioned.

The Universities of the Southern and Roman Catholic districts of Germany are very different from the Protestant Universities. Their system is far more authoritative, their discipline more severe, their instruction more influenced by the secular and ecclesiastical powers. Bavaria has three universities—Munich, Würzburg, and Erlangen. Austria has nine, amongst which Vienna and Prague take decidedly the lead. Olmutz, Gratz, and Inspruck are situated in the different German parts; Pesth and Lemberg in the Hungarian and Slavonic dominions; two, namely, Pavia and Padua, in the Italian provinces of the Austrian empire. All these establishments cannot be said to possess the organic principles with which the German Universities first arose, and which still characterize the Protestant districts. The Governments, being afraid of the consequences that might attend the existence of independent educational institutions, rescinded the liberty of teaching and learning, and kept both students and professors under strict superintendence. Though they did not altogether abandon the lecture system, yet they submitted the academicians to an infinite number of obligations and restrictions, concerning their studies as well as their mode of living. All students' associations are forbidden and suppressed—a regular attendance and periodical examination required—every tendency that does not coincide with absolutism in matters temporal, and with the infallible authority of Rome in things spiritual, is excluded; and wherever it faces the light of day, silenced by immediate removal from the University, or by confinement within the prison-walls of an Austrian citadel—those walls that closed themselves for seven years on the poor Silvio Pellico. The professorships are for a great part in the hands of Jesuits; and invisible spies surround the youth in his amusements and conversations. Such a system could, of course, but have the effect of crippling these institutions. And, in fact, it seems almost as if an intellectual curse lay on these Austrian Universities; for though Vienna and Prague, as well as Munich in Bavaria, are better frequented, and less obscure

establishments than the rest of the Roman Catholic Universities in Germany, yet none of them can exhibit such a succession of literary and scientific celebrities, or men of such general European renown, as the Protestant Universities of the North. When could ever genius and originality of thought prosper under the iron rod of despotism, or amidst the espionage of police scouts? And how can the young be inspired with a genuine love of knowledge and research, if they see their teachers submit, either willingly or unwillingly, to the dictates of an imperious and tyrannical government?

Having thus enumerated the Universities of Germany, it will now be our first and principal business to explain the nature of these institutions, and to elucidate the chief characteristics which distinguish them from British Universities. These latter have, from their earliest time, retained a system of their own, which we may shortly call the Tutorial system. With this the German University system, the professorial or lecture system, as we may denominate it, forms the widest contrast possible. In Germany, an University affords the student no occasion for tuition. It is but a place for public lectures, which those who choose may attend. As there is no tuition, there are no classes, no tutors or fellows; in short, there are only professors who deliver the lectures, and students who attend them as their audience. Thus, instead of a variety of colleges, we find in a German University town only one large building, with a great number of halls (*Hörsäle*), where, at an hour previously announced by each professor, he meets those students who have declared, or mean to declare, their intention to attend his lecture. The reader must discard from his imagination all compulsion to learn, and all direct intercourse between the student and his teacher, who in most cases remain perfect strangers to each other, as they both live out somewhere in the town, and repair to the University but for the few daily hours that their lectures last.

We will cast a closer glance at the mode of instruction. Travellers on the continent, who have stopped but half a day or more at Bonn, Heidelberg, or Berlin, and have visited the Universities of these places, will, perhaps, remember the crowds of students walking up and down the passages, along the walks, *bocages*, or alleys, in or near those buildings. When the clock has struck, they retire into the halls. Fifteen or twenty minutes are usually allowed for assembling. In the meantime every man takes his seat on one

of the forms, puts his hat or bonnet by his side, unfolds his small portfolio, and produces an inkhorn, armed below with a sharp iron spike, by which he fixes it firmly in the wooden desk before him. At length the professor comes out of the professors' room, and walks up to the rostrum to take his chair. He addresses his audience with "*Meine Herren*," and delivers his lecture, either reading or speaking *extempore*. A few introductory remarks usually precede, in order to connect the lecture of the day with the last, whereupon the professor proceeds with his subject. This is the moment when the students take up their pens and begin to put down notes in their books. Some write down in short hand every word and syllable that drops from the lips of their Mentor with a scrupulousness that amounts to superstition. Others select merely the more valuable crumbs that strike their ears. A few affect a sovereign contempt for learning by goose-quills and oak-apple-juice, and appear only listening with profound attention. All seem scribbling, hearing, and learning, for three-quarters of an hour; when the University clock strikes again the magical three sounds, the professor shuts his book, the students wipe their pens, take hat, inkhorn and portfolio, and every one strives to gain the door, to return to his lodgings or to attend another lecture.

This process, daily repeated, includes all the teaching of a German University. There are, it is true, attached to some lectures, a few meetings of a somewhat different nature, in which the students, under the presidency of a professor, explain or discuss chosen passages from sacred or classical authors, from medical writers, or ancient lawyers: here essays are written and criticized by each member in turn; and government or the University have appointed prizes to those of particular merit. But these meetings (called *Seminare*) are attended only by few, and chiefly by poor students; whilst the great majority of academicians never think of visiting them, and derive all their college instruction from the lectures solely.

The lecture system of the German Universities, as we have described it, has been imitated in a great many institutions out of Germany, with different success. In most instances it has been thought advisable to combine it with other methods which might better ensure or ascertain what progress the student has made, and whether he has really profited by the oral deliveries at which he has been present. With such modifications it has been adopted at the Scotch Universi-

ties, at London University, in several Russian, Dutch, and some German high schools. However wise and well-calculated these alterations may have been in particular cases, and for the especial views of such establishments, they must be considered as deviations from the peculiar purpose and tendency with which the lecture system is practiced and upheld by the principal German Universities, where it exists in its purest and unaltered nature. The principal aim and merit of this method is to offer the most independent and least authoritative mode of teaching, and to induce the student, by means of an animated and highly suggestive discourse, to exert his own individual judgment and industry, without the interference of his professor. It omits all direct tuition, in order to produce self-tuition; it avoids all compulsion to learn, all ushering, all superintendence, in order to leave an entirely voluntary application as the only spring of intellectual improvement; it refrains from examining the student, from testing his industry, from influencing or guiding more directly his studies, in order not to prepossess his mind with a dogmatical bias, or one particular school doctrine, but rather to leave his genius to its own unprejudiced bent, and to give his individuality a full and open field.

It would be impossible that the loose and independent relation between the German student and his professor could prove salutary to the former, and satisfactory to the latter, if the student had not attained a high degree of mental maturity previously to his entering on his University course. This is a consideration of the highest importance, if we will appreciate correctly the German college system. Therefore we have to remind our readers that a German student has previously been educated at a German gymnasium, and has there been duly prepared for the University, during a space of nine years. For no student is admitted who has not delivered up at his matriculation an authentic testimonial from his gymnasium that he has passed the established final examination in presence of the examiners duly appointed, and before the Royal Commissioner sent for that purpose. All the elementary part of education, and a great part of what is taught at college in England, has been thoroughly acquired by the German student at one of the gymnasia, which are all equally well fitted for preparing for University life, and form, in fact, the natural basis of the Universities. They combine an extensive and methodical instruction with a strict discipline. From his

tenth to his twentieth year, the student has there been well trained, and as it were drilled, by question and answer, by daily tasks and weekly lessons, by written exercises and memorial repetitions—in one word, by all the hacknied machinery of school tuition. In removing to college, he becomes emancipated from such intellectual guardianship; and with the jacket, he has also left his years of mental minority behind him. Henceforth he is bidden to avail himself of the means of intellectual improvement, without any direct guidance or interference of a master. He chooses his particular vocation out of the four learned professions—a most important step which precedes his matriculation. He chooses the lectures which he will attend, and the professors whom he will hear. He lives in complete independence outwardly and mentally, and is entirely master of his actions and of the use he will make of his time.

Thus, it appears that the professorial University system is based on the supposition that the student has attained already a high degree of moral and intellectual maturity; it can only succeed under this condition. We must bear this in mind, whilst we reflect on its efficiency. Lectures cannot, by any means, be considered as the most efficient mode of teaching; we have not the slightest hesitation in admitting this. Indeed, how can a transaction, which assigns to the hearer a merely passive part, claim any high effect in imparting knowledge? But we must remember that the purpose of University lectures is rather to suggest thoughts, and to produce or direct self-exertion, than to inculcate certain principles. They afford to the professor an opportunity for laying down his views in an eloquent manner, and for expounding, in a connected delivery, and before an intelligent and unbiassed audience, the fruits of his life-long researches, which he could not do by instruction in the shape of lessons, or by doctrinal and practical tuition. At the same time he can give the student all the necessary hints that are needed to introduce him to his science; he will, of course, never forget to mention the sources and authorities whence further information may be drawn; he can advise the student what he must read, give him his criticism on publications or former doctrines on the subject, and thus a lecture cannot fail to become, in truth, a signpost which shows him the way into the realms of knowledge. More than this is not intended by the lectures, for all the toil and responsibility of learning, which in the English colleges and in other schools is for a great

part borne by the tutors, masters, or fellows, devolves in Germany on the student alone. The student is not submitted to any test of his improvements until he either desires to pass his examination for a degree, or for his capacity for holding office, which latter examination is not the business of a German University.

It may be said, that institutions which thus decline to offer a guarantee for the success of education cannot be possessed of a praiseworthy method; for if nothing prevents the student from remaining in utter ignorance all the time of his University course, if he may miss the object of his staying, without being in time made aware of it, we cannot say that the Universities fulfil their task. To this we can only answer, that the German Universities are not, properly speaking, *educating* institutions in the same sense as the English colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. As they do not pledge themselves to *educate* young men, they cannot be justly reproached with missing that aim. Their design is but to afford young men the best possible opportunity for acquiring knowledge by their own efforts, and they should only be judged according to this their professed purpose. And let their history, let a glance at their actual state, show whether they have misunderstood their task, and whether they have overrated the self-educating abilities of the youth they have had to deal with.

Some English writers, as Coleridge, have described the German lecture system, in a sarcastic way, as a great waste of ink and paper. They have been at a loss to conceive why a number of persons should meet to put down notes from the mouth of a professor, whilst they might ask him to send his lectures to the press, and might thus, for a couple of shillings, purchase all his wisdom in plain legible print, and peruse it at home at leisure, as if we lived yet in the middle ages, or as if Jansen's art had never been discovered? Even in Germany the mechanical use of the pen has often been censured, and we have often heard a few lines quoted, which are exquisitely illustrative of the difference between *writing* and *knowing* the summary of a lecture:—

"Der Studio muss in's Collegium,
Dass er die Wissenschaft allda erschnappe,
Und, ist der Weg zur Weisheit noch so krumm,
Er trägt sie fort, in seiner Mappe."

"For lectures sound the student's bound,
Deep wisdom not to catch ill,
And when it's caught, his head knows nought,
It only fills his satchel."

However, they who think thus are apt to overlook the great advantages which oral demonstrations offer over written or printed expositions. Our memory and our imagination receive infinitely deeper and more lasting impressions from a discourse which is held in our presence by a person in whom a science is, as it were, embodied, than from books on the same subject. We might quote an ancient authority for this truth, out of Plato's "Phædrus," where Socrates discusses with his adept the superiority of oral delivery to written essays for philosophical purposes. But even without appealing to any authorities, we may easily conjecture that the living word must supersede the dead letter in power and efficacy. There must be more effect in listening to a Newton in the chair demonstrating the laws of motion in their eternal necessity, than in reading his "Principia Philosophiæ Naturalis." As for the habit of writing down from lectures, we should not quarrel too much with that; as it is by far the most immaterial part of the proceeding, it should be left to individual choice, and may have its good, partly by affording a document to which the student may refer, and by which he may recall the thread of the lecture to his mind, and partly by fixing the attention of the hearer on the words and thoughts of the lecturer by an outward and physical means.

Opinions will probably always be divided on the question, What means are the best for educating young men of an advanced age. Some will advocate close superintendence, frequent examinations, and direct personal influence of the masters upon the student, as the safest course. The German Universities have followed the opposite course, and look upon a system like that of Oxford, Dublin, or Cambridge, or—to turn to a different part of the globe—of Riga and Dorpat, and of most Universities in other countries, as derogatory to the dignity both of the professor and student. It may indeed fairly be questioned whether anything is won at all for the purposes of an University, by reducing the professors to the drudgery of daily tuition, with all its concomitant toil, unpleasantness, machinery, and repetition, and on the other hand, by ushering each student into some pre-established method or traditional frame of teaching. The mind is an organism infinitely finer and more self-acting than any other organism nature presents. Yet, the more independent the mind is in its growth than a plant or a tree, and the more such a comparison must be considered as inadequate, the more correct and justified we shall be in choosing an infer-

ence from the practice of a gardener. You may bend and twist a tree, almost into any shape, whilst it is young; this is both conducive to its growth, and indispensable to its proper formation; but, when stem and root are once developed, you must leave them to their own direction and impulse, and provided that sun and rain are fairly and in due time afforded, the tree will grow of itself, whereas it will fade and be crippled under a continued artificial treatment which extends beyond the acme of its growing powers. Much more so the mind. University education is to be the last stage of mental growth. It comes at a time when body and mind are adult, and all but finished in their natural stage of development. For this reason a considerably wider field ought to be left to the intellectual individuality of the student. It is a great mistake to believe that doctrines or knowledge were best imparted to that age by means of the most direct and most practical training. The best kind of education for adults is that which is most calculated to produce *self-exertion* and *voluntary* efforts of the learner. For self-exertion is the only true and genuine spring of mental improvement. An uniform and authoritative mode of teaching is often even calculated to do much mischief. It bars true genius up within the trammels of learned traditions; it deflects or suppresses talent in its yet infantine guesses or stammerings; it denies or misapprehends the instinctive gifts of the mind, the innate love of truth, and forgets entirely that we learn nothing so well and so convincingly as what we acquire by self-made researches.

There is certainly as much danger in educating too much as there is educating too little. The German professorial system is intended to steer clear of both these extremes, by giving the most easy and accessible instruction, together with the least degree of direct teaching. It offers the most varied, the most attractive, and the most suggestive form of instruction, and leaves the student entirely to judge and use it as he feels himself disposed. Let no one suppose that such a system would *endanger* rather than *promote* the exertions of the student, by the absence of more direct inducements for learning.

It is well known that the German student is not behind in industry and in patience; nor can we conceive why this system should lead to a different result. A young man has, in his twentieth year, we should say, become wise enough to know that he does not merely learn in order to please his professors, and

he labors no more under the delusion of the school-boy, who fancies he is nicely tricking his master whilst he steals away from his school-form. But if the student should ever cease to remember the object of his stay at the University, the thought that he is, by his own choice, remaining ignorant amidst a crowd of assiduous and intelligent fellow-students, will induce him more effectually to amend, than any disciplinary notices or tutorial remonstrances.

We cannot pass by this occasion without stating some of the historical effects by which the German University system has been attended. Impartial observers will admit that Germany boasts of students who are willing and able to exert themselves in the highest degree possible. Their *plodding* disposition has become a standing jest to some English writers, who could be foolish enough even for a moment to depreciate the zeal and fervor of those youthful and disinterested searchers after truth. Is not the toilsome and self-dicated, unwearied patience of the German student, over his midnight lamp, quite as worthy of respect and praise as the daily reading hours of an Oxford or Cambridge student, who often works for prizes or honors, under the direction of his tutor? And who that truly appreciates learning and science will ever indulge in sneering at the means and trouble by which it must be acquired? The German Universities have no cause to disclaim the epithet with which their adepts are honored, as long as German University-men are sought and respected, and as long as their writings, the fruit of their plodding qualities, are read and appreciated.

With equal truth it may be said of the German Universities that they promote individuality of intellect and opinion almost to an excess; of course, for every one is there led, nay, compelled to think and judge for himself, and to take nothing on trust. It is certainly true that lately a great many learned novelties and doctrinal schools have been hatched at the German Universities. We do not want to deny—in fact it would be useless—that Germany is possessed of the largest amount of intellectual fertility. Its Universities have, indeed, put forth all kinds of theories—sometimes useful, but often fantastic—in many cases profound, in some revolutionary; here with an air of venerable antiquity, there again with the artificial hot-house forcing of modern wit. Homoeopathy has come from Germany—mesmerism had its origin there—hydropathy emanates from thence; rationalism and mysticism, too, have

their adherents there in innumerable shades and ramifications. Pantheism is maintained by some philosophers; scepticism is the result of others' views, and schools follow each other there, thick and quick. Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel have peopled the German Universities with their followers. Go to a University, there are not two doctors in law or divinity who hold the same opinions; and even their lectures often have a strong admixture of individual views and even polemics: the students, of course, choose their party too for themselves. This mushroom-like fertility of doctrines in Germany forms a striking contrast to the steady, undeviating march of intellect in the learned circles of Oxford and Cambridge, Dublin or London. At the British Universities, doctrines and education are infinitely more *positive* and *alike*. All the students receive, within each College, one and the same kind of education; they are all taught in the same fixed way, and depend for their opinions almost solely on the opinions of their tutors or professors, who do not much differ from each other. For this reason it often appears to observing foreigners as if the intellects of English University-men were all moulded in one and the same national shape, and stamped by the same influence; nor can it be astonishing that the authoritative character of English University education should have this effect. Compare with them an adept from a German University, and you will find him usually swayed by a restless and independent, nay, frantic desire of research and of theorizing on his own account. There is, undoubtedly, much danger as well as some good with either of these two different tendencies, which it is not our business here to discuss. But we may, without great fear of erring, set it down as a fact, that the German University system, devoid as it is of the principle of authority, has gained in intellectual fertility, in the quick growth of science, in production of individual views, whereas it has, at the same time, lost in steadiness and concentration of aim, and in unity and firmness of doctrine, which have their own particular good, not in science, but in moral and political views, and may rather be said to belong to the properties of English education.

We trust that the mode of instruction usual at the German Universities is so far sufficiently characterized in its main features. It embraces, as we have stated, four distinct branches of science—divinity, law, medicine, and philosophy (that is, classics, natural sciences and history); four deans and one

rector are annually chosen by and from among the regular professors, to represent these four learned *faculties*, as they are denominated. These five men constitute the University Senate, who hardly ever interfere with the students, over whom they have only a nominal control, except in coming and leaving, at their matriculation, and at their asking for a testimonial or a degree. They preside, together with the ordinary and extraordinary professors, at public occasions and festivities, invested with richly decorated velvet robes. Connected with the Senate is also an University Judge, before whom students may be taken who incur debts, or have been found out duelling, or have committed themselves politically.

The reader will perceive that the above division into four faculties implies a professional character which does not belong to the British Universities. Every German student decides before his matriculation which profession and which class he will join. The whole plan of his studies and the choice of his lectures will depend upon this decision. A medical student will hear lectures on anatomy, physiology, chemistry and phrenology; a lawyer will attend prelections on civil, criminal, and common law, or the ancient and modern codes; the divinity student will frequent exegetical lectures, learn Hebrew, read the fathers, hear lectures on church history, ethics, and the dogmas of the Christian faith; whilst the classical student, according to his particular intentions, will be present at interpretations of Horace, Pindar, Plato, and Sophocles, or else hear some historian, geographer, mathematician, or astronomer. Thus each student, though fully at liberty to hear and learn what he likes, will generally choose but such lectures as fall in with his particular profession, and the different halls of a German University are usually filled but by one of the four classes of students. There are but few lectures of common and general interest, such as logic, metaphysics, and those on all general topics, historical, or philosophical; the great stock and majority of lectures are altogether addressed by professional men to professional adepts. In this respect the British Universities form a wide contrast with those of Germany, and the Continental High Schools in general. British students receive within their colleges all one and the same kind of education, and no regard is paid to any individual profession. Their object is said to be *general* knowledge, and not professional knowledge, and for law and medical science, as well as all more practical pursuits

of any kind whatever, little or no preparation is made, except in establishments independent of the Universities themselves. It is certainly not the design of the Universities to form mere business men; but it may be hardly advisable to defer the apprenticeship for the learned professions too long. Universities should not merely be considered as intended to turn out gentlemen, or to delegate a multitude of scientific drones, or to create a number of young Grecians, with a great amount of general taste and little practical skill. The country derives no use from general philosophy and universal information. Its wants are of a more imperative and individual nature. It requires men fit for the higher branches of administration — men qualified to preach the Gospel, to guard its laws, to cure the sick, or to instruct the rising generations. If the Universities were either too haughty or too short-sighted to attend to the actual requirements of the country, they would earn little gratitude from a people for whom they did not provide, and from pupils whom they left unfit for their vocation. General knowledge is the province of elementary schools and preparatory colleges; in Germany it is the professed aim of the gymnasia. But it is both natural and indispensable that education, in its final and most advanced stage, should become professional, or else Universities can never be seriously said to prepare young men for the higher and learned branches of society.

We will add here a few words on University degrees and examinations. It will be understood from the preceding explanations that the German Universities do not examine their students at all. As they do not engage themselves to teach practically, and decline every direct responsibility for the actual improvement of their scholars, they have no occasion to examine any student on the use he has made of his time and of the University lectures. No prizes are awarded, no inducements for industry held out. It is true that each faculty annually proposes one prize-question; and that students of moderate means may, upon applying and giving some test of industry, often receive presents from the assisting-funds of the University or the Government; but these solitary and exceptional cases are by their nature and extent without effect or importance for the mass of students. Their industry is not stimulated by love of gain or love of honor. There is no list of wranglers or classmen inviting the academical to labor; no fear of being plucked, to hinder him from being as lazy as

he likes. The industry of the German student is unselfish and disinterested; he works for his own good and for the love of science, and not from ambition or want. We do not think that his assiduity would in general be increased, and we feel confident it would not be ennobled, if the somewhat mercenary system into which—to German eyes at least—the English universities seem to have fallen, was substituted for the German system. When a student leaves his university, he receives a testimonial whereon the lectures which he has paid for and attended are mentioned from half-year to half-year; each professor usually is requested to witness his attendance by some little epithet, as *Besucht*, *fleissig besucht*, etc. Beyond this a University does not go. The only case where examinations take place is when application is made for a degree. Any person may get a degree from a German University, if he can pass the requisite examination, and send in a printed essay, with other testimonials to prove his capacity. The candidate, who may be from any country or school, has only to pay the fees, get his essay acknowledged as satisfactory, and then present himself for the oral examination, which is conducted by ordinary professors of the University, whom the candidate may choose for himself.

Let no one suppose that the examination for a degree of *Doctor et Magister*, or *Doctor of Medicine*, was given away to undeserving persons at any of the Prussian and most of the larger German Universities. It is true that, of late, some of the obscurer Universities have established quite a traffic with diplomas, and have granted them to foreigners, without requiring any oral examination, merely on paying their fees, and sending some essay, with other testimonials. This has brought academical degrees into disrepute in Germany as well as abroad; but, as the other Universities did not fail to complain of the said abuse at the Diet at Frankfort, and took other effectual steps in order to compel the governments of the lesser German States to check it, a more scrupulous mode of examining has been enforced, and is conscientiously observed in Prussia.

Degrees are merely ornamental; they give a title or public character, but are no legal test of capacity. Now, in order to ascertain the fitness of young men for office, either for the church, or the bar, or the gymnasial or academical chair, or for surgical practice, it appears a public test is requisite. But the Universities could, according to their design and nature, not meddle with it. The

necessary examinations, therefore, are conducted by commissions appointed by Government to examine young divines, scholars, lawyers, and surgeons, before they are permitted to hold office. Here, of course, difference of skill among the candidates is a matter of the highest importance; and the result of these examinations usually decides the actual improvements of the student, as well as his future prospects. These examinations are, therefore, the final aim and conclusion of the student's effort, who passes them sometimes immediately, sometimes from one to five years after his University-triennium. *Hic Rhodus, hic salta!* hereafter will be all plain sailing.

The British Universities are independent corporations, but those of Germany are in a great measure dependent on the governments. It was the princes who founded and endowed them, and it is the princes too who can, if they choose, keep them in constant check. Therefore, the German Universities are often degraded into a kind of political engines, which the minister of public instruction must work, according to the wind of the court or the immediate inspiration of the sovereign. Science ought, by its nature, to be independent; and as the censorship of an overruling power must needs tend to fetter and degrade its representatives, we will trust in a future generation, and an age yet to come, when the German Universities may be emancipated from the interference of their governments. Hitherto oppressive measures have only now and then been carried into effect, and an appearance of autonomy has been left to the Universities of the Protestant and northern states, though less so in Austria. Every person can become a lecturer upon proving his ability before the existing professors; but his promotion and salary depend on the intentions of government, and the support of his colleagues. If he can meet with an audience, if he attracts the students by his lectures, he cannot well be refused a professorship for any length of time. The German Universities boast of the principle of universal admissibility both for those who want to teach and for those who want to learn. No creed or birthplace disables a person who can prove his capacity, from becoming either a lecturer or a student on whatever subject he pleases. There are no sectarian or religious disabilities at any German University; in this respect they differ widely from the older British Universities. Thus you may find at any German University Lutherans, Calvinists, Roman Catholics,

Jews, foreigners from Greece, Russia, England, and America, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Hungary, and Poland, &c., amongst the students. Nor are the professors all of the same creed, except in faculties of divinity, which, by their nature, present entire uniformity of confession. Some Universities contain two faculties of divinity, one for Roman Catholics and another for Protestants. This order of things is perfectly compatible with the German system of non-interference in delivering and receiving knowledge; whereas it can, of course, never be made to agree with the present English system. The German High Schools profess to teach all to all, and consequently know of no creed; but as true scientific bodies, they admit argument as the only proof of truth, and do not shut the mouth of all other confessions, in order that one privileged doctrine may claim the battle-field undisputed.

The German princes and ministries are more inclined to interfere with the *political* than with the *religious* opinions of the people. They have in some cases deposed, or not promoted, such professors or lecturers as had offered to their measures an unpalatable resistance. Some time ago the King of Hanover put in force a new constitution in his dominions. He required all the higher officers of his State to swear allegiance to the new laws. But seven professors of Göttingen refused doing so, and published a protest against the proceedings of Government. Some eminent lawyers and scholars were amongst them, such as the two brothers Grimm, Gervinus, and Dahlmann. They were all deprived of their chairs in one degree. But this measure only tended to ruin the University. For one morning some hundred students led the seven victims in triumph out of the town, shook the dust off their feet at the gates of Göttingen, and went into exile with their seven professors. The acclamations of all Germany were so loud, and the reputation of the professors rose so high, that they got all of them other chairs at other Universities, and thus drew the majority of the Göttingen students with them into other States. Such-like demonstrations of liberal sympathies have at all times been frequent in Germany, and the princes well know that every oppressive measure they may adopt is sure to be counteracted by the independent and turbulent spirit of the students.

We cannot here give a full account of the true prevailing features of German University life—a topic which has certainly its peculiar attractions, partly for the singularity

of the facts to be described, partly for the difficulty of a correct and impartial appreciation of their ultimate import. Some English travellers, such as Russell, Laing, Talfourd, and others, have spoken of German students in terms little flattering, and the impression which they leave on readers of their accounts is that they are a wild, lawless, drunken, fighting, and hectoring class, of little gentlemanly bearing, and of savage habits and dispositions. A more charitable and thoroughly German-tinctured account of German student life has been given by William Howitt, who lived some years amongst them, and appears to have availed himself of the excellent German authorities he had occasion to meet with. It would be useless to deny that the customs of drinking and duelling are some of the dark sides of the German universities, and we can only wish that, fast disappearing as they are, they may soon quite cease to disgrace those establishments. It is unjust, however, in criticizing a class of men, to turn one's eyes merely at one or two topics, and we ought rather to attempt to form a more general estimation of their merits and pervading tone.

It is true, the life of a German student is one of enjoyment as well as of study. They hear their lectures, and ponder over them at home, they read books on the objects and questions that interest them most; they consult their professors; they form little clubs or societies for discussions, and stoutly maintain their individual opinions against their professors or against each other. But these pursuits are not the only thing that occupies their minds. Youth claims its rights; and as the German student is free of superintendence on every side, he allows fair play to his favorite propensities. It cannot be astonishing that their exuberant spirits should have a peculiar national turn which does not coincide with the habits of students of other countries. A German student does not feather his oar in a university-boat on regatta-day; he does not kick the foot-ball on Parker's piece; he does not skilfully take the balls at a cricket match. These gentle pastimes would not satisfy his bolder and noisier disposition. His thoughts are more excitable and somewhat enthusiastic. His manners are more cordial and unreserved. His appearance and demeanor are less aristocratic. Yet he is well-bred, and spirited, and high-minded; he is frank and open; a faithful friend, and an eccentric lover of his fatherland. He is a sworn enemy to all falsehood and all deceit. Peculiar notions of honor,

and a deep love of independence and liberty, belong to his most deep-rooted principles. Song and music, social parties, convivial fêtes, a martial, undaunted spirit, and excitement of the patriotic feelings, throw over his life an enchantment which gilds it yet in all his later recollections.

Each student lives in apartments hired at some townsman's house, according to his choice and particular requirements. From thence he resorts to the University only for three or four hours daily, to attend lectures. The rest of his time is either spent at home in reading, or else with his comrades. The absence of a link of union among the members of German universities, has compelled the students almost everywhere to form certain clubs or clans, the sole object of which is to enjoy themselves together, after true students' fashion. These fraternities wear their own peculiar colors on their caps, flags, and breastbands; they are organized with seniors, presidents, articles of *comment* or students' usage, and meet at their particular inns and on especial days of every week. There you may see them, sitting together around two oblong tables, before their beer or wine-goblets, drinking and singing till late into the night, and often hidden in thick clouds of tobacco-smoke. They will discuss the duels that have been fought lately, or are going to be fought; they will scheme some joke upon a sordid Philistine or landlord; they will agree to bring a serenade to their favorite professor; they make their political speeches on the prospects of their fatherland, and the whims of its princes; they drink and sing, and sing and drink, whilst wit and sarcasm, pun and taunt, fly across the room in quick succession, and all is dissolved in infinite laughter and merriment.

Many of the students are fond of gymnastics, or *Turnen*. They spend accordingly much of their time upon excursions and exercises for that purpose, and form associations which are called *Turner-Vereine*.

But by far the majority of *Burschen* delight in fencing and the practice of arms. This would certainly be very harmless and praiseworthy, if it did not induce them to try their swords and rapiers in actual contest upon each other. But such is still the case to a great extent at almost all the German Universities, and especially among the members of the above-mentioned fraternities. The facility with which some German students come from a pugnacious disposition to offensive words, and from offences to challenges, will always appear equally extraordinary

and lamentable to an observer. There are amongst them a number of *braggadocios*, eager to test their skill and the metal of their swords, and glad to pick a quarrel with any one to whom they are just in the humor for addressing their pert provocations. It is to this spirit that most duels must be traced; and they have not always even the excuse of personal antipathy, or difference of opinion, or a previous quarrel, or a miscarried joke, or some public or private insult that might have set the parties at war. For a few hasty words, satisfaction with arms is desired and promised; cards are exchanged, seconds chosen, the cartel solemnly declared, and time, place and weapon agreed upon. After a delay of some days or weeks, which are conscientiously made use of for practicing at the noble art, the parties repair, early on the appointed morning, with their friends, to the place of rendezvous, on some neighboring heath. An umpire and a medical student must always be present. Arrived on the ground, they fix the spot and distance for the fight, mark the *mensura* or circles within which the combatants must keep, strip the upper part of their body, and, after close examination of the weapons, the sanguinary contest begins. The umpire holds his rapier steadfastly between them, in order to stop them at the first wound that is inflicted, and to prevent foul play. Thus the two antagonists may stand, parrying and returning each other's thrusts for some minutes, until at length their vigor relaxes. Now comes the moment for the decisive blow. The contest becomes more desperate, and the swords glance almost invisibly, whilst the shouting of the anxious friends mingles with the rapid clash of the rapiers. Suddenly the umpire shouts—*Sitzt*, one of the two is hit; blood has been drawn and the duel is over. And, whilst the medical student advances to attend to the wound, the umpire summons the two antagonists to shake hands and to promise that they will consider the offence as forgotten and as expiated, and that they will neither bear one another any grudge from it, nor allow any information of the occurrence to spread. This is vowed, as throughout transactions of this nature a certain chivalrous air and appearance of good grace is preserved. Thus the mischief which duels cause consists fortunately in little beyond disfiguring the face by sword-cuts, as lives are but seldom or never set at stake. Yet we have no desire of cloaking the savage and barbarous nature of a custom which is so utterly repugnant to

all the humane feelings. The governments and college authorities have long since proscribed and forbidden duelling; but of late even the students of Berlin, Bonn, and Breslau have themselves made efforts to prevent and eradicate them entirely, by the erection of a students' jury (*Ehrengerichte*), before which quarrels may be settled peacefully.

The students' associations have always been suspected, and repeatedly dissolved by the governments; for these self-constituted clubs continually fostered a feeling of political dissatisfaction, and were sometimes decried as the haunts and refuge of secret conspiracies. It was under similar pretences that the general *Burschenschaft* was dissolved, after the murder of Kotzebue by a young enthusiast of the name of Sand.

The principal reason, however, why the ancient student associations are dying away, is not so much the order of the authorities, but is due to the existence of a strong feeling against them amongst the majority of the present German academicians. The traditional *Burschen-Comment*, with all its rude and ludicrous appendages, begins to fall into utter disrespect, and is looked upon as antiquated, useless rubbish, or as toys for insipid freshmen. The actual generation of *Burschen* is a more refined class of men; they have exchanged the gauntlet for a pair of kids, the cap of the corps (or association) for a common chapeau, the sword or rapier for a riding whip or a walking-stick; and it has almost ceased to be considered as a merit to provoke duels, to besot oneself with beer, wine, and tobacco; or to go swaggering along the street with a professed view to annoy each Philistine, beadle, or night-guard, who may come in their way. The old customs are only practiced on the sly, and are carefully hidden from the eyes of the world, instead of parading in public as formerly; even the old slang is hardly ever used or referred to, without provoking a smile on every countenance. Nor is it likely that the sober, reflecting, and assiduous nature of the German students should make no reaction against the crude and boisterous tone of some of their comrades. It is in general but the smaller Universities which take delight in them, in order to bring some change into the uniformity of continual study in their rural towns. In Berlin and Vienna little of the old students' habits is to be met with.

The predominating spirit of the larger German Universities bears of late reference rather to the political struggles of the country. It is certainly not the business of young

men, nor of learned schools, to fight the battles of their fatherland, nor to discuss what laws and constitution they will establish. But it was to be expected that the Universities, which hold in Germany such a pre-eminent rank, should have also taken a leading part in the present aspirations of Germany after constitutional liberty. The academicians of Vienna and Berlin have made themselves the avowed champions of popular reform; and if freedom has yet hardly begun to shed her beneficent lustre over the middle of Europe, it is certainly not owing to a lack of patriotism and enthusiasm among the youth of the German high schools. The force and generality of the liberal sympathies among them is the most evident proof that, in the following decennium, when the generation of young men who frequented those schools in 1848 and 1849, will have succeeded to the offices and administration of the German States, that country must, by internal necessity, give way to the demands for liberty. It is sincerely to be wished that Heaven may grant to Germany a peaceful and steady solution of her internal difficulties, and that her Universities may unite moderation with firmness, in the open and untiring pursuit of free institutions.

In conclusion, it may be useful to recapitulate the main outlines of the picture, so as to leave a distincter impression of them as a whole. The German Universities, which have many defects among much that is good, bear distinct traces and marks of the soil on which they are planted. They stand under the control of more or less arbitrary governments, and are to them the instruments for educating a supply of officers and professional

employés, which those bureaucratic States require in order to be governed. But the Universities fulfil their task not in a little or slavish manner. As pre-eminently national institutions, they uphold the principle of universal admissibility, and exclude no doctrine, no creed or nationality from teaching or learning among them. They pursue an independent system of instruction which scorns any but scientific authority; they omit all mercenary means of stimulation, and expect their adepts to cultivate science purely for its own sake. They have sacrificed all the practical business of education, because superintendence is thought at once contrary to their constitution, and unsuitable to their students, who are expected to educate themselves. Assiduity and enthusiasm form the leading features of the youth who frequent them, and which, in spite of some habitual excrescences, are still found amongst them; they yield to Germany and to Europe a number of profound scholars, divines, and philosophers, who unite a close-looking, microscopic understanding with a wide and gigantic grasp of intellect. Situated in the heart and centre of Europe, visited by strangers from all quarters of the globe, the German Universities have acquired a far-spreading influence on the world of letters, both by their position, and by the nature of their intellectual stores. They stand as the strongholds of modern European intelligence, and form the safest and firmest anchors of general civilization and knowledge. May they remain true to their trust, may they prosper and flourish, and never cease to infuse wisdom and learning into the generations that annually gather around them!

From Chambers' Journal.

CHARLES KINGSLEY AS A LYRIC POET.

FEW readers acquainted with the prose-writings of Mr. Kingsley can be ignorant of the fact, that he is a true poet. The stream of his prose continually reveals the golden sand of poetry sparkling through it. In his pictures, taken from the many-colored landscape of life, and in his transcripts of natural scenery, we feel that he has selected with the poet's eye, and painted with the hand of a poetic artist. But it is not as a writer of poetry in prose we purpose speaking of him now, so much as a writer of poems—in fact, as a lyric poet. The *Saint's Tragedy*, which was Mr. Kingsley's first literary work, contained great poetic promise, both dramatic and lyric. It evinced a subtle knowledge of human emotion, especially of the mental workings and heart-burnings of humanity, wrestling with the views inculcated by Catholic ascetics. In addition to its dramatic interest and truthful delineation of character, there were scattered throughout it some drops of song, which, minute as they were, seemed to us to mirror the broad, deep nature of a lyric poet, even as the dew-drops reflect the over-arching span of the broad, deep sky. In his prose works, Mr. Kingsley has also printed several fine lyrics, the beauty and strength of which have been the subject of almost universal remark. *Alton Locke* contains a ballad, *Mary, go and call the Cattle Home*, which is akin in its simplicity to those old Scotch ballads that melt us into tears with their thrilling, wild-wailing music. In *Yeast* appeared the *Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter*. It is the cry of a poacher's widow, the passionate protest of a broken heart against the game-laws—poured forth to the great silence of midnight as she is sitting near the spot where her husband was killed. It is distinguished by intensity of feeling, and a Dantean distinctness, not frequently met with in the sophistication of modern poetry. Few that have read it will ever forget it. The lyrics we have mentioned are probably all the reader will have seen of Mr. Kingsley as a lyric poet: other pieces, however, have appeared in print.

The chief of these were published in the *Christian Socialist*, a journal started by the promoters of Working-Men's Associations some few years since, which had but a small circulation and brief existence. It is from these we select most of our specimens of our author's lyrical genius, although not all of them.

Mr. Kingsley is the descendant of a family of fervent Puritans, and the spirit which lived in them still flashes out: the hot, earnest life which beat so impetuously beneath the armor of the Ironsides, still throbs in his writings. For example, here is a lyric worthy to have been chanted by a company of the Puritan soldiers the night before a battle, and their loftiest feelings might have found in it fitting utterance:—

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

The Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand,
Its storms roll up the sky.
A nation sleeps starving on heaps of gold,
All dreamers toss and sigh.
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the day is darkest before the morn
Of the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
Chivalry, Justice, and Truth;
Come, for the Earth is grown coward and old—
Come down and renew us her youth.
Freedom, Self-sacrifice, Mercy, and Love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above
To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
Famine, and Plague, and War;
Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,
Gather, and fall in the snare.
Hirelings and Mammonites, Pedants and Knaves,
Crawl to the battle-field—sneak to your graves
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer, can dare.
Each past age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Is this not grand writing? The martial
awing and the religious soaring of it make the
soul rock to its rhythm.

The next quotation will illustrate how perfect is Mr. Kingsley's mastery over the lyric as a form of expression, and with what consummate ease he has put a tragedy into three stanzas.

THE THREE FISHERMEN.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down,
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of
the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at
the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up ragged and
brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their
hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

This is a true ballad. It is clearly conceived, clearly finished, simply worded, and it contains neither metaphor nor conceit. These two lyrics alone will amply show that their author possesses the fire and force, the cunning art and the beauty of expression, of a lyrical master—in addition to which qualities, his Muse has at times a wondrous witchery and most subtle grace. Some of his dainty little lilt of song are so full of melody, they sing of themselves, which is the rarest of all lyrical attributes. They remind us of the sweet things done by the old dramatists, when they have dallied with airy fancies in a lyrical mood. Here is one:—

SONG.

There sits a bird on every tree,
With a heigh-ho!
There sits a bird on every tree,
Sings to his love as I to thee;
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

There blooms a flower on every bough,
With a heigh-ho!
There blooms a flower on every bough,
Its gay leaves kiss—I'll show you how:
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

The sun's a groom, the earth's a bride,
With a heigh-ho!
The sun's a groom, the earth's a bride,
The earth shall pass—but love abide,
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

We conclude our quotations with a brief strain of pathetic minor music, so like the tenderness of some Scottish music, which must have been struck out of the strong national heart, like waters out of the smitten rock, through rent and fissure. These eight lines bring out another quality of the lyric poet—that of suggestiveness—the power to convey a double meaning—to make a sigh or a sob speak more than words—to hint more than can be uttered—to express the inexpressible by veiling the mortal features, as did the old Greek artist:

The merry, merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me.
Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-
yard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,
And my baby in his cradle in the church-yard,
Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

If these specimens are not sufficient to prove that a powerful lyricist is among us, we do not know what evidence would be necessary. "Tell Mr. Kingsley to leave novels, and write nothing but lyrics," said one of our greatest living writers to us the other day, when we showed him some of these songs. Often has the distinguished Chevalier Bunsen, in speaking of the song-literature of Germany and its influence on the people, urged Mr. Kingsley to devote his powers to becoming a Poet for the People, and a writer of songs to be sung by them. England has no Burns, no Béranger, not even a Moore: she waits for her national lyricist. Although not as yet, perhaps, thoroughly tried, we know no man who appears to be so fittingly endowed to ascend into this sphere of song, that is dark and silent, awaiting his advent, as Mr. Kingsley. He is an intense man, large in heart and brain, a passionate worshipper of truth and beauty. His heart has a twin-pulse beating with that of the people; his song has a direct heart-homeness, and is that of a singer

born. The verses we have given, be it remembered, do not constitute the choicest picked from a larger quantity: they are the most of what we have seen, and are taken as they came. We claim for them the rare merit of originality: there is no echo of an imitation, no reverberation of an echo. The melody has a bird like spontaneity. It will be found that each repetition serves to increase their beauty. Observe, too, how essential everything is that belongs to them: there is

nothing accidental. Mr. Kingsley has the self-denial to reject all that is superfluous in thought or word, which is a most rare virtue in a young poet, and without which no one can ever become a writer of national songs. He has also acquired the young writer's last attained grace—simplicity. Many of our young writers seek to clothe their thoughts all in purple words, thinking thus to become poets. A man might just as well think of becoming king by putting on the royal purple.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE POETRY OF ALFRED TENNYSON.*

BY GERALD MASSEY.

WAR and Revolution are not those unredeemed evils which the peace-men would have us believe them to be. The great, grim, terrible thing which appears to tower up so darkly as an obstacle in the path of progress, may become another Sinai, dreadful with the presence and eloquent with the voice of the Almighty speaking his grand decrees in thunder and lightning, and the terror of tempests. Rudely awakened from some voluptuous dream, or suddenly called from the lighted halls of peace, we stand looking out into the night, and, straining our eyes on the strife, we hear the clang and tumult, the thunders and the shoutings, the cry of the victor and the moanings of the wounded. War seems a fearful thing. By and by our eyes become attuned to the gloom, and we perceive that it has other aspects. Its lightnings often cleanse the moral atmosphere. Its sword cuts clean through the flimsy draperies and hollow masks of conventionality, sham, and artificiality. We get down to the ground-root of things, and look in the unveiled face of the great Nature.

Fields may be heaped with slain, and

mound and furrow be red with carnage, but such seed is not sown in vain, and may produce a worthy harvest in the after-years.

It is said of many young men who went out to the Crimea, and who have seen the veil torn from the gorgon-face of Battle, and been within arm's-length of death, that, though they left England as thoughtless, vain, gay fops, they returned from that solemn experience, sad, wise, earnest, valiant men. Even so is it with the life of nations. War reveals what stuff they are made of, what endurance, heroism, truthfulness, earnestness, is in them still; and, constituted as man is, it is most necessary that these qualities be kept alive, seeing that life is a continual combat, and it is well that the battle-trumpet should rouse us from the pillow of sloth, the bent-knee of slavery, and the all-fours of money-grubbing, into heroic attitude. One of the best and most precious results of war, national struggles, and the changes in religious, political, and social systems, is in the new and vigorous life they give to literature. There the mortal life lost by field and flood is caught up and rendered back to us immortal by the hands of Poetry. What a tide of fresh life poured through the heart of England after the mighty impulse of her Reformation, and burst up in a new out-bud-

* Poems by Alfred Tennyson. Ninth Edition, 1864.—"The Princess, a Medley." Fourth Edition, 1861.—"In Memoriam." 1850. London: Moxon.

ding and flowering of poetry, such as the world had never before seen. We also derive a priceless heritage from the struggles of that handful of men who rose up in England two centuries ago, and drew the sword for freedom, flinging down the scabbard as a gauntlet of challenge at the feet of cowed, and crowned, and mitred Tyranny. They gave to the nations a proud flush of nobler life, a wider horizon to the whole human existence, placed their country in the foremost van of the world, and left their deathless names as watchwords that ring down far futures for the true to battle by. That revolution gave us John Milton. It was drowned in blood, but its ploughshare had cut deep, and its seed was well sown and trampled in, and although each springing germ was watched with jealous eyes and crushed in the budding, yet it struck deep root, and sprang up in other lands beyond the sea. Scotland would never have possessed her unrivalled wealth of national song, and her music so unspeakably beautiful, but for her immortal traditions, her mountains and glens, hallowed by the persecutions and martyrdoms of her Covenanters; her heaths so often trampled by the footsteps of heroic men, who marched to death as 'twere a bridal bed; her moors so often reddened by the blood of the brave and chivalrous; the glorious men who bore the Scottish thistle on banners bloody and torn through the burning hell of battle in many a dark and desolate day, and kept the flame of patriotism alive and unquenched amid the deluging rain of tears and blood; the gallant hearts that have quivered on the rack, and cracked in the furnace flame; the noble heads that have laid them down upon a tyrant's bloody block for their last pillow; the deathless deeds that have been done and written in the memory of men as in letters of electric light;—these have been the inspirations that have made the poet's song eloquent. The poetry was first written in deathless actions before it became literature.

Of all the conflicts of arms and the society upheavings that have shaken the world in modern times, none have had a more quickening influence on literature than those of the French Revolution and the subsequent wars. The fountains of the great deep of human life were opened, and the floodgates of tyranny were burst, so that, when the floods subsided, the shores were rich with jewels and treasures that had been surged up in the mighty motion of the heaving waters. Men's hearts leaped and burned within them as at the sound of

the trumpet of God, their eyes glowed with the light of some great future, and through delicious tears they caught a glimpse of a truer existence. There was such a surging of spirit, such a quickening motion of mind, as much was felt in one year as would take half a century to express. After a long night of starless gloom, and servile trembling, and growing misery spent in feeble thought and foolish fears, with a feeling akin to that of Lazarus, waking within his tomb, came the morning of action, motion, health, life! Then followed the tug of grappling armies, and the nations were cast into the fiery furnace of War. The ties and fears, the bonds of falsehood and deceit, that had so long fettered the great human heart, were withered, and burst. The tinsel, and the glitter, and the masquerading habits are consumed utterly there, and nothing stands the flaming ordeal save the naked strength of iron manhood.

Such times bring us face to face with what is genuine; human life passes through its snake-like crises, in order that it may slough off its worn-out, dirty, rotten coating, as the snake gets rid of its skin. Artificiality cannot live in the presence of such terrific earnestness; sloth cannot drowse in such a noise of combat; imitation cannot compete with such primordial originality; and thus literature benefits and reaps a rich harvest from the fields of war. In all these great eras it is the People—the great source and resource of poetry—who, having held their peace so long, come forth to write their poetry in sword-dints and strange hieroglyphs on the face of the earth. What poetry there must be among this same People, to judge by such sublime specimens, if we could but get at it!

If our monetary national debt, incurred during the wars with France, be great, our national debt to poetry is still greater. As our poetic outcome of that time, we have the following magnificent result:—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Hunt, Keats, Campbell, and Tennyson, not to mention others. These could never have existed, as we now know them, but for the stirring circumstances of the times in which they were moulded. Great times, great thoughts, great feelings, produce great men, and these gave us a race of Titans. Wordsworth has pictured the influence which the dawn of the French Revolution had upon him. So has Coleridge. Byron was begotten by the very spirit of Rebellion. Shelley's early poetry was the French Revolution adapted to English verse. It is to his martial lyrics, which

are a fit chariot of song for the spirit of British valor to ride in, flaming through the battle-field on the wheels of conquest, and driving over the heads of its enemies, glorious as a god, that Campbell owes his immortality. Not so manifest in the poetry of Keats and Hunt is this influence, but very manifest in their politics and in their lives, and their poetry is the issue of their lives. It is less perceptible still in the poetry of Tennyson; he is farther away from the scene, and the spirit of it did not enter so much into his composition. Like a stone plunged into the water, did that influence strike down into the existence of the former poets, widening the circle of their whole being. In Tennyson we have the distant and gentle ripple, with nothing of the tumult. Nevertheless, he is one of the brood of giants who stepped into life through the rent of Revolution, although he is in the second generation. He is also related to his predecessors by his *subjectivity*. The mention of this characteristic of the poetry of our century—its subjectivity—as compared with the poetry of the Elizabethan era, naturally leads us to a consideration of its causes.

Those grand fellows who lived and wrote in the golden time of Elizabeth, appear to have been much more unconscious than our brooding, thoughtful, modern mortals. They seem to have gone about their work 'like noble boys at play.' The pressure of the time did not lie heavy upon them as it does upon us. The national life was up at 'glory's high flood-mark,' and they were borne on a tide of triumph, buoyantly, hopefully, and cheerfully. England towered up proudly amid the surrounding nations, like Saul among his warriors, a head and shoulders above the rest. It was a proud thing to be an Englishman in those days. To be heroic was a natural sort of thing. Life was so strong within them, so enjoyable without. They were brimful of physical health. The sheath of the body was not overworn by the sword of the mind. Their thoughts were not dammed up, nor the tides turned back upon their own souls. They lived, and did not speculate on life with a morbid persistency, or lie and watch the lazy stream of their own blood, poring on their own pulse, and eating their own heart. They lived. They lived and they wrought free and forcibly, even as the bird sings, and the waters roll, and the wind blows, careless to know the wherefore, or analyze the law that inspired. The great, enduring result seems to have flashed out of their lives with a magical unexpectedness,

doubtless as surprising to themselves as to us. Genius thus freely and naturally flowed forth in objective forms. The poet's nature ran outwardly to embrace the universal humanity without let or hindrance. Happy men! glorious time!

It is widely different with the poets of our century. Poetry in our time is a continual protest against the pressure of tendencies adverse to the full and free human development. She fights a continual fight, disputing the ground inch by inch, with the blind brute forces, with all kinds of tyranny, with all kinds of scepticism and mammonism, which seek to encroach on her fields, and commons, and wood-paths, and holy consecrated ground. She feels somewhat like that criminal who was shut up in a prison, the walls of which grew narrower day by day, until they closed in upon him and crushed him. The force of circumstances which we have thrown up around us is fast crushing all spiritual force out of ourselves. The laws of mechanism lie on us like a mountain, and we have not the faith that moves mountains and works miracles. Our lives are spent in the search for what is immediately useful and practical; and should the gods chance to come our way, we are not at home to spiritual influences.

Our poetry is a protest against all this, and many are the influences that re-act upon the poet, and concentrate his nature within itself, and thus tend to make his thought and its utterance subjective. It matters not in what position of society a poet may have been born into our century, it is inevitable that he be subjective. There may be infinite differences in the mode of manifestation. At one time it is Campbell protesting against the brute power of wrong; at another, Shelley shrieks his anathemas against priestcraft and kingcraft. Now it is Byron striking with the naked energy of desperation at the perplexing problems of life, individual and national; again, it is the voice of Tennyson we hear soaring triumphantly above the long agony of doubt, soothing as that of a sister leading the bewildered mind out of the burning trance of delirium. The effect of political persecution, of adverse criticism, of a generous desire to fight the quarrel of others personally; these are all conducive to the modern poet's subjectivity. Thus we find that the subjectivity of our poetry is representative of the time and the circumstances that produced it, as was the objective drama of the times of Shakespeare. In Tennyson this subjectivity has its culminating point. In him, as has been well said, poetic inconsistency attains consist-

ency. He comprehends the best elements of his predecessors, together with an added strength, grace, and beauty. His genius pours itself, as it were, like oil upon their troubled waters. He has attained a clearer calm. He brings in the crowning dainties of that great poetic banquet which has been spread before us during the past half-century.

The growth of Tennyson's mind and fame, like that of all great things and enduring results, has been slow, gradual, and certain. It took twenty years to produce what he has given us. And looking upon these three books of poetry, we cannot but pronounce them one of the most precious contributions ever added to poetical literature. We look upon Alfred Tennyson as one of the greatest poets of our century, and one of the very noblest that ever lived. Not that he is the equal of Homer, Shakspeare, and Dante; he is not a great whole, so much as a brilliant, perfect part; but he is one of the most nobly pure, one of the most exalting of poets. He gives expression to the most ethereal sense of intellectual beauty in both woman's and man's nature—or rather of the woman's in man. And this delicate sensitiveness is united to a stern strength of thought, both when he deals with nineteenth-century experience, or bears the burden of the other world on his shoulders. His poetry is always the inmost essence of the thing. Compare it with that of Wordsworth and Byron in this respect, and you will find that, while they are content to take first thoughts, and write down anything that comes, and consequently have heaps of tares amid the harvest of their verse, his needs no wedding, and will admit of none. He has jealously selected only the choicest of his thoughts, and has exercised the most severe censorship in choosing. It is the subtlest spirit of poetry which he gives shape to, and robes in immortal beauty. He is the exponent of some of the loftiest life and the deepest thought of our time. Of all others, he most reveals the poetic spirit to itself; hence all our young poets are Tennysonian. Then he is one of the perfectest artists that ever wrought in verse, and one of the cunningest masters of melody. In his poems all is in keeping, nothing superfluous; all is necessary, and nothing accidental. There are no jewels scattered at random, as if to show his wealth; all are fitly set. All his pictures are appropriately and exquisitely framed, and there are no unfinished sketches, no frescoes, daring in aim, and feeble in execution. He will mark a distinct era in English poetry far

more effectually than ever Wordsworth will, when the world looks back in the lapse of centuries.

At the outset, Tennyson made some slight return to the old worship of wordmongering, which Wordsworth aimed at destroying. And there is a soul of beauty in some words, which gives them a greater charm than the thought they are intended to symbolize, even as the beautiful form and winning lineaments of woman may at times eclipse the charms of her mind; and this often dazzles and misleads the young and inexperienced; they are borne away, aim at being too rapturous, and become magniloquent, which is a false strength. The most profound, equally with the most delicate thought, can be most fittingly expressed in the simplest Saxon words. But this was soon cured, and in his later poems he has scarce a rival in choiceness of diction.

It was a profound saying of Goethe's, and worthy of universal acceptance, that the eyes can see only just so much as they bring with them the faculty of seeing. Thus, a sunset sky seen through the vision of a Turner, and transmuted into a picture, with all his sparkling light, glory of colour, and rainbow richness of mingling, shifting, cloud-swallowing beauty, may be unappreciated by the mass of men, as not akin to their ordinary sunsets—the painter having seen and brought away more than they can identify; their mental vision being so dim, his so clear and deep-piercing. Thus the lover, because of his love, sees a beauty in the face of his beloved which none other may have ever seen—the eyes seeing only that which they bring with them the power of seeing. And thus it is with our seeing from the loftiest outlooks of the soul. In reading, we only appreciate that which yields us our written experiences; all beyond is blank to us, save that we sometimes apprehend a dim something which is the motion of the feelers being put forth by new growth. To understand more, we must widen and deepen our natures by further experience and larger life. This is why shallow poetlings, who have not an atom of creative power, not a thrill of divine inspiration, yet fill their measure of experience for the million, and are popular; while the great poet Tennyson, with his loftier revelations of beauty, his wondrous dower of the "vision and the faculty divine," his exquisite melodies, his great mind, which is a glorious temple of thought, filled with heroic, rare, and most lovely statues, wrought by the cunning hands of an imagination, sweet, subtle, and

strong as Raphael's is comparatively unknown to them, or known, in some dim wise, to be "obscure."

Many persons profess to see little in Tennyson. This we can only regret for *their* sake. Perhaps they have not the power of seeing what is in his poetry, they may have little in common with him, no chord in harmony with his harp, which can vibrate to its sound because in perfect tune. But they had far better pray for more light, than go about preaching their own blindness. Others are very fond of Tennyson, but think he is sometimes vague and obscure. One of these latter urged to us in proof, that half-a-dozen different readers will construe half-a-dozen different meanings from particular passages. This is quite true, for we have found it so in reading "In Memoriam" with others; nevertheless, instead of proving an obscurity of utterance, this appears to me to prove that in each particular instance the poet had dug up one of those gems of eternal truth which may be six-sided, and capable of mirroring the readers' half-dozen individual portions or interpretations. When I read an author, and find I do not follow him deftly, and catch his meaning easily, I attribute it to my own want of understanding, rather than to his obscurity, especially if I have faith in him (which faith is the result of my having found my method of reading the obscure passage again and again to be successful); and it is astonishing how that which appeared at first vague, and hazy, and nebulous, grows by fine degrees into stars, and clusters of stars, with the "further lookings on," as the vision gets more intense. Tennyson is never vague in expression—the thought may be distant, the matter remote from us, the expression may be involved, but it is never vague. He always knows what he wants to say, and says precisely that which he meant to say. He is too great an artist to daub and make confusion. The stream of his speech may be deep, perhaps unfathomable to some, but never will you find it muddy; you may make it so by your own splashings and flounderings. "But," it is objected, "poetry ought to be plain to all, and it is the poet's first duty to make himself understood. We can understand Shakespeare and Burns; they are clear enough; is Tennyson greater than they?" Not greater, but different. The conditions demanded of a lyric that may be sung in a tap-room, and a drama written to interest an audience of the Globe Theatre, are different to those demanded of an "In Memoriam." In the one

case, we have the poet's genius diffused through a variety of characters, or voicing a sentiment common to all, for artistic purposes and ends. In the other, we have the poet hymning his own high thoughts, his far imaginings, his subtle instincts of beauty, his self-questionings, his visions seen from the altitude of his poet's nature, and nine out of ten of the human beings represented on the stage with the interest of action may come nigher home to our business of life than the lofty musings of a poet who sings with a self-introverted eye of his own unspeakable love and sorrow. In the one case, it is broad human nature appealing to broad human nature: in the other, it is the poet's nature appealing to the poet's nature in us, and we can only respond in so far as we possess the nature of the poet. This, of course, narrows the popularity and appreciable influence of the subjective poet. I say appreciable, because you cannot gauge the influence of Mr. Tennyson by any reference to the sale of his books; he is one of those men, few of whom are in the world together, and who are the fountainheads of thought, in relation to whom the mass of writers are the digestive organs that take in their food and circulate its new life through the great body of the people.

Another will urge that he has done nothing like "Festus," or that terrific originality, "Death's Jest-book." Thank Heaven, he has not; one of each kind was quite enough for us. We have to judge Tennyson by what he has done, and what he is, and not blame him for what he has not done, and is not. Tastes differ: some prefer one poet, some another. It may be remembered that, when a singing-match was about to take place between the nightingale and the cuckoo, the donkey was chosen for an umpire. Longears, having listened attentively until the contest was over, gravely gave his decision:—the nightingale sung very well, said he, but for a good plain song he preferred the cuckoo. So much for difference of taste and judgment. Another argues that Tennyson lacks passion and earnestness. Nay, not so; only he does not often let you see him in a passion, or hear him cursing in it. Noble passion he has, but he does not pour it forth while effervescent or in ferment, and therefore mixed with dregs and lees. It has to pass the clarifying process of his judgment, and ripen into spirit under the influence of his imagination. Strong feeling merely would not set him singing; he does not get his inspiration from a tumult and a tingling in the

blood; not until these are transfigured in the "light that never yet was seen on sea or land," would he break silence. It is his colossal calmness, the absence of blind hurry, that is often mistaken for a want of passionate earnestness. That he has passion, even in the popular sense, is shown by "Locksley Hall;" and that he has terrible, bitter earnestness, is shown by the "Vision of Sin;" but these elements he would now look upon as the raw materials of poetry. Let us take him as he is, and for what he is. One great function of the poet is to give expression to the beautiful, wheresoever he may find it—to give a voice to that dumb Spirit of loveliness, and harmony, and truth, which haunts us everywhere, seeking an interpretation of her dumb show. And surely it is a good thing to get beauty into our souls, and into our lives; and surely he does well who translates a single page of this precious language.

Tennyson's poetry is a very world of beauty—a weird world of wondrous beauty. Calm and smiling it rises out of the vexed and stormy ocean of our century, all fair as Aphrodite clad in her supernal loveliness. Wordsworth's world towers up grandly as after the deluge, full of strength and majesty, bearing the poetic ark on its shoulders. A look of eternity is in its aspect. Healthy, healing waters spring from its sides, which are not so barren as they appear at a distance. It has habitable pastures, inspiring breezes, that blow a rose of dawn in the face, and spots and colors of beauty, that make the eyes brighten and the heart glad. Shelley's fronts the skies, like the Alps of a sphere where no snow falls, and frost is never known; so fantastic, yet aspiring are the forms into which its beauty runs and leaps. At times they are half-shrouded with a faint, fair mist, through which veil their loveliness looks dim and more divine; and again they are lit and flooded with auroral hues and unimagined splendors. Their sides are clothed with rainbows of bloom, and are musical with singing birds and falling waters while at their base are deep, tangled haunted wildernesses, to lose yourself in which is far pleasanter than finding yourself in almost any other place. Byron's world is a volcano not yet extinct. How it glared on us through the night of the past, like the dwelling-place of some fiery demigod, vivid as the pinnacle of that hall in Dante's hell, glowing red-hot through the gloom. And still, to many eyes, does it soar in its terrible beauty, grand as a midnight conflagration. "Festus" is a

sort of hell in harness, with the devil driving. Keats' world is a body of physical beauty, with a soul of sensuousness, and it floats in a sea of "rich and ripe sensation;" a world where Pan is deity, and all life lies as in infancy, or drunkenness, sucking nectared sweets from the bosom of the air. Birds sing dainty love-ditties, flowers bloom and blush for very deliciousness of pleasure, fruit ripens, and becomes the Hebe of appetite out of merry wantonness, and woos you with a smile that says how much it could reveal: and human life thoroughly enters into the life of tree, and fruit, and flower. You lie still in a dreamy reverie, with half-shut eye, aching all over with satisfaction, lulled as in lotus-land, and only wake up to a fresh banquet of beauty, and to be kissed back into a languorous oblivion by the soft, warm pressure of the superincumbent air.

But Tennyson's world is like that other fairer, better, purer world of beauty, of which we get brief glimpses from the delectable mountains of imagination. It lies somewhat nearer heaven. The coarse and robust nature will have to mount to its topmost window before it can get a peep at it. The sensual will have to cast their goat-hoofs, and get wings, before they can touch its holier ground. To those who see nothing in nature but a producer of corn, coal, iron and wood, nothing in the sun but a time-piece, nothing in the ocean but a beast of burden, the sum of whose lives is getting and spending—to them it is an invisible world. But others will see in it a real and divine possession; a world where the mortal meets with the immortal; a world enriched with the presence of shapes of the subtlest loveliness, and most royal souls, which are the ministrants in this house beautiful—or rather, world of beauty. There we hear voices which have the "large utterance of the early gods," and see the loftier spirits of the past move with their grandly solemn pace. There is

"Music, which gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,"

there the most delicate aromas of poetry impregnate the air, and make it breathe like that of paradise. The beauty, the balm, and the bloom of sensuousness are spiritualized, by being exalted to a loftier altitude. The light that lies on the face of that world is not a colored light, but a white radiance for the red flush of passion is not known, and beauty has found a more ethereal expression in that serene region: it is a soft

subdued light, like the tender glory of moon-light, or the placid smile of affection on a loving countenance that is pale with the intensity of its love. Here you may get interpreted those strange hints that visit the mind in its mystic moods and high imaginings, and everywhere will you feel the "spirit of the years to come, yearning to mix itself with life." Altogether, as we have before said, the poetry of Alfred Tennyson constitutes a world of exceeding loveliness, a world of peculiar beauty, unique in all literature. His poetic luxury is so refined and delicate, it requires an educated taste to appreciate it, just as some wines do; it is never animal, never of the earth earthy, never of the flesh fleshly. It could never have been produced by any one possessed of exuberant animal spirits, and ruddy flesh-and-bloodfulness. When his verse "trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy," it is intellectual, and not a dance of the blood. Love with him is a passion hallowed, sublimated, and consecrated. He has none of the fire, the rapture, and the *consumption* of Byron. He is the poet of a nobler and loftier life. In this respect, we would make the success of his poetry the gauge to show how far the world is advanced in purity, love, and spirituality: just as we would take that of Byron to show how far it is gross, animal and fleshly. No doubt Byron would poll the larger number of votes—so much the worse for poor humanity. But, in proportion as we grow less material, and more spiritual, more fitted to apprehend the perfect beauty, does Byron die out, and Tennyson dilate upon our growing perceptions. And after that grand debauch with the fire-waters of Byron, which we look back upon, how pure, how fresh, and sparkling with health is the poetry of Tennyson! It is a slow process the transformation of the material into the spiritual, but in proportion to this change must the poetry of Tennyson win its widening way with the world; and he can wait, for he has built upon foundations which are neither local nor temporary.

The great poet has in a great measure to create his own audience. There have been those who have been popular in their own time; but, even with these, it was not always their highest qualities that were so immediately appreciated—they had to wait for the growth of intelligence, and the elucidation of time. Others, who have been great in some special direction, and whose poetry has possessed, in a smaller proportion, the elements of universal popularity, have had

to bide their time, which has often tarried long. The dramatist and the lyrist have the greatest chance of immediate popularity, because they deal more especially with human passions and feelings, which are the common property of all; and this constitutes a ground on which both unintellectual and intellectual may stand. Indeed, the greater the dramatist or lyrist, the greater the certainty of being popular at once and forever. Let the sentiment be genuine and the expression direct, and they will reach the heart of the most uneducated. It is different in the cases of poets like Wordsworth and Tennyson, who work in poetry's special domains, and not in her common pastures. They are partial poets, and can never compete for popularity with the universal, like Shakspeare and Burns.

It is the same to-day as it has been in the past: seldom that the great poet obtains immediate recognition. He always transcends, and can never be gauged by, the standard of current criticism. We call for the poet of our own time, but we should not know him were he in our midst. We look for a peculiar sign, and lo! there is no sign. We map out a programme of what he should be, and of the work he should do, and it comes to pass not so, but the "reverse of so." We ask for a man who shall not be like ourselves, but something different, and behold! he is most like unto us—most human, and being most human, is most divine. We expect him to come into the world with the pomp and paean that may attend his departure. We anticipate him wearing his crown, and singing robes, but he toils on in secret, painfully climbing the ascent necessary for the poet's vision, and in joy and sorrow, hoping, despairing, and triumphing weaves the prophet's mantle out of the threads of a many-colored life. He is far on in advance of us, and "dwindles in the distance;" we can only get from him, and of him, what he leaves us by the way. And the world only sees him in his just proportions, when he has planted his tired feet on the mountains of immortality, and stands glorified with a finer light, and is seen through the mist of worshipful or regretful human tears.

One of the pleasantest thoughts that arises in reviewing the poetry of Alfred Tennyson is, that he is not one of the illustrious departed, but still among us, and still a comparatively young man—not much above forty years of age. We may hope for yet greater things from him. The interesting event of marriage has taken place since he gave us

"In Memoriam," consequently we may look for a growth of poetry gathered from a novel world opened up in his nature. There is nothing like the sweet influence of a noble woman for quickening and enriching a poet's genius. He has also a young family springing up around him, and putting forth their green leaves and tender blossoms about the parental stem—another fine source of inspiration: we never live truly, until we live our lives over again in those of our children. But, with a prayer that blessings be showered upon him, as he tends his garden of beauty, and rears fresh crops of poetry, we must turn to that which he has already written.

We have heard Tennyson called a dainty poet of the drawing-room; and some have the idea that he is a "beautiful" poet, in the boarding-school-miss sense of the word. All such know him not. The grasp of his intellect is strong as its apprehension is fine. For a specimen of magnificent power—of "strength reposing on its own right arm"—take his "Ulysses." No piece of sculpture was ever dug out of Greece more perfect, no picture was ever more truly informed with the spirit of antiquity. There is a majesty about it as of the early gods, that loom upon us so large and lovely through the day-light of time. It has a colossal calm as of "magnificence dreaming." What sweet serenity! what pearl-like purity! what solemn grandeur! what sustained music! attend it, and convey it, like some newly-discovered god of wisdom, from Greece right home to us in England.

It is a great mistake to think that anything Tennyson gives us is meaningless. His verse never moves with "aimless feet." Everything is crammed with meaning, often meaning within meaning. Sometimes it may be so subtle, and evolved with such consummate art, that the very perfection is a concealment to the careless looker on, just as the spinning-top appears to be standing still from the swiftness of its motion. Take, for example, that lovely allegory of the "Lady of Shalott," which I have heard called a soulless thing. It appears to me to image the fall of genius, which we have so often seen painfully realized in our own times, in poetry the most ethereally beautiful. The Lady of Shalott is the Psyche or soul, the Island of Shalott, where she lives, is the body. Here the world surrounds her, and the stream of human life flows by:—

"But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land?"

No, she has wedded Solitude; she works in silent secrecy. She does not beckon to the pleasures that pass. She does not join the gay troops that go laughing on their way down to the Vanity Fair of Camelot. No one hath seen her standing idle at the window. That is, the poet must not hunger and thirst after fame, and he must preserve sacred his own individuality; say to the lusts of the flesh, Stand off, for this is holy ground: and let the money-grubbing world go by, unhailed, unheeded. Thus the Lady of Shalott sings her song in her island loneliness, as the nightingale sings in her darkling privacy:—

"Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly,
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'"

There will always be a few minds up and awake in the morning of the times who will hear the song of genius, and it will fall like dew from heaven on those who have borne the burden of life in the heat of the day:—

"There she weaves, by night and day,
A magic web of colors gay:
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot."

She works her work; "and little other care hath she." She has a mirror in which she sees the "shadows of the world appear." That is the poet's nature, which reflects all that it is necessary for him to see, so long as he preserves it clean and pure:—

"And in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights."

For, mark the solemn warning:—

"Often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes, and lights,
And music, went to Camelot."

Wrecks of the world's great might-have-beens were these, who rose proudly, like stars of the first magnitude, but soon shot again into the darkness; souls that fell from their high thrones and lofty seats, in sloping to that which was beneath them. They looked down to Camelot. So the Lady of Shalott is at length seduced to look down to

Camelot by Sir Launcelot, who comes singing and glittering in radiant vesture and grand adornments. This is popularity, dangerous popularity, unworthy fame, which the poet must not seek, must not follow, must not think of:—

"She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web, and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
The curse is come upon me, cried
The Lady of Shalott."

Her nature being now warped from its original aims, she descends from her eminent estate, and becomes careless whither she drifts. She takes a boat, and tricks it and herself out for public notice, and floats down to Camelot. The bright spirit gradually dims; the song she sings dies gradually low; the inner eyes wax gradually blind; and she drifts into Camelot dead. The people are astonished at her beauty, and he who had brought her there—

"Sir Launcelot moved a little space,
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'"

If the reader cannot apply this allegory, surely all will flash upon him at the mention of one word, and that word *Burns*. I fancy another signification may be found in the poem, but this one may stand for the nonce. All great poets are great teachers likewise, and I might fill some pages in showing how great a teacher of his age Tennyson is; but have little space left. Take "The Princess," for instance; how full of fine wisdom it is, and of application to the circumstances of the time. The grand object of the poem is to show that woman is not man in an undeveloped state, and all her attempts to unsex herself, all her leaps to pluck at manhood, will end in utter failure. She cannot belie her nature with impunity; her heart of flesh will turn into a heart of stone, and she will out-man man. There is nothing more pitiable than your downright "emancipated" woman! Woman is most noble, most loveable, most womanly, when *she is most herself*; and it is precisely because she has not the liberty and right to be most herself that we war with our present system, and not be-

cause it does not permit her to become masculine; for we believe that all attempts to train her into manhood will prove as false and unnatural as it is to clip the glorious branches off the spreading yew-tree, and torture it into the poor miserable effigy of a peacock. Where a woman has succeeded in such an emancipation, she has most likely succeeded also in crushing those tender affections that cling about the heart, and tremble into life as love! The milk of human kindness has curdled and soured her being, instead of *creaming*, to enrich it. She has slain her sweeter, dearer self, and fossilized the woman's heart within her. We once knew such an one, and the Lord preserve us from such another. For Love's sake, and for the sake of humanity, let woman be educated up to the holiest offices and noblest duties of life, and, moreover, fulfil them. Let her be educated and developed in accordance with her nature and destiny; let her be taught to cherish all that is pure, great, and ennobling; let her mind be familiarized with lofty thoughts and patriotic deeds, and she will learn to think and act nobly and greatly.

All this is finely portrayed and beautifully illustrated in this poem of "The Princess." With a false ambition she unsexes herself, cuts away from her heart all the budding tendrils of love with an inexorable knife—that otherwise true and tender heart becomes frosted up with blind and erring pride, and the sweet springs of affection are sealed at their fountain-head. She becomes a mere repository of mummied learning, and vividly does the poet show the fatal effects of her false ambition, and the deadening results of belying her own nature, and assuming that of man. But hers is an error that must be kissed out of her rather than whipped out, and at length her hardened heart melts in the great and glorifying light of priceless human love, and becomes a warm, living thing, pulsing with boundless humanity; and all her better self—the angel-side of her nature—shines out in the dewy radiance of love's holy dawn. Her proud self-reliance is broken, and she feels the delicious happiness of being humbled by love. But what exaltation there is in such a fall! It is the dumb, cold marble quickened into warm, breathing, living, loving life, stepping from the lofty pedestal of her isolation, and sitting at the feet of the beloved, a perfected, satisfied woman! glorifying and glorified.

Here is the high argument of the poem, full of fine wisdom, extracted from the loving

talk of the prince and princess, who are nursing up grand conjectures and hopeful prophecies of dear woman's future, which, to them, wears all the luminous beauty of richest promise:—

"The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? But work no more
alone.

For woman is not undevelop'd man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this—
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor loose the wrestling thews that throw the
world;

She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and
calm,
Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.

* * * * *
Dear, look up, let thy nature strike on mine,
Like yonder morning on the blind half world:
Approach, and fear not: breathe upon my
brows.

In that fine air I tremble; all the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour; and this
Is more to more, and all the rich to come
Reels, as the golden autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive
me,

I waste my heart in signs; let be, my bride!
My wife! my life! Oh, we will walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. My hopes and thine are
one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me."

There is also lofty teaching in those allegories, "The Palace of Art" and "The Vision of Sin." The latter is a terrible vision and portrayal of a "crime of sense avenged by sense." The poet "had a vision when the night was late."

"A youth came riding toward a palace gate.
He rode a horse with wings which would have
flown,
But that the heavy rider kept him down."

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(Alas! how many of us do that, and fetter down to earth the spirit that was meant to aspire!)

"And from the palace came a child of sin,
And took him by the curls, and led him in,
Where sat a company with heated eyes."

Here the youth spends his body-and-soul destroying days and nights in enervating pleasures and voluptuous revelry. And every morning "God made himself an awful rose of dawn unheeded." That is, God was personified in the crimson morning that flamed through the palace windows, and looked on their carnival of sensuality with awful eye—in vain. The poet sees Age, and Disease, and Nemesis, coming slowly but surely, out of the future in a heavy vapor, and the black darkness of the grave, which steal on for many a month and year to wrap this child of sin as in swaddling-clothes for hell. Then comes a ghastly change:—

"I saw within my head
A gray and gap-tooth'd man, as lean as death,
Who slowly rode across a wither'd heath."

He has become a ribald, rotten reprobate; an atheist to all virtue, a mocker at all good. He chants a strain fearful enough to be chanted to a company of lewd, leering, hoary old Lechers, damned to the lowest region of hell. What a picture for Lust and Luxury to contemplate! A gap-toothed, lax-eyed old sinner, with one foot in the grave, his hand having the frailest, tremblingest hold of life, his flesh almost quickening into reptile life, gloating on the most horrible thoughts that he can find in his mental devil's den! "Sit thee down, and have no shame," he mumbles:

"We are men of ruin'd blood;
Therefore comes it we are wise;
Fish are we that love the mud,
Rising to no fancy flies.
Virtue!—to be good and just—
Every heart, when sifted well,
Is a clot of warmer dust,
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.
Oh! we two as well can look
Whited thought and cleanly life
As the priest, above his book
Leering at his neighbor's wife.
Chant me now some wicked stave,
Till thy drooping courage rise,
And the glow-worm of the grave
Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.
Fear not thou to loose thy tongue;
Set thy hoary fancies free;
What is loathsome to the young,
Savors well to thee and me."

The conclusion of this poem is fine as all this is bitter and fearful, and illustrates the poet's large-hearted charity. How mournfully pleading is that, "Is there any hope?"—

"To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit, far withdrawn,
God made himself an awful rose of dawn."

What a grand ending it has, and so have many of his short poems; they leave you standing, like Cortez and his men, "silent upon a peak in Darien."

A brave and healthful lesson is inculcated in "Locksley Hall." It is an immense improvement on the old Werterian sentimentality and Byronic misery. It was the right thing at the right time, and, like new wine, it burst the old bottles that previous love-poets had been so long filling with their tears of utter despair. In this poem, the lover resolutely determines to overlive his mischance, and will not die slowly in despair; the beautiful puppet of his early worship has made shipwreck of his hopes, but he has strength enough left to swim for shore. 'Tis not such natures as his that die of a broken heart, and wherever deep divine love hath brooded and nestled, it hath dropped healing from its wings when it fled. Though this arrow on which he staked so much hath missed its mark, his quiver of life is not yet empty. And so it ends hopefully and cheerfully, with its outlook of promise into the future.

And what a dainty Ariel the muse of Tennyson becomes at will, singing songs that steal upon you like the sweet South, songs that flow from the very spirit of melody gracefully and naturally, as rich notes from the skylark. Here are two:—

A DEAD SORROW TURNED TO A LIVING LOVE.

"As through the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears."

A LULLABY.

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep."

What a pictorial wealth he has lavished on his poetry! A perfect gallery of pictures might be collected from his writings. Spenser has been called the poet of painters; but Tennyson is almost as rich in paintings. He is a Turner among modern poets. The muse of painting seems to have taken to verse in our day. Why do not the painters take their revenge on her, and paint her verses? They should begin with the poetry of Tennyson, with whom the muse of painting as well as poetry loves to sit. Let us copy a few of his pictures, portraits, and bits of still-life into our tapestry.

Was ever Venus rendered, in color or in stone, more lovely or more perfectly, than in these lines from "Cenone?"

"Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom, her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form,
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches,
Floated the glowing sunlight as she moved.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh,
Half whisper'd in her ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'
She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear."

In addition to the loveliness of the picture, note the fine intuition of the concluding lines.

What a noble picture also is this from the "Morte D'Arthur!"—

"Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending, they were 'ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by
these
Three Queens, with crowns of gold—and from
them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars.
Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge;'
And to the barge they came. Then those three
Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.

But she that rose, the tallest of them all,
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his
 hands,
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow,
 Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
 And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with
 dust;
 Or clotted into points, and hanging loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his
 lips.
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King."

In realizing his dreams of fair women,
 Tennyson has some most lovely poetical
 creations, and he has lavished "riches fine-
 less" upon their portraits, which are set in
 frames of fine gold. Look at the "Gardener's
 Daughter;"—

 "One arm aloft—
 Gown'd in pure white that fitted to the shape—
 Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.
 A single stream of all her soft brown hair
 Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the flowers
 Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering
 Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—
 Ah, happy shade—and still went wavering down,
 But, ere it touch'd a foot that might have danced
 The greensward into greener circles, dipp'd,
 And mix'd with shadows of the common ground!
 But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd
 Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe-bloom,
 And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
 And on the bounteous wave of such a breast
 As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
 She stood, a sight to make an old man young."

Or glance lovingly for a moment at this
 specimen of artistical and imaginative power
 from "Godiva:"—

 " But ever at a breath
 She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
 Half dipp'd in cloud; anon she shook her head,
 And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
 Unclad herself in haste; adown the stairs
 Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
 From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
 The gateway; there she found her palfrey, trapp'd
 In purple, blazon'd with armorial gold."

Mr. Leigh Hunt has likewise sung a very
 sweet strain on the subject of this "naked
 deed thus clothed in saintliest beauty" in his
 new volume. In quoting these pictorial pas-
 sages, I have forborne to italicize any parti-
 cular lines; what need, when all are so per-
 fect? It is song and picture in one.

In painting little pictures of English sce-
 nery, Tennyson has scarce a rival. Who
 gives so much in so little as he does? His
 eye selects with an instinct as marvellous as
 it is certain, it penetrates to the innermost
 spirit of things, and renders up its secret in
 lines more graphic and living than Retzsch's.
 A few talismanic words, and the rounded per-
 fection rises, whether it be a shape of home-
 liest beauty, or an image of dim, delicious,
 dreamy loveliness, perfect in melody, perfect
 in color, perfect in form. Here are a few
 instances, not confined to landscape, but all
 illustrative of his power of getting so much
 in so little:—

"Behind the valley, topmost Gargarus
 Stands up and takes the morning."

"The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
 And loiters, slowly drawn."

"The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
 With shadow-streaks of rain."

"The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
 And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
 Half fallen across the threshold of the sun,
 Never to rise again."

"Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,
 And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep."

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all
 the chords with might,
 Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, pass'd in
 music out of sight."

(This couplet contains one of the most ex-
 quisitely perfect images in the whole range
 of literature—an image that stands on per-
 fection for its pedestal. If you strike the
 string of a harp, it vanishes in a kind of wing-
 ed sound; so, when the hand of love strikes
 the chord of self in the harp of life, all self-
 ishness passes away in music and trembling.
 What a thing to think over and to dote
 upon!)

"A still, salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,
 Left on the shore, that hears all night
 The plunging seas draw backward from the land
 Their moon-led waters white."

"And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
 As bottom agates seen to wave and float
 In crystal currents of clear morning seas."

"Morn, in the white wake of the morning star,
 Came furrowing all the orient into gold."

"The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies."

"Couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field."

"Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves."

"Oh, mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor, while thy head is bow'd
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave."

My space is exhausted, and how little have
I said, how much remains to be written! I
have said nothing of that noble "In Memo-

riam," so full of love, "passing the love of
woman," so touchingly eloquent in its pas-
sionate *vibrato* of grief, so full of dearly hu-
man tenderness, so wide-ranging and lofty in
its poetry—altogether, the greatest religious
poem written in our language. Many last
words of love, and gratitude, and admiration,
claim utterance; for Tennyson has acquired
that happy fame which amounts to personal
affection with his readers. May that affection
re-act upon him with fresh tides of inspira-
tion. [Since writing the above, we have seen
the welcome announcement of "Maud, and
other Poems," which may offer another op-
portunity for returning to the Poetry of Al-
fred Tennyson.]

From the Eclectic Review.

BUCKINGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

THESE volumes are light and pleasant read-
ing which cannot fail to entertain, and, on
some points, may be instructive to many.
They do not fully realize the promise of their
title-page, at least of its leading term, as a
large portion of them partakes more of the
character of a book of voyages or travels
than of an autobiography. Nevertheless we
have been much pleased with their perusal.
What is strictly personal might have been
condensed within narrower limits; but the
style of the author is so easy and graceful,
his narrative glides along so pleasantly, his
observations are generally so sound, his tem-
per is so amiable, and his self-complacency—
of which the indications are sufficiently ob-
vious—is so inoffensive, that we should
scarcely be content to lose any portion of the
work. What he says in his brief preface is
strictly true, that the work is adapted to
teach the humblest of its readers "that there
is no obscurity of birth, no privation of
poverty, and no opposition, either of power-
ful individuals or still more powerful public
bodies and governments, that may not be

overcome by industry, integrity, zeal, and
perseverance."

Few men have seen so much of the world
as Mr. Buckingham, or have mingled, on
terms of easy familiarity, with so many and
such extreme classes. He has encountered
both penury and wealth in all their varieties,
and has here furnished his readers with a
frank narrative of his "enterprises and spec-
ulations, successes and failures, personal in-
tercourse with some of the very lowest class-
es of mankind, and of interviews, banquets,
and entertainments, in the palaces of kings,
princes, and potentates." Mr. Buckingham
was born at Flushing, in Cornwall, on the
25th of August, 1786. His parents were
possessed of a moderate competency, obtain-
ed by his father in the merchant service.
They were of the old school, he tells us, in
politics, sentiments, and manners. His father
died when he was young, leaving seven chil-
dren, of which our author was the youngest.
All the recollections of his early youth are
agreeable, and his taste was speedily shown
in nautical feats which awakened the astonish-
ment of his seniors. In consequence of the
high price of corn, the miners of Cornwall,
"a numerous and determined body," roamed
over the country demolishing grain stores, and
demanding bread at the old peace prices. A
body of these men, numbering between three
and four hundred, visited Flushing, and their

* Autobiography of James Silk Buckingham, in-
cluding his Voyages, Travels, Adventures, Specu-
lations, Successes, and Failures, Faithfully and Frank-
ly Narrated: Interspersed with Characteristic
Sketches of Public Men with whom he has had In-
tercourse during a period of more than fifty years.
In Two Volumes. Post 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

presence awakened serious apprehension. The time of their visit was most inopportune, as a cargo of grain was just then being stored in warehouses. Every person therefore apprehended an attack, and dreaded the consequences. Fortunately, one of the officers was sufficiently alive to the danger, and knew the best means of diverting it. The religious element was at the time rife in Cornwall. Mr. Wesley's ministry had exercised a powerful influence amongst the miners, and many of his disciples were included in the body which now threatened the town. What followed must be told in our author's own words:—

"A few boys about my own age and myself, taking courage from our companionship, and strongly stimulated by curiosity, went towards the warehouse where these captains were collected, and where the grain was being stored away, a body of the 'tinnerns' being there remonstrating against the act. Captain Kempthorne, an old friend of my father's, and with whom I had always been a great favorite, seeing me in the group of boys, came to me, took me up in his arms, and planting me on one of the sacks of corn then leaning against the wall, bade me give out a hymn which he had often heard me do before—for I had nearly all Dr. Watts's collection by heart—and having an excellent voice, with some ear and great fondness for music, I was equally acquainted with the most popular of the hymn tunes. I asked him, 'Which hymn?' He replied, 'Any one will do; but be quick, and also pitch the tune.' The captain then called out, 'Silence, for a hymn!' and the 'tinnerns,' struck with the appeal, hushed their murmurs, and took off their hats and caps, as if attending worship. The first verse of the hymn was as follows; one of the most popular for its words and tune among all classes:

'Salvation! oh! the joyful sound,
'Tis music to our ears:
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.'

"As almost the whole body of the miners were at this period followers of Wesley, and many extremely devout, they joined in the simple melody of the hymn, verse by verse, as it was given out, and at its close again covered their heads and retired in peace, crossing the ferry to Falmouth in the boats that brought them over, and relieving all the villagers from any further apprehensions."—
Vol. i. pp. 17, 18.

Mr. Buckingham's early predilection was for the sea. We are not surprised at this. All his associations were favorable to it. He was surrounded by seamen, and his earliest recreations were of this order. "Scarcely a day passed," he says, "except Sundays, when I was not on the water for two or three hours at least; some-

times with one or more companions, but as frequently alone. It was a great object of ambition with me to show them that I could handle a boat without the assistance of any one, though then between seven and eight years only." On one of these occasions his boat capsized in a heavy squall, and he was rescued from the most imminent peril by some sailors from one of the nearest packets. It was hoped by his friends, and especially by his mother, that this incident would diminish his fondness for the sea, but they were disappointed. He steadily refused to enter the church, which his mother urged, and was ultimately permitted, in despair of his settling to anything else, to follow his inclination. One of his sisters was married to a Mr. Steele, who was master of the "Lady Harriet," a government packet, and it was arranged that the young lad should sail with him. It was expressly designed, says Mr. Buckingham, "as was afterwards admitted to me, but then of course concealed, that he should exercise towards me the highest degree of rigor that the discipline of the service would admit." Nothing, however, availed to eradicate his maritime propensities. He was resolved on a sailor's life, and with much reluctance, and many tears, his admirable mother yielded to his wishes. He performed three voyages to Lisbon, his narratives of which are amongst the most pleasing portions of his work. The third of these voyages was disastrous. We were at the time at war with France, and when off Cape Finisterre, the crew of the "Lady Harriet," on a dense fog clearing off, had the mortification to find themselves within gunshot range of a large French corvette. There was no alternative but submission, and our author and his shipmates were ultimately landed at Corunna, in Spain, which country was then in alliance with the French republic. Their accommodation was of the worst possible order. "The men soon began to catch young dogs, cats, and even rats, and convert them into soups, stews, and ragouts, which were far from unpalatable, and which extreme hunger made most acceptable." Mr. Buckingham fared better than his companions, and the secret is disclosed in the following extract, which awakens a smile without inducing one unkindly feeling towards the author:—

"For myself I was fortunate enough to be amply provided, not merely with abundance, but even with delicacies, from another source. The governor or superintendent of the prison had a handsome and dark-eyed young daughter about my own age—a little past ten years old—but in Spain girls

at ten are as mature as English girls at sixteen. She occasionally attended the prisoners with their food, and conceived, as she afterwards confessed, a violent passion for me, which she found it impossible to control. I may observe that even in England I was considered to be a very handsome boy, and the charm of a clear complexion, rosy cheeks, light blue eyes, and light brown curly hair, so unusual in Spain, made me appear, it would seem, a perfect Adonis in her love-seeing eyes. She therefore revealed to me her inmost thoughts in her own impassioned language, which I had learnt during my voyages to Lisbon in conjunction with the Portuguese, and which I now sufficiently understood to comprehend every one of her burning phrases impressed as they often were by kisses of the most thrilling intensity. By her kind hand I was furnished at every meal with all the delicacies of her father's table, of which she contrived to abstract some portion daily; and with an ingenuity which left all my inventive powers far in the rear, she contrived twenty times a day to find some pretext for calling me out of the room for some pretended message or errand, to get a squeeze of the hand only if others were near, or if in any passage where we were not likely to be seen, a warm and fond embrace, by which she pressed me to her bosom as if never intending to relax her grasp, and kisses and tears rained in equal abundance."—*Ib.* pp. 103, 104.

The fascinated girl devised a mode of escape, and offered to accompany the young English sailor, but though "scarcely less enamored than herself," he had too much honor to accede to her proposal, and the authorities of Corunna finding the support of the prisoners burdensome, offered them liberty on condition of their proceeding by land to Oporto or Lisbon. This proposition was of course heartily welcomed by all the prisoners; but to the enamored senorita, "The tidings came like a death warrant, and its first announcement, which was made by myself, was met with a shriek and a swoon which called the members of the family to her relief. An explanation was demanded, and it could not be refused. There was a little manifestation of anger on the part of the father, but much more of sympathy and pity on the part of the mother; and in the end all was forgiven, as our separation was so near, and as no evil consequences were now likely to ensue."

The journey to Lisbon taxed very sorely our author's physical powers, and the scenes which he witnessed in the latter place, where several of his companions were "seized, handcuffed, and dragged into boats" by English press-gangs, determined his abhorrence of a system against which he has never failed to protest.

"A few only escaped by concealment, among whom I fortunately happened to be one. In the midst of the struggle between the press-gang and our men, I ran into the first open doorway I saw,—mounted up stairs,—was met by two women of the laboring class,—and, speaking Portuguese pretty fluently, I explained that I was endeavoring to escape from the press-gang, the terrors of which they seemed to understand and feel, so that with many exclamations of sympathy and expressions of shame that such youths should be kidnapped and torn away by ruffians, they kept me concealed in bed in an upper attic for three days and nights, till the press-gang had scoured the locality and was not expected to return. To this incident, perhaps, I owe my early abhorrence of the system of impressment, which has continued with me through life. How compassionate are the women of all countries—and towards children and youths especially!—and how grateful did I feel for their protection!"—*Ib.* p. 132.

He subsequently returned to Flushing, and was ultimately persuaded by his sisters and his mother, whose health and spirits were greatly depressed, to relinquish the sea, at least during his parent's life. The question, therefore, again arose, what was to be his occupation? He eschewed the church, and it was arranged at length that he should be placed in a large bookselling and nautical instrument establishment at Devonport. Here he continued between three and four years, and entered freely into all the gaieties of the place. A great change, however, though but temporary, now took place in his views. He was about fifteen years of age, when having wandered into a church he heard a sermon preached on the Parable of the Prodigal Son. "It took deep root," he says, "in my heart. My repentance was most sincere; I determined to begin a new life, and applied myself with all practicable diligence to the abandonment of my old connections and the formation of new." He immediately applied himself to a course of extensive theological reading, rarely going to bed before midnight, and rising constantly at four o'clock. He thus secured about eight hours a day for reading. His favorite volume was the celebrated Treatise of Jonathan Edwards on the "Will;" but much of his time was given to the writings of Bunyan, Baxter, Cotton Mather, Jeremy Taylor, Fuller, and the older nonconformist divines. He became a Calvinist of the most rigid school, was baptized by immersion by the Rev. Isaiah Birt, and was on intimate terms with Dr. Hawker, of Plymouth, and his son, the Rector of Stoke. "I spent many evenings," he tells us, "with each in their libraries and family circles; was a frequent communicant

at the churches of both; attended their private prayer-meetings and recital of religious experiences, and was never more happy than when so engaged." This state of things, however, did not last long. With the versatility which was characteristic, Mr. Buckingham's religious impressions soon began to decline, while the erroneous views he had formed tended to relax exertion, and to induce a neglect of those means, on which the energy and growth of religious life so habitually depend. The consequence was, that in the course of a few months he returned to nearly the same moral condition as that in which he was found when he entered the church in St. Aubyn-street. We are not surprised to learn that his passion for the sea now returned. His self-dissatisfaction would naturally prompt this, and some dispute having arisen between himself and his employer, he suddenly quitted his service and volunteered on board a man-of-war. Here, however, he did not long continue, and those who read what is recorded on pp. 152-158 of his first volume will not marvel at the fact. The brutality which characterized the discipline of the navy at this time is scarcely credible. The captains of our men-of-war were despots of the worst class, and the code which they administered was framed as with a design of fostering every ferocious and deadly passion. Our author witnessed two scenes, one of hanging and another of flogging, which thoroughly disgusted him with the profession. Speaking of the latter case, Mr. Buckingham reports, that after having received a dozen lashes at ten or twelve ships—six or eight more remaining to be visited—"the victim having several times fainted, and his voice having ceased either to give forth shrieks or groans, he was reported by the surgeon to be incapable of bearing any further infliction, and was ordered to be rowed ashore to the hospital, before reaching which he was discovered to be dead; and some declared that he had received the last heavy lashes on his body after the spirit had quitted its earthly tenement." One can scarcely believe that such things were enacted in this world of ours. They harmonize far better with our notions of Pandemonium,—nay, we do injustice probably to the fallen and apostate rebels who tenant that dreary region in imagining they could be guilty of such atrocities. Disgusted with what he had witnessed, Mr. Buckingham resolved to desert, consoling himself with the belief that, if caught, he might by suicide escape the fearful torture which would threaten him.

Happily he reached Flushing in safety, where he was received with all the "tenderness of a younger son and favorite." The attractions of the church having failed to wean him from the sea, those of the law were now tried. He was placed in the office of Mr. Tippet, where he remained about a year, and was "petted, indulged, and coaxed by the greatest personal kindness." All, however, was vain. He recoiled from the law with still greater aversion than from the church, and passed the two following years in freedom from any fixed occupation. His indulgent mother, whose fondness does not appear to have been always discreetly shown, died about this period. Our author felt the loss deeply, but his susceptible heart was speedily engaged by the charms of Miss Elizabeth Jennings, of whom it is pleasing to hear him say, after fifty years of wedded life, that their presence is "more essential to each other's happiness than at any previous period." At his mother's death the family property was vested in the hands of trustees for the joint benefit of himself and two unmarried sisters. It was to be divided equally between the three on his becoming of age, and was expected to supply an income of some hundreds to each. In the prospect of his marriage, however, it was deemed advisable that he should settle down to some fixed occupation, and after revolving various plans, it was finally arranged that he should establish a depot at Falmouth for nautical and astronomical instruments, with marine charts, coupled with a printing-office and library. As it was not convenient for the trustees to advance the capital required, goods were ordered on credit, but before the time of payment arrived, one of the trustees having engaged in a large smuggling transaction which proved unsuccessful, the property on which Mr. Buckingham calculated was utterly lost, and he and his young wife were thrown penniless on the world. The first effect of this calamity was to paralyze his exertions, but he ultimately resolved to proceed to London, in the hope of obtaining an appointment in a West Indiaman sailing from that port, of which a brother of his wife was captain. For this purpose he left Falmouth and located himself in an humble garret in the metropolis, at a weekly rental of two shillings and sixpence. Finding that Captain Jennings was not expected from the West Indies for three months, he engaged himself as a printer, and from his weekly earnings of twelve or fourteen shillings contrived to remit five to his wife. Thinking he

should fare better at Oxford, he proceeded thither, and immediately obtained occupation at the Clarendon Press at higher wages, half of which he remitted to Cornwall. An amusing anecdote is recorded, which, whether literally correct or not, is in perfect keeping with the "larks" current at the time amongst the gowmsmen.

"While working at the Clarendon Printing Office, a story was current among the men, and generally believed to be authentic, to the following effect. Some of the gay young students of the University who loved a practical joke, had made themselves sufficiently familiar with the manner in which the types are fixed in certain forms and laid on the press, and with the mode of opening such forms for corrections when required; and when the sheet containing the Marriage Service was about to be worked off, as finally corrected, they unlocked the form, took out a single letter, *v*, and substituted in its place the letter *k*;—thus converting the word *live* into *like*. The result was, that when the sheets were printed, that part of the service which rendered the bond irrevocable, was so changed as to make it easily dissolved—as the altered passage now read as follows:—the minister asking the bridegroom, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her, and keep her in sickness and in health: and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall *like*?—To which the man shall answer, 'I will;'"—The same change was made in the question put to the bride."—*lb.* p. 206.

On his brother-in-law's arrival in London he was appointed chief officer of his vessel at eight pounds a month, and the sketch given of his voyages throws an agreeable light on the condition, both physical and social, of the countries visited. During one of his residences in London he went to the Plough, in Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, then kept by Gully, the most popular prize-fighter of the day, who had just beaten Gregson, the champion of England. Gully is described as "a tall handsome young man of about twenty-one years of age, his head fearfully battered, many cuts on his face, and both eyes recovering from intense blackness, but full of gaiety and spirits at his late triumph; he wore a little white apron before him after the manner of landlords, and served his visitors with whatever drink they required; while his young wife, an exceedingly pretty woman, though of the St. Giles' style of beauty, assisted in the most smiling and gracious manner her victorious husband and his visitors." Many years afterwards Mr. Gully was again met under circumstan-

ces so vastly different as to render his recognition difficult. He had left the ring and the public-house, and our author had exchanged a sea-faring life for that of Parliament. It was about the year 1832 when the present Earl Fitzwilliam, having attained his majority, a grand entertainment was given at Wortley House. On such occasions it was usual to invite the members for the three Ridings of Yorkshire, together with those of the boroughs within the county. Mr. Buckingham was present as member for Sheffield, and Mr. Gully as member for Pontefract.

"At the head of the staircase," says Mr. Buckingham, "on entering the grand saloon, stood Earl Fitzwilliam to receive his guests, to each of whom he had something kind or complimentary to say; and as I had the pleasure of being personally known to his lordship before this visit, my reception was very cordial and gracious. There were already about two thousand persons assembled in their gayest apparel; with a blaze of diamonds and jewelry, especially on some of the elderly ladies, whose natural beauty having departed, was sought to be replaced by artificial attractions, in which rouge, false hair, and other auxiliaries were used, to harmonize with an openness of neck and bosom that was anything but appropriate. Among the groups, however, that passed from room to room in the general promenade, there was one that attracted universal attention. It was formed of three persons—the central one, a fine, manly, athletic, yet well formed and graceful figure, and resting on either arm two of the loveliest women of all the assembled multitude, about eighteen and twenty years of age, dressed in plain green velvet, without a single ornament or jewel of any kind, but with such exquisite figures, beautiful features, blooming complexions, bright eyes, and rich and abundant hair, as might make either of them a worthy representative of the Venus of Cnidus, of Medici, or of Canova. They were so little known that the question was perpetually whispered, 'But who are they? who can they be?' They received as much attention from Earl Fitzwilliam as any other of the guests, and this only heightened the curiosity to know from whence they came, as they were evidently 'unknown to the county gentry.' At length it was discovered that they were Mr. Gully, the *ci-devant* prize-fighter, and his two daughters! He was then member for Pontefract, had acquired a large fortune, and most honorably it was believed, on the turf, being an excellent judge of horses,—had purchased a large estate, and was living in a style of great elegance at Hare Park, near Pontefract, respected by all his neighbors. Such a contrast as this scene presented to that of Mr. Gully at the Plough public-house in Carey-street Lincoln's-inn-fields, five and twenty years before, or to myself working as a compositor in the Clarendon Printing Office at Oxford, and living in a garret at a rent of eighteen-pence a week, appeared to me sufficiently striking to justify this

departure from the natural order of the narrative, and the anticipation of events as I have described them."—*Ib.* pp. 246–248.

Our author's narrative now greatly widens, and details with much minuteness the accidents that occurred during his nautical experience. Being appointed to the command of the "*Scipio*," he proceeded on his second voyage to Smyrna, touching as usual at Gibraltar and Malta. In the course of his voyage, when off the African coast, he met with a curious fact which cannot fail to interest the student of natural history. The wind having shifted, and blowing over the great Libyan and Numidian deserts, he was surprised one morning to see the vessels of the fleet which were ahead of him arrested in their course, till the whole convoy formed an almost straight line. Curiosity was naturally awakened, and the following brief extract explains the phenomenon :

"On looking over the ship's side there was seen a thick mass of brown matter, which it was difficult to sail through with all canvass spread, it appearing to be between the consistency of oil and tar, or melted butter and honey. Buckets full of it were drawn up on deck for inspection, but all that we could perceive was that it was some animal matter in a state of decay, and emitting a most disagreeable odor. Sending the buckets deeper and deeper, however, by attaching weights to their bottom, so as to bring up some of the lower strata, we perceived the legs and wings, and half-putrid bodies, of brown locusts, in a less advanced stage of decomposition than the brown oily mass of the surface; and we concluded, of course, that the whole mass was composed of the same materials. Desirous of ascertaining the extent of the space occupied by it, I went to the fore-topmast cross-trees with a glass, and sweeping the horizon ahead and on each side of us, I perceived that it extended as far as the eye could reach to the east, north, and south, which presented one solid and unbroken mass of smooth brown surface, while to the west the open sea presented the deep blue which distinguishes the waters of the Mediterranean. The conclusion was that some vast flight of locusts, passing from Africa to Europe, had encountered a contrary wind in their passage, and had fallen, exhausted, into the sea, and were there gradually decaying in the state in which we found them."—*Vol. ii.* pp. 35, 36.

Having realized large profits by his adventures, and established a character which commanded general confidence, Mr. Buckingham now resolved to leave the sea and commence business as a ship-owner and merchant at Malta, then the greatest mart of trade in the Mediterranean, and the general dépôt for those goods which found their way into the continent in defiance of the decrees of Bona-

parte. With this view he laid out his capital in the manner best fitted for the market of the island and obtained as much credit as he desired. Shipping the goods thus obtained on board the "*Gallant Schemer*," he accompanied them as passenger; but on making the island, the plague was found to be raging and the passengers and crew were therefore forbidden to land. His property was consequently housed at Malta, whilst he himself proceeded to Smyrna, where his previous visits had secured him many friends. The result was disastrous to his hopes. His property was scattered or destroyed by fire, and in the end he tells us:—"I not only lost all the earnings of my profession as an officer and commander during a period of several years, but I became involved in heavy liabilities for goods obtained on credit in addition to those paid for with cash." In this destitute condition he knew not what to do, and at length resolved to offer his services to Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt. To that country, therefore, he immediately proceeded, and the account of his adventures will be read with considerable interest, not unmixed with improvement.

In Egypt he met with the travellers Buckhardt and Belzoni, of whom some interesting incidents are recorded. The former of these having mentioned the sect of the *Ismayles*, Mr. Buckingham informs us :

"One of this sect came to Jedda during the present year, and performed all the rites and ceremonies of the pilgrimage at Mecca, after which he returned to Jedda to re-embark for India. It happened, however, that he had run through all his means, and was unable, therefore, to proceed on his voyage; when, with the ingenuity which is characteristic of the fakirs, or mendicant religious orders, of which he was one, he hit upon the following expedient to increase his resources. As a man of unquestioned piety, he obtained permission of the muezzin, or public crier of the principal mosque of Jedda, to accompany him to the galleries of the minaret, and assist with his fine voice in the invitation to prayer, which is given five times a day from all the mosques, in lieu of bells: these being held in abomination by Mohammedans—chiefly, I believe, because they are used by Christians; just as *prudish* Protestants repudiate all use of the Crucifix, because it is so much used by the Catholics; though the Cross ought to be equally regarded as a symbol of Christianity with both. The invitation to prayer is addressed with a solemn yet pleasing recitative, in the fine sonorous tones of the Arabic language; and literally interpreted, is this: 'God is great! God is great! and Mohammed is the Messenger of God! Come to prayer, come to prayer, for prayer is better than sleep;' and so on, enjoining devotion as a duty with which no other avocation should interfere. The Fakir, however, not content

with this profession of faith and invitation to prayer, superadded a petition to the Prophet to send him two suits of garments, two horses well caparisoned, two sets of arms, two young and chaste wives, and two purses of gold. The people in the streets and bazaars below, hearing this novelty, gathered in crowds around the foot of the minaret, at each of the usual hours of prayer, till at last the whole town was in a commotion. It was remarked, too, that each day he increased the number of things prayed for; till at last the most religious part of the community was scandalized at this unseemly exhibition. The man was accordingly taken before the Cadi, and questioned as to his conduct. He replied that it was perfectly orthodox: the Koran had declared that whoever should pray, even for temporal blessings, with a firm faith that they would be granted, should obtain them. 'Ask, and ye shall receive; persevere, and it shall be granted to you.' As a firm believer, therefore, in the truth of this doctrine, he had asked at first for what he actually needed and no more. But perceiving that the Prophet delayed the grant, he thought it might arise from his too great humility in not trusting sufficiently to the Divine bounty, and therefore he went on gradually asking for more, being perfectly satisfied that in the end he should obtain all he wished. The Cadi said that the people generally were scandalized at all this; to which the Fakir replied, it was because they were not true believers. An offer was then made to him by some of the wealthy merchants, that if he would desist from this course, they would furnish him to the extent of his first prayer at least. This he indignantly rejected; saying that by so doing he should call Mohammed a false prophet, and brand himself as a liar; because he fully believed he should have all he had asked for, and would not dishonor the bounty of the Prophet by taking less. The Cadi grew angry at this rejection, and began to talk of the prison or the bastinado; when the Fakir, seeing the matter taking a turn he little expected, agreed to accept the offer conditionally, namely, that when he was provided with two suits of garments, two well-caparisoned horses, two sets of arms, two young and chaste wives, and two purses, a certificate should be given that he had not compromised his claim from any doubt of its ultimate realization, but merely to meet the wishes of others whose faith was not so strong as his own. The bargain was struck; the Fakir was supplied with the stipulated articles, and returned to India, where he would no doubt exalt both the Prophet and himself, by declaring that his prayers, and faith, and perseverance had obtained him these agreeable proofs of Divine favor!"—*ib.* pp. 309-312.

Of Mr. Buckingham's adventures in British India we shall have a better opportunity of speaking when the subsequent volumes of his "Autobiography" appear. At present it is enough to remark that they reveal a state of things which it is now difficult to realize. The groundless fears engendered by the selfishness of the East India Company are strikingly illustrated by his narrative. There is

unquestionably much yet to be done in order to develop the vast resources of India, but so bright is the present compared with the past, that it is almost impossible to believe the reports which are made to us. Waiving the graver points of the case, we shall content ourselves with noticing a personal incident from which the lovers of the terrific will draw special delight. Mr. Buckingham had been dining with Colonel Hunt, at Salsette, a few miles from Bombay, and started in his palanquin at ten o'clock in the evening for that city. In the midst of a level plain he was suddenly left by his bearers, ten in number, who ran away from him with the utmost possible speed:—

"I was perfectly astonished," he says, "at this sudden halt, and wholly unable to conjecture its cause, and all my calling and remonstrance was in vain. In casting my eyes behind the palanquin, however, I saw, to my horror and dismay, a huge tiger, in full career towards me, with his tail almost perpendicular, and with a growl that indicated too distinctly the intense satisfaction with which he anticipated a savory morsel for his hunger. There was not a moment to lose, or even to deliberate. To get out of the palanquin, and try to escape, would be running into the jaws of certain death. To remain within was the only alternative. The palanquin is an oblong chest or box, about six feet long, two feet broad, and two feet high. It has four short legs for resting it on the ground, three or four inches only above the soil. Its bottom and sides are flat, and its top is gently convex to carry off the rain. By a pole projecting from the centre of each end, the bearers carry it on their shoulders, and the occupant lies stretched along upon a thin mattress on an open cane bottom, like a couch or bed, with a pillow beneath his head. The mode of entering and leaving the palanquin is through a square opening in each side, which, when the sun or rain requires it, may be closed by a sliding door; this is usually composed of Venetian blinds to allow light and air, in a wooden frame, and may be fastened, if needed, by a small brass hook and eye. Everything about the palanquin, however, is made as light as possible, to lessen the labor of the bearers; and there is no part of the panelling or sides more than half an inch thick, if so much.

"All I could do, therefore, was, in the shortest possible space of time, to close the two sliding doors, and lie along on my back. I had often heard that if you can suspend your breath, and put on the semblance of being dead, the most ferocious of wild beasts will leave you. I attempted this, by holding my breath as long as possible, and remaining as still as a recumbent statue. But I found it of no avail. The doors were hardly closed before the tiger was close alongside, and his smelling and snorting was horrible. He first battened one of the sides with his head, and as there was no resistance on the other, the palanquin went over on its beam ends, and lay perfectly flat, with its cane-bottom presented to the tiger's view.

Through this, and the mattress, heated no doubt by my lying on it, the odor of the living flesh came out stronger than through the wood, and the snuffing and smelling were repeated with increased strength. I certainly expected every moment that, with a powerful blow of one of his paws, he would break in some part of the palanquin, and drag me out for his devouring. But another butting of the head against the bottom of the palanquin rolled it over on its convex top, and then it rocked to and fro like a cradle. All this while I was obliged, of course, to turn my body with the revolutions of the palanquin itself; and every time I moved, I dreaded lest it should provoke some fresh aggression. The beast, however, wanting sagacity, did not use his powerful paw as I expected; and, giving it up in despair, set up a hideous howl of disappointment, and slinked off in the direction from whence he came. I rejoiced, as may be well imagined, at the cessation of all sound and smell to indicate his presence; but it was a full quarter-of-an-hour before I had courage to open one of the side doors, and put my head out to see whether he was gone or not. Happily he had entirely disappeared, and I was infinitely relieved."—*Ib.* pp. 352-355.

Here, for the present, we pause, and in leaving our author, take occasion to express the hope that he will not be tempted to enter into minute details in the subsequent portions of his narrative. The great events of his life, so far as the public are concerned, are yet untold, and he will be wise to despatch these within narrower proportionate limits than have been assigned to earlier and more private incidents. He must bear in mind that some things deeply interesting to himself will be viewed with indifference by the public. From the store-house of his experience many things may be selected which all will be glad to know, and to these his narrative should be confined. There is enough yet untold to constitute a deeply interesting section of his work, but its value will be greatly diminished if its limits are extended beyond the absolute requirements of the case. To benefit the public rather than to gratify his own vanity should be the end steadily kept in view.

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

A KING OUT OF HARNESS.*

THE private life of an Eastern king! How the very words thrill through one! We gloat over the thought that some of those dark mysteries, whose existence is whispered, will be revealed to us; we shall become intimate with the sayings and doings of the Zenana, and find ourselves mentally enjoying the orgies of a monarch whose power is even more unlimited, for good or evil, than that of the great Northern Autocrat. On perusing the book to which we now propose to draw attention, we find our wishes more than realized, and we may venture to assert that its publication will throw more light on the internal condition of India, and the cause of her gradual absorption by John Company, than all the blue books beneath whose weight the library-tables of our M.P.'s so patiently groan. But there is a trite saying

about "the proof of a pudding," &c., and we cannot do better to prove the truth of our assertion than by giving our readers a taste of its quality, and assuring them that if they like the sample, the remainder of the article will be equally worth purchase and careful digestion.

The author was induced to visit Lucknow, partly on business, partly through the curious tales he had heard in Calcutta about the immense menageries maintained by the king, and his fondness for Europeans more especially. Having a friend at court, he succeeded in procuring an interview with his majesty, who immediately took a great fancy to him. As he received a hint that there was a vacant place in his majesty's household, he determined on applying for it. But as no European could be taken into the king's service without the sanction of the Resident, he was compelled to apply to that illustrious man, and was granted permission to take service under his Majesty of Oude,

* The Private Life of an Eastern King. By a Member of the Household of his late Majesty Numirudeen, King of Oude. Hope & Co.

"on condition that he was not to meddle or intermeddle, in any way whatsoever, in the politics of Oude—not to mix himself up in the intrigues for power between rival ministers, or in the quarrels of the large landed Zemindars, who were continually warring among each other."

The household of his majesty contained five European members, one of them being the tutor, nominally employed to teach the king English. But the king was truly a royal scholar; and after hardly ten minutes' application to a page of the "Spectator," or some popular novel, would exclaim, "Bop-perry-bop! but this is dry work: let us have a glass of wine, master;" the books would be thrust aside, and the lesson ended. The tutor received fifteen hundred pounds a year for giving them. The tutor then was one of the king's friends; the librarian (who appears to be the author of this work), another; his portrait-painter was a third; the captain of his body-guard, a fourth; and last, but by no means least, his European barber was a fifth. The life-history of this Olivier le Daim of the East is so romantic, that we venture to transcribe it.

"He had come out to Calcutta as cabin-boy in a ship. Having been brought up as a hair-dresser in London, he had left his ship, on arriving in Calcutta, to resume his business. He was successful: he pushed and puffed himself into notoriety. At length he took to going up the river with European merchandise for sale; he became, in fact, what is called there a river-trader. Arrived at Lucknow, he found a resident—not the same who was there when I entered the king's service—anxious to have his naturally lank hair curl like the Governor-General's. The Governor-General was distinguished by his ringlets; and, of course, in India he is the glass of fashion and the mould of form. The Resident would be like him; and the river-trader was not above resuming his business. Marvellous was the alteration he made in the Resident's appearance; and so the great Sahib himself introduced the wonder-working barber to the king. The king had peculiarly lank, straight hair: not the most innocent approach to a curl had ever been seen on it. The barber wrought wonders again, and the king was delighted. Honors and wealth were showered upon him. He was given a title of nobility. . . . The king's favorite soon becomes wealthy in a native state. The barber, however, had other sources of profit open to him besides bribing; he supplied all the wine and beer for the royal table. Nussir put no bounds to the honors he heaped upon the fascinating barber; unlimited confidence was placed in him. By small degrees he had at last become a regular guest at the royal table, and sat down to take dinner with the king as a thing of right; nor would his majesty taste a bottle of wine opened by any other hands than the barber's. So afraid was his majesty of being

poisoned by his own family, that every bottle of wine was sealed in the barber's house before being brought to the king's table; and before he opened it, the little man looked carefully at the seal to see that it was all right. He then opened it and took a portion of a glass first, before filling one for the king."

The confidence the barber enjoyed of course soon became known over India, and the press found him a capital mark for their shafts of satire. "'The low menial,' as the *Calcutta Review* called him, 'was the subject of squibs, pasquinades, attacks, and satirical verses, without number; and marvellously little did the low menial care what they said about him, as long as he accumulated rupees.'" The paper most incessant in its attacks on the barber was the *Agra Uckbar*, since dead. He eventually employed a European clerk in the Resident's office, to answer these attacks in a Calcutta paper, with which he corresponded, and for this received ten pounds a month. Surely it might have been worth a little more.

Our author naturally evinced much curiosity to see this great man, and his wishes were gratified at the first dinner-party, where the king made his appearance, leaning on the arm of his favorite. Of the two, the king was much the taller, the favorite the more muscular and healthy-looking. His majesty was dressed in a black English suit; and an ordinary black silk tie and patent-leather boots completed his costume. "He was a gentlemanly-looking man, not without a certain kingly grace; his air and figure a complete contrast to that of his companion, on whom nature had indelibly stamped the characteristics of vulgarity. Both were dressed similarly; and the contrast they presented was made all the more striking by the outward habiliments in which they resembled each other."

The dinner was quite European, save and except in the presence of dancing-girls, whom we do not usually see. The cookery was excellent; for a Frenchman presided in the royal kitchen—a cook who had formerly been *Cordon bleu* in the Calcutta Bengal Club. After dinner there was a display of puppets, and the king did a tremendously clever feat, at which, of course, all laughed heartily, by cutting the strings with a pair of scissors. After this brilliant feat had been repeated several times, the king applied himself with fresh vigor to the bottle, until consciousness was almost gone; and he was then assisted by the female attendants and two sturdy eunuchs behind the curtain, and so off into the harem. But the king,

when in good temper, was fond of harmless jokes; the following anecdote will serve as a sample:

"We were in a large walled-in garden in Chaun-gunge, one of the park palaces, where animal fights often took place. The garden might have been some three or four acres in extent, and was surrounded by a high wall. Some one had been describing the game of leap-frog to his majesty, or else he had seen some pictures of it, and it had taken his fancy mightily. The natives were left without the garden, the heavy gates were swung to, and his majesty commanded that we should forthwith begin. The captain of the body-guard made a back for the tutor, the librarian stood for the portrait-painter. Away we went, like school-boys, beginning with very 'low backs,' for none of us were highly expert in the game, but gradually making backs higher and higher. Tutor, barber, captain, librarian, portrait-painter—off we went like overgrown school-boys, now up, now down. It was hot work, I assure you. The king, however, did not stand long a quiet spectator of the scene; he would try too. His majesty was very thin, and not over strong. I happened to be nearest him at the time, and he ran towards me, calling out. I made a back for him, and he went over easily enough. He was very light and a good horseman, so that he succeeded in the vault: he then stood for me. I would have given a good deal to be excused; but he would not have it so, and to have refused would have been mortally to offend him. I ran, vaulted; down went the back, down I went with it; and his majesty the king and the author of these reminiscences went rolling together amongst the flower-beds. He got up annoyed. 'Bop-pery-bop, but you are as heavy as an elephant!' he exclaimed. I was afraid he would have been in a passion, but he was not. The barber adroitly made a back for him forthwith, and over he went blithely. The tutor, a thin, spare man, was the lightest of our party, and the king made a back for him, and succeeded in getting him safely over. It was then all right. Away they went, vaulting and standing, round and round, until majesty was tired out, and wanted iced claret to cool him. The game was frequently repeated afterwards."

Another royal amusement was *snow-balling*; not with real snow, of course, but with large yellow flowers. One of the party had been giving the king a description of English sports; and a word was let fall about snow and snow-balling. The king pulled some of these yellow flowers and threw them at the librarian. Like good courtiers, all followed the example, and soon every one was pelting right and left. The king enjoyed the sport amazingly. Before they had concluded they were all a mass of yellow leaves; they stuck about in their hair and clothes, and on the king's hat, in a most tenacious manner. But it was enough that the king was amused. He had found out a new pleasure, and en-

joyed it as long as the yellow flowers were in bloom. With such a king, and among people so obedient to authority as the Indians, it may be easily believed that favoritism was unbounded. The barber made the most of his time, and, it appears, feathered his nest very considerably. His monthly bill was a perfect treasure of arithmetical art; and one which the author saw, when measured, was found to be four yards and a half long. The amount was frightful—upwards of ninety thousand rupees, or nine thousand pounds. It was paid without a murmur; and when an influential courtier tried to draw the king's attention, some months later, to the fact that the barber was robbing him through thick and thin, the king indignantly replied, "If I choose to make the khan rich, is that anything to you—to any of you? I know his bills are exorbitant; let them be so, it is my pleasure. He *shall* be rich." But, unfortunately for the recipients of his majesty's favor, he was wont to be terribly capricious, and a very slight thing would make him as great an enemy as he had hitherto been a friend. The story of a Cashmere dancing-girl was a case in point. She was an ordinary Nautch girl; and one evening the king felt highly delighted with her singing. "You shall have a thousand rupees for this night's singing," said the king. When leaving the table for the harem, he would have no support but her arm. The next evening no other Nautch girl would be heard, and two thousand rupees were her reward. She grew rapidly in the royal favor, and she was kotooed by the whole court. Native festivities interrupted the dinners for a week, and then the Nautch girl reappeared, but the king had already grown tired of her. All at once he felt a fancy to see how she would look in a European dress. A gown and other articles of female attire were fetched from the barber's house, and when they were brought, she was told to retire and put them on. The transformation was wretched: all her grace was gone—her beauty hidden. It was quite distressing to see her disheartened look as she took her place again. The king and the barber laughed heartily, while burning tears poured down the poor girl's cheeks. For weeks she was compelled to appear in this unseemly attire, and then she disappeared, and made no sign.

But the king at times held his friends in pleasant memory. For instance, let us refer to a former Resident, with whom the king had been on very intimate terms. We will call him Mr. Smith. The gentleman had a very captivating wife, and scandal did say

that the king was fonder of Mrs. Smith than of her husband. All that, however, was before our author's time in Lucknow, so that he can only speak in hearsay. Mr. Smith left Lucknow a richer man than when he entered it by seventy-five lacks of rupees—that is to say, seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. So large was the amount invested in Mr. Smith's name in the Company's paper, that an investigation took place, conducted by the Bengal government, with closed doors; and the result was that Mr. Smith resigned the service and returned to England. But to prove how "the memory of the just smiles sweet and blossoms in the dust," we may mention that the king would frequently talk of his "dearest friend" with tears in his eyes—especially after an extra allowance of champagne—and sent Mrs. Smith, by a returning European, his own beautifully-jewelled watch, which had cost fifteen thousand francs.

Of the living curiosities of the palace, there were none the account of which will strike a European ear as stranger than the female sepoys. Our author had seen these Amazons pacing up and down the entrances to the female apartments for months before he was informed of their real character. There was nothing but the fulness of the chest to distinguish them from other sepoys, and this is so common a circumstance in England that he took no notice of it. But let our author speak for himself.

"These women retained their long hair, which they tied up in a knot on the top of the head, and there it was concealed by the usual shako. They bore the ordinary accoutrements of sepoys in India—a musket and bayonet, cross-belts and cartridge-boxes, jackets and white duck continuations, which might be seen anywhere in Bengal. Intended solely for duty in the palace, as guardians of the harem, they were paraded only in the court-yards, where I have seen them going through their exercise just like other sepoys. They were drilled by one of the native officers of the king's army, and appeared quite familiar with all the details of the barrack-yard. Whether they could have gone through the same manoeuvres in the field with thousands of moustached sepoys round them, I cannot tell—probably not. They had their own sergeants and corporals. None of them, I believe, attained a higher rank than that of sergeant. Many of them were married women, obliged to quit the ranks for a month or two at a time occasionally. They retained their places, however, as long as possible; and it was not until the fact of their being women was pointed out to me, that I perceived their figures were not always in the proportions allotted to the other sex. I have seen many a sergeant, however, in England, whose figure was just as *outré* as those among them furthest advanced in pregnancy. Their appearance was a piquant subject

of merriment to the king, who usually ended his *badinage* by ordering some present to be given to the delinquent—delinquent properly so called, for there was an express order against such disfigurement, clothed in the plainest language, and of the most absolute character, posted up in their barracks."

The influence of the barber had by this time become so great, that our author found it impossible to make head against it. Several causes conduced to this ascendancy. The low, depraved tastes which the king had contracted during years of unrestrained indulgence, and an almost boundless command of wealth, were just those which the barber found it his interest to foster. He had made himself necessary to the king, and took advantage of the opportunity. "Every bottle of wine consumed in the palace put something in his pocket: it was his interest, therefore, to prevent the king's reformation in respect of drunkenness. Every favored slave, every dancing-girl who attracted the king's notice, paid tribute of his or her earnings into the open palm of the barber. Even the Nawab and the commander-in-chief of the king's forces found it their interest to conciliate the reigning favorite with valuable presents." At the same time, the barber encouraged the king's innate taste for ferocity, and took every occasion to rouse his tiger nature. There was a strong feeling of enmity prevailing between the king and his uncles, because they had tried to prevent his gaining the Musnud, and he was always delighted when he could invent some scheme to outrage their feelings. In this the barber was his willing coadjutor. One of the uncles, Azoph by name, was invited to dinner by the king, and made fearfully intoxicated—not by fair means, but by the barber compounding for him a bottle of Madeira more than half brandy. He soon fell off in a heavy, lethargic sleep, and the barber had an opportunity to carry out his villanous designs. At first he pulled the old man's long moustache, which reached nearly to his waist, turning his head, as he did so, first one way, then the other. It was barbarous usage, especially for an infirm old man; and two of the household rose from their chairs to interfere. But the king was furious. "The old pig," as he politely termed his uncle, "should be treated just as he and the khan pleased." The barber then procured a piece of fine twine, which he divided into two parts, tying one firmly in each moustache. He then fastened the other ends to the arms of the chair on which the old man sat. The king clapped his hands, and laughed loudly at the ingenious device. The

barber left the room. Feeling convinced that some new trick was preparing, the Englishmen could not endure it any longer, and one of them rose to release the old man. But the king fiercely bade him begone, and our author accompanied him, feeling his powerlessness to sway the king in his present excitement. They heard subsequently what occurred after their departure. The barber returned with some fireworks just after they had left. They were let off under the old man's chair. The legs of the unfortunate uncle were scorched and burnt, and he seized the arms of the chair with his hands, and started to his feet. Two locks of hair were torn from his upper lip as he did so, and a portion of the skin with them. The blood flowed freely from the wound, and the drunkenness of the sufferer disappeared. He left the room, thanking the king for his entertainment, and regretting that the bleeding of his nose prevented him from remaining.

After this outrage, the active enmity of the king's family was aroused. All Lucknow was in commotion. The royal troops were beaten by the insurgents, and the king demanded assistance from the Resident, who, however, refused it, recommending him to make a trip with his family. After a week of utter confusion a hollow peace was patched up. The absence of the barber, who was sent by the king on a mission to Calcutta, gave a favorable opportunity for the other Europeans to remonstrate, and they obtained a promise from the king that, on his return, he should be kept to his own station, and not be permitted to join the dinner-party. But, alas! these good resolutions faded away on the barber's return, and a crisis inevitably

took place, the result of which was that our author and his friend resigned their functions, and quitted Lucknow.

A few words will complete the story of Nussir's life: "The power of the barber grew daily greater. His pride increased with his power, and no limits were set to the caprices and wild pranks of despotic authority and reckless depravity combined." This state of things could not last long: the energetic remonstrances of the Resident forced the king at last to part with his favorite, who left Lucknow, it is said, with 240,000*l*. But this was sealing the king's death-warrant. His family soon obtained influence in the palace—the king was poisoned; and one of his uncles, whom he had treated so badly, succeeded him on the Musnud. But the future career of the barber, as we have heard it, will also serve to point a moral, if not to adorn a tale. On his return to England, he took a fancy to speculating, and after a time, like the frog in the fable, tried to outvie the ox, in the shape of a railway king. His speculations were unsuccessful: he lost all his ill-gotten wealth, was compelled to go through the Insolvent Court, and is now to be found as conductor of a 'bus, from his lofty position probably speculating on the vanity of all human wishes.

In taking leave of this most interesting book, we must not omit mentioning that it contains some most graphic accounts of the animal fights for which Lucknow was once famous, from which our limits would not permit us to cull any extracts, but which are equally well deserving perusal as the portions to which we have drawn attention.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.—Self-discipline is grounded on self-knowledge. A man may be led to resolve upon some general course of self-discipline by a faint glimpse of his moral degradation; let him not be contented with that small insight. His first step in self-discipline should be to attempt to have something like an adequate idea of the extent of the disorder. The deeper he goes in this matter the better: he must try to probe his own nature thoroughly. Men often make use of what self-knowledge they may possess to frame for themselves skilful flattery, or to amuse themselves in fancying what such persons as they are would do under various imaginary

circumstances. For flatteries and for fancies of this kind not much depth of self-knowledge is required; but he who wants to understand his own nature for the purposes of self-discipline, must strive to learn the whole truth about himself, and not shrink from telling it to his own soul:—

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The old courtier Polonius meant this for wordly wisdom; but it may be construed much more deeply.—*Arthur's Helps*.

From Dickens' *Household Words*.

DOCTOR DUBOIS.

Doctor Dubois had just finished a dinner which, if not served up according to the philosophical principles of Brillat-Savarin, was at any rate both succulent and substantial. He had turned his feet towards the fire—it was in the month of December—and was slowly cracking his nuts and almonds, and occasionally moistening them with a glass of genuine Beaune. Evidently he considered that his day had been well employed; and fervently hoped that the goddess Hygeia would watch for that evening at least over his numerous patients. A pair of comfortable slippers—presented by a nervous lady for his assiduous attendance upon a scratch on the little finger of her left hand—adorned his small fat feet. A black velvet skullcap was pulled half over his ears, and a brilliant morning gown fell in graceful folds about his legs. Bobonne had retired to prepare the customary coffee. The evening paper had arrived. Fraught with interesting, because as yet unknown intelligence, it was waiting on the edge of the table to be opened. There might be news of a new war or of an unexpected peace; some miraculous rise or fall of the funds might have taken place. The worthy doctor had already thrice glanced at the damp parallelogram of folded paper; but it was his custom to tantalize himself agreeably before satisfying his curiosity. He dallied with the little stone-colored strips that held the journal in a cross, and bore his name and address, before he liberated it; and was glancing at the first column when he was startled by a melancholy shriek of wind that came up the Rue de Sevres, mingled with the crash of falling tiles and chimney pots, the dashing of shutters, and the loud splashing of the rain.

"Whew! peste!" ejaculated Doctor Dubois, in a tone of pleasant wonder, "what a night! How fortunate it is that I am not called out. This weather will protect me. All my friends are going on nicely, bless them! No one is in danger of a crisis. Madame Favre has promised to wait till to-morrow. Nothing but a very desperate case could

make people disturb me at such a time. Decidedly, I shall have one quiet evening this week."

The words were scarcely out of the doctor's mouth when the bell of the apartment rang violently. A physiognomist would have been delighted with the sudden change from complacent security to peevish despair that took place on the doctor's countenance. He placed both his hands firmly on his knees; and, turning round towards the door, waited for the announcement that was to chase him from his comfortable fireside.

"My poor gentleman," said Bobonne, bustling in with a platter, on which was the expected coffee; "you must be off at once. Here is a lad who will not believe that you are out, although I told him you are from home twice. He says that his mother is dying."

"Diable!" exclaimed Doctor Dubois, half in compassion, half in anger. "Give me my coffee—tell him to come in. Where are my boots? Indeed if she be dying—really dying—I am scarcely wanted. A priest would have been more suitable. However, duty, duty, duty."

"We shall be eternally grateful," said a young man, who, without waiting to be summoned, had entered the room, but who had only caught the last words. "When duty is willingly performed, it is doubly worthy."

"Certainly, sir," replied the doctor, questioning Bobonne, with his eyebrows, to know whether his previous grumbling could have been overheard. "I shall be with you directly. Warm yourself by the fire, my dear young man, whilst I arm myself for combat."

The youth—who was tall and slight, not more than eighteen years of age, walked impatiently up and down the room, whilst Doctor Dubois pulled on his boots, swallowed his scalding coffee, wriggled into his great coat, half strangled himself with his muffler, and received his umbrella from the attentive Bobonne.

"I have a fiacre," said the youth.

"So much the better," quoth Doctor Du-

bois; "but precautions never do any harm. Now I am ready. You see a man may still be sprightly at fifty. Go to bed, Bobonne; and take a little tisane, that cough of yours must be cared for—hot, mind."

The buxom housekeeper followed her master to the door; and no old bachelor who witnessed the little attentions with which she persecuted him, buttoning his coat tighter, pulling his muffler higher over his chin, giving a tug to the brim of his hat, and, most significant of all, stopping him in the passage to turn up his trousers nearly to the knees, lest they might be spoiled by the mud, no one of the doctor's bachelor friends who witnessed all this (and the occurrence was frequent) failed to envy the doctor his excellent housekeeper. The youth saw nothing. He had gone down-stairs three steps at a time, and was in the vehicle and angry with impatience long before the man of science bustled out, thinking that he had been extraordinarily energetic, and wondering how much more decision of character was required to make a general of division or an emperor.

"Now that we are in full march," quoth he, as the driver was endeavoring to make his drenched hacks step out briskly, "I should like to know something of the case; not the particular symptoms, but the general facts. What is your mother's age?"

The youth replied that she was about forty, and had been ill some time. Her family had supposed, however, until then, that her disease was rather mental than physical. He said other things; but the doctor felt certain that there was something behind which shame had concealed.

The vehicle continued to roll; but it had left the Rue de Sèvres, and was threading some of the sombre streets between that and the Rue de Varennes.

"You came a long way to look for me," said the physician, half inquiringly.

The youth muttered some answer that was unintelligible, and was saved from further questioning by the stopping of the cabriolet. On getting out, the doctor recognized the house as one of the largest private hotels in that quarter. He had often passed by, and thought it was uninhabited. The porte cochère was opened by an elderly serving-man, who looked sad and sorrowful.

"She is not yet—" exclaimed the youth, not daring to utter the word of the omen.

"No, no! but she has begun to talk reasonably."

"Be frank," whispered Doctor Dubois, as

they crossed the court under the hastily opened umbrella. "Has your mother's mind been affected? It is necessary that I should know this."

"Yes, in one particular, in one particular only. I will explain all; but—it is very humiliating."

"Medical men are confessors," said the doctor, sententiously.

"Well, you shall know everything; but first let me entreat you to come in and see my poor mother, and tell us whether there is any immediate danger. I think—yes I am sure, that if we can prolong her life, but just a little, health will return; and we shall have her with us for many happy years."

"Let us hope so," Doctor Dubois ejaculated, as, after stamping his feet and shaking his hat, muffler and coat, and depositing his umbrella, he crossed a scarcely furnished hall, and entered at once upon a large apartment on the ground-floor, preceded by his guide.

The inmates of the room were two, beside the sick person, who lay in a bed at the further extremity. There was first an old man—a very old man—sitting in a chair, with his knees advanced towards the remnant of a fire, which he was watching intently with lack-lustre eye. His garments were scanty and threadbare, but it was not difficult for a practiced eye to see that he had formerly lived amidst wealth and ease. He rose when the doctor entered, made a graceful bow, and then sank back into his chair as if exhausted with fatigue.

A girl of about seventeen sat by the bedside of the sick person, in whose hand her hand was clasped. She was evidently the sister of the youth who had disturbed Doctor Dubois from his comfortable dessert. The invalid was deadly pale and fearfully thin; but traces both of beauty and intelligence remained on her countenance. At least so thought the doctor, whilst at the same time he was detaching as it were from those sickly features the expression which formed their chief characteristic, and which indicated to him the state of her mind. Combining what he had already heard with what he saw, he easily came to the conclusion that one at least of the mental faculties of his new patient was in abeyance. He sat down in a chair which the youth had placed for him, felt the lady's pulse, put on his usual wise look, and after having received answers to a variety of questions, seemed to fill the apartment with life and joy by announcing that there was no immediate danger.

The old man near the fire-place, who had been looking eagerly over his shoulder, clasped his hands, and cast up a rapid glance to heaven. The servant, who still remained in the room, muttered a prayer of thanksgiving; and the two young people absolutely sprang into each other's arms, embracing, laughing, and crying. The person who seemed least interested in this good news was the sick lady herself.

"What is the matter?" she inquired at length, in a tone of mingled tenderness and pride. "Why are you so pleased with what this good man says? You will make me believe I have really been in danger. But this cannot be; or else the Duchess of Noailles would have come to see me, and the Countess of Malmont, and the dowager of Montorrel. They would not let me be in danger of dying without paying me one visit. By the way what cards have been left to-day, Valerie?"

These words, most of which were rather murmured than spoken, were greedily caught by the observant doctor, who began dimly to perceive the true state of the case. He received further enlightenment from the answer of Valerie; who, glancing furtively at him and becoming very red, recited at random a list of names; some of them belonging to persons whom he knew to be in the country or dead.

"I wish to write a prescription," said Doctor Dubois.

"Will you step this way?" replied the young man who had brought him to that place, and who now conducted him to a little room furnished with only one chair, and a table covered with books. Other books, and a variety of papers, were scattered about the floor.

"A student, I see," Doctor Dubois smiled. He wished to intimate that he attributed the disorder and nudity he could not but perceive, to eccentricity rather than to poverty.

"We must do what we can," eagerly replied the youth, as if delighted at the opportunity of a sudden confession. "We are too poor to do otherwise than you see."

Doctor Dubois tried to look pompous and conceited. "Madame de—de—"

"Jarante."

"Madame de Jarante," he continued, "has been undermined by a slow fever, the result of—what shall I say?—an insufficient supply of those necessities of life which humble people call luxuries. You need not hang your head, my young friend. These things

happen every day, and the proudest of us have passed through the same ordeal. How long has this state of things lasted?"

"Two years."

"A long time. It seems to me that your mother has been kept in a state of delusion as to her position. She believes herself to be still wealthy, still to form part of the world of fashion, in spite of the accident which removed her from it."

"You know our history, then?"

"One incident I know, in common with all Paris. Every one read in the papers the report of the trial by which your family lost its immense fortune. I thought you had quitted Paris; and never dreamed that after that disaster—"

"You mean disgrace," put in the youth, bitterly.

"That after that disaster you continued to inhabit your old hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. Whenever I pass I see the shutters closed. I see no one come in or go out. I am not inquisitive. Indeed I have noticed these symptoms without even reflecting upon them. I had forgotten your name. I now understand that you have remained here ever since; living on the ruins of your fortune, and keeping your poor mother in the illusion that nothing has been changed—that she is still rich, honored, and happy."

"All this is true," exclaimed the youth, seizing the hand of the doctor: "but you do not know all."

"I know enough, was the reply, "to make me honor and respect you."

The story which the young man in the fullness of his heart now told was curious and painful. M. de Chesnel, his grandfather, the old man whom Doctor Dubois had seen in the other room, was one of the nobles who had emigrated during the first French revolution. He had gone to America, where he married the daughter of a Virginia planter, and settled down quite hopeless of ever returning to his native country. After a time his wife died, and left him with an only daughter. He came to Paris; where, although his fortune was small, he was able to give his child a complete education. After eighteen hundred and thirty, news came to him from America that his father-in-law had died, leaving all his property to him. He again crossed the Atlantic with his daughter, then nineteen years of age. On the voyage out he made the acquaintance of M. de Jarante, a young French nobleman of great wealth, who was going to the west in order to expend his superabundant activity in travel. An affec-

tion sprang up between this young man and M. de Chesnel's daughter. The consequence was that, some time after their arrival in America, they were married. But M. de Jarante had not entirely lost his wandering propensities. Whilst M. de Chesnel was engaged in an unexpected lawsuit with the relations of his father-in-law—which ended in the will being utterly set aside—the young couple travelled together in various directions. This lasted some years. Victor, the youth who related the story to the doctor, and Valerie were born, and the mother found it necessary to remain more stationary than before, to look after her children. Then M. de Jarante undertook to explore the cordilleras of the Andes alone, and sent his wife and family back to France.

Victor evidently slurred over certain domestic quarrels here; but it came out that M. de Chesnel had reproached his son-in-law with neglecting his daughter, and seemed to think that it was partly because the fortune which she had expected had been taken from her. M. Jarante afterward returned in safety, and led a very quiet life in Paris. His wife thought that his restlessness was now quite worn out; but at length he again started for South America, wrote home—frequently sending valuable collections which he made by the way; and was last heard of when about to undertake a voyage across the Pacific. This happened six years before the period at which Doctor Dubois became acquainted with the story. For some time Madame de Jarante suffered no misfortune but separation from her husband; but at length his relations had reason to consider him to be dead. They asked his wife to give an account of his immense fortune. She refused, saying that it devolved upon her children. Then, to her surprise, they asked for proofs of their marriage. She had none to give. A trial took place; and, although some corroborative testimony was brought forward, it did not satisfy the law, and Madame de Jarante was not only deprived of her husband's fortune, but was called upon to give an account of many large sums she had spent. M. de Chesnel sacrificed all that remained to him to protect her. The hotel in which they lived had luckily been taken in his name. They sold the furniture piecemeal to enable them to live. Then it was that Madame de Jarante first showed symptoms of her mental disorder. She could not believe in the disaster that had overtaken her; and to save her from complete insanity, her father and children found it necessary to commence

the system of deception which they had ever afterwards been compelled to carry on. Victor gave many details of the extraordinary means they took for this purpose—always successfully. His mother invariably kept her room. Only within the last few weeks, however, had she shown signs of bodily decay. Assistance had not been called in, simply on account of their poverty.

"And what, may I now inquire," said the doctor, deeply interested, "are the grounds of hopes of better times which you seem to entertain?"

"I am certain," replied Victor, "that my father is not dead. He will return, there is no doubt, and restore us to our former position. All that I ask is that my mother's life shall be preserved until then."

Doctor Dubois did not entertain the same confidence. "Little stress," he said, "must be laid on presentiments of that kind. Meanwhile, your mother must not be allowed to want for anything. You must borrow money of some friend."

"We have no friends," said the young man.

"Then I shall write a prescription," muttered the doctor, as he seized pen and paper.

What he wrote was as follows:

MONSIEUR,—I am in want of money immediately; please send me three hundred francs by the bearer.

ALPHONSE DUBOIS.

"There," said he, getting up, "take that to its address to-morrow morning, and do not let me hear from you again until you have used what you receive. I will come again to-morrow evening."

So saying, the doctor bustled away to escape the thanks of Victor, and crossed the court in so great a hurry that he forgot to put up his umbrella.

In the evening Doctor Dubois returned to the hotel, and felt his heart warmed by the evidences of greater comfort he beheld. He now ventured to prescribe medicine, and succeeded eventually in restoring his patient's health. There was no change, however, in her mental condition. She still believed herself to be surrounded by wealth; only she thought her children were more attentive than before. The little comforts they now gave her excited not surprise but gratitude. The doctor continued his visits and his loans! "You shall pay me all back with interest," he said, when Victor hesitated to accept.

"Good works are never lost," remarked Bobonne, falling in with her master's humor.

One evening in the following summer, when the physician happened again to be making ready for a comfortable evening with his feet in the same slippers; with the usual plate of nuts and almonds before him and an uncorked bottle of Beaune, with which he took alternate draughts of Seltzer water; with the same black velvet skullcap thrust to the back of his head, and the same morning-gown thrown back in graceful folds, Bobonne had just come in with the coffee and the evening paper. The bell rang again. Doctor Dubois again exclaimed, "Diable" and "Peste." It was Victor as before.

"Come," he exclaimed, "to save us from the consequences of excess of joy!"

"They are never very serious," quoth the doctor, without moving. "What is the matter?"

"My father has returned."

Bobonne instantly understood the significance of these words, was the first to urge her master to be up and doing, and lost no time in handing him his hat. "As for your coffee, my dear doctor, I will keep that warm for you," she said, in a tone of affectionate familiarity which was new to Victor.

Doctor Dubois learned as he walked towards the hotel, that Monsieur de Jarante had suddenly appeared without giving any warning whatever. His wife became insensible on

beholding him, and Victor had instantly rushed away for medical assistance. When they reached the hotel, all danger seemed to have passed, and the returned traveller was listening with astonishment, anger, and contrition to the story of the sufferings of his family. For his own part, he had met with many perils and fatigues, which had disgusted him at last with a wandering life. He had been shipwrecked on a remote island, scalped, and escaped with his life only by a miracle. He admitted that he had been neglectful. His future life, however, should atone for the past.

He naturally resumed possession of his fortune, and established the legality of his marriage, and the legitimacy of his children. Madame de Jarante at length understood all that happened to her, and might have returned into the society which had so readily cast her off; but, instead of seeking pleasure, she occupies herself in relieving the poor; in which benevolent occupation she is much assisted by Doctor Dubois. Her son and daughter both married well; and although M. de Chesnel recently died in the fulness of years, the whole family now enjoys a happiness which it had never before known.

It may as well be mentioned that Doctor Dubois went the other day, with rather a confused look, to ask Victor to stand godfather to a son and heir which Bobonne—we beg her pardon—which Madame Dubois, had presented him with.

From the Westminster Review.

SELF-EDUCATION.—FERGUSSON AND MILLER.*

EVERY age has its watchword and panacea for the evils of life, but seldom is its full import or due application known to the men of the age who use it. "Education" has been the cry of this century; but who shall we find to tell us what education really

means? It would be wearisome to go over the various notions which that word conveys to men of different sects and opinions, and might haply awaken laughter over a fact far too melancholy to admit of mirth; for if education really be the panacea for all human ills, and no two individuals have yet agreed as to what education is, we are still struggling on in darkness, and the activity of the last fifty years may have led us astray instead of advancing us on our way. Perhaps we shall find the best clue to the definition by attending to the derivation of the

* 1. *The Story of the Peasant-boy Philosopher.* By Henry Mayhew. London: Bogue. 1854.

2. *My Schools and Schoolmasters.* By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter. 1854.

3. *Lectures on Select Subjects.* By James Fergusson, F.R.S. A New Edition. London: Tegg. 1843.

word: education is assuredly a *drawing out* of what is already in the being subjected to it; not the impressing a fresh character: it follows, therefore, that education consists in perfecting the natural faculties. The only legitimate inquiry, therefore, is—what is the process by which these faculties may be best drawn out? and this short preliminary inquiry, we think, removes a good deal of the difficulty in judging between the various theories on the subject, and may help to clear away some of the mists of prejudice which obscure it. We have believed too long that a certain amount of information inserted into a passive recipient was education, and, as Mr. Mayhew well observes, have crammed our intellectual prize oxen into obesity rather than strength. It is a mistake of the most mischievous kind, and we are beginning to feel its effects in the dead level to which it has reduced the higher orders, and in the hebetized intellects of the lower. Take a boy, for instance, of the higher class from a public school, stuffed most creditably with Latin, Greek, and mathematics—in a fair way to take honors at the University, and set down by his teachers as a very promising youth. What is his education? Is it not rather gained among his companions than from his tutors? From his companions he will take up his opinions and his manners—among them, and from the circumstances in which he is placed at that early age, his character will be formed; for among them he will have learned to wish for, and to become something, either good or evil; while his school studies will at best have given him the key of knowledge, but seldom the wish to use it.

No doubt exceptions will occur, but of the number so carefully, nay, painfully instructed in the languages of Greece and Rome, how many are there who have learned to put in practice any of the precepts of the philosophers, a portion of whose writings they have “done,” not comprehended? or who have gained from the historians whose works they have been called upon to construe, any lessons in politics which may enable them to correct the crude notions of the present by the experience of former ages? The truth is, that the real education of the child begins long before he takes his place on the forms of the school: it is commenced in the nursery, carried on, perhaps, in the stable, but certainly not much forwarded by the drudgery of lessons which he hates, and never thinks about after they are over. It is the *wish* of the young mind which first trains the

faculties—the wish to speak comes when it is perceived that by speaking some advantage will be gained; and the child soon learns to fashion the tender organs to articulate sounds, however difficult the first attempt:—the wish to know, in like manner, would be followed by knowledge, for the wish is the condition on which all good is accorded to us, and if we do not seek we do not have. The fault, then, rests with the parents in the first instance, who have not cultivated in the child’s mind the wish to know the things which they send him to school to learn. The influence of home has been paramount for several years, and those years, too, in which the future character is formed; and according to what these influences have been, will be the use made of the tools put into his hands by the schoolmaster and the tutor. Yet the mere putting these tools into his hands without an endeavor to teach him the use of them, is, by the great mass of parents, held to be education; and the youth who has never had one principle instilled into his mind, who has been taught to consider his learning merely as the means of “getting on,” and who consequently runs wild at college, disgraces his family, and ruins himself, is quoted as an instance of the innate depravity of human nature; for “he had had such an excellent education,” and, notwithstanding all the pains taken by his careful father, turned out a scamp. His real education was probably what was given him in the stable and the servants’-hall at home, the wine party and the boating match at school and college. We do not put tools into the hands of an artisan without long instruction and practice in the art of using them; but we seem to fancy that a legislator wants less training than a joiner, and that the brain, that finest of all organs, needs less practice than the hand to enable it to do its work. The youth, even if he do not run the wild career we have supposed, comes forth after his so-called “education” stuffed to repletion with undigested knowledge, which fares as other undigested matters are apt to do, and is rejected because it has been thrust into the stomach in too hard a lump to be healthily assimilated. The dearth of great minds and able men among us is the stern comment of God and nature on the unwholesome system.

In our schools for the poor, on the contrary, there is no reason to complain of undue repletion; but the boy is usually left no less ignorant than his young master of the object and end of what little knowledge he does

acquire. He is marched into the school in a military step, made to repeat catechisms which he cannot understand, to read chapters of Scripture *usque ad nauseam*, from which no lesson is drawn; to spend long hours in acquiring the mysteries of letters and figures printed and written, for which he can see no use, since the sounds produced by their combination are for the most part unintelligible to him, not being those of his *patois*; and having been drilled in the goose-step and the catechism, with perhaps the addition of the multiplication-table, for five or six years, he also is turned out of the hands of the schoolmaster "well educated," according to the views of the clergyman of the parish and the committee of gentlemen subscribers.* The result of this kind of training is, that when released from the wearisome drudgery of the school, the boy escapes to pursue and finish his education in the cowyard and the wood, or, maybe, the workshop or the barrack; and having been thoroughly wearied and disgusted with all that was taught him so unpleasantly, he uses no more of it than affords him pleasure or profit, and that is seldom much; for though he was made to learn words, he knows not how to use them; and though he may have passed through two or three rules of arithmetic, he has no notion of their application; and even if he have learned a few facts of history or science, nothing has been done to enable these facts to ripen into practical knowledge; while as for the religious and moral training which is so much insisted on, he has never been invited to exercise his mind for one moment on the subject of any of the great questions which so deeply interest mankind. Everything has been settled for him, dogmatically. What his parents believe, he is required to believe, or rather to repeat, on pain of a flogging; and great truths, which have afforded life-long thought to sages, are repeated trippingly and thoughtlessly by children who have never thought about them at all; have never felt a wish to be informed, and never will, until something occurs to awaken thought, and if that something do not come early enough in life to form the character, most probably when difficulties arise, the gin-shop rather than the Bible will be the resort of the well-trained *alumnus* of the national

school. That this is no exaggerated picture of the evils attending our present system of so-called education for the lower classes is sufficiently proved by the facts of the last census, as published by authority; and no one who had closely observed what was passing around him, was at all surprised at that statement. All thinkers have seen the evil: many, like the Dean of Hereford, have set their shoulders stoutly to the wheel to remedy it, and so much has been done in such instances, that it has left no question as to what is possible in the way of real and fructifying education. The difficulty is to persuade the *unthinking* part of the public, which unluckily forms the majority, to see it.*

There is in human nature during early childhood so much aptitude for receiving impressions; so much of inquisitive curiosity; so much activity of mind, in short, that whenever the slightest encouragement is given, knowledge is sought as an amusement and a delight; and if a child has been allowed to be the companion of well-informed persons, who have duly answered all his questions for the first seven years, there is scarcely one of the great principles of physics, morals, or religion which will not have been established in his mind without fatigue or any consciousness of a strain upon the faculties; for a child will no more ask for information when he is weary, than he will ask for food when he has had a sufficient meal. Wherever we can trace back the career of great men to their early years, we generally find that they have had a well-judging and clever mother or teacher, by whose lively and affectionate discourse they have early had their faculties pleasurably excited, and the wish for intellectual progress awakened; and as during these first years the brain is in a state of growth, the impressions then made on the child become the tastes of the man, like letters cut on the bark of trees, which widen but are not obliterated by the lapse of years: our tastes are in fact our character. But what is the fate of the great majority of children who are born into the world? The

*Of course we do not mean to assert that there are no bright exceptions to this general condemnation—every reader will remember some; we merely speak of the mass of common national schools.

*If any fear should be entertained that the introduction of a system which would call forth the dormant faculties of the child would be too costly for common purposes, we may refer to the published accounts of the school at King's Somborne, which has accomplished everything that could be wished at so small a cost, that the larger portion of it has been paid by the poor themselves. Its success was perfect, and several schools of the same kind might be pointed out, where equal success has been attained.

poor man's child, we can easily perceive, must be deprived of all chance of gaining intellectual activity from intercourse with his parents or neighbors, for both parents and neighbors in most localities are coarse and ignorant, and thus the first years are almost wholly thrown away; questions are not asked because the objects which might awaken curiosity are few, and the gossip of the village is all that they hear. The school, therefore, ought to remedy this by exhibiting all kinds of new objects, and surrounding the first steps in the path of knowledge with flowers. But we have seen how the generality of schools are constituted: bare walls, thumb'd lesson-books, a slate hung round the neck covered with wretched scrawls, the cane and the strap; such are the usual constituents of a country school, and how these are to awaken a love of learning, or satisfy it if any accidental circumstance have awakened it, our readers can judge from what they daily see.

But this, it will be said, is inseparable from the station in life in which these children are born. The distinctions of rank in the social fabric make knowledge of a higher kind unnecessary to the poor man. It is not in a country where a Faraday lectures to applauding princes; where a Dalton by his commanding intellect conquered for himself a prouder place than hereditary nobles could command: where, in short, talent has grown up from every rank and every locality, it is not in such a country that this argument should be used: but for the moment it shall be granted. What is the effect on the class for whom the good things of knowledge are to be reserved? Domestic servants are taken from this helot race; they have been drilled duly into civility and obedience at the national school, can write, and keep an account; and if females have added thereto the use of the needle, they are of course accomplished for their station, and accordingly one of these "very excellent servants" is placed at the head of the nursery to superintend the mental and corporeal development of the heir to wealth and power; and then it is that the niggardliness which has grudged the cultivation of the intellect to the poor man's child comes back as a curse, to roost at home. The precious years when the character is taking its bent and the constitution its tendencies, are in most families spent in the society and under the care of persons ignorant of every principle of science, whose conversation is at best idle gossip, and often something much worse; whose notions on every subject are narrow; whose attention is

confined to their own small concerns; who are incapable of answering a question if asked, and avoid the confession of ignorance by a testy reply. Thus the child leaves the nursery very little wiser in the last year than the first, knowing nothing of pleasure in intellectual exercises, and connecting in his own secret soul instruction with weariness, and knowledge with dull dry lessons. The *real* education of the rich man's child then is, in fact, no other for many years than that which has been acquired by his nurses in the national school, aided by the gossip of the cottage; and the young heir passes into the hands of tutors and teachers with a mind as devoid of ideas, and faculties as little awakened as the persons under whose charge these invaluable years have been spent, whose misuse can never be remedied.

In strong contrast to this will be seen sometimes a child left wholly to the education of circumstances, and whose mind has been awakened to observe, because there was amusement in the employment. Without going all the length of Rousseau's theory, it may be safely asserted that the child to whom everything has been taught before he sought to know it, is likely to remain an ignoramus, and that the wise teacher will rather strive to excite curiosity than demand learning from the very young. If a child be set to do a day's work like a laborer, his health will suffer from the long-continued exertion; for the instinct of childhood dictates a fitful activity alternating with sleep and rest. The brain is subject to the same law as the other natural organs, and, if nature be consulted, will do its work by the same irregular movements; now eager for novelty and striving to open fresh adits to knowledge, now weary and unwilling to apply. If this law of nature were attended to in early youth, by the parent or home teachers of the child, he would have laid the foundation of knowledge without fatigue or inconvenience, and would rather seek than shrink from the lessons of the school, if they were, as they ought to be, rational, and, consequently, interesting. It is with the mind as with the body;—food may be supplied, but if there be no appetite it will be useless; for if it be forced down the throat when the stomach is not fitted to receive it, the substances thus thrust in will not be assimilated, and the body, consequently, will not be nourished. The art of the tutor, then consists, not in driving into his pupil a certain amount of acquirement, as a carpenter would drive a nail, but in awakening the faculties so far as to induce the child

to seek information, and thus, in a great measure, to educate himself. But the tutor, or the schoolmaster, under whom many boys are placed, finds such an attention to character troublesome: his task is rendered more difficult by previous neglect; and he is too apt to enforce the completion of the lesson by severity, without considering whether it is duly digested so as to afford wholesome nutriment to the mind. He succeeds, at last, in carrying his point; the lesson is done, but the book is hated, and the first step in *such* education is thus accomplished—that of giving a complete distaste to everything that the pupil is thus compelled to learn. The houses of parliament, the pulpit, the bar, all bear testimony in unmistakable language to the results of this mode of instruction; for it would be difficult to find in any one of these a single broad principle laid down, a single great and comprehensive view taken of any question in politics, in theology, or in jurisprudence. The principles advanced, instead of being taken from the eternal verities of God and nature, are patched up, like a physician's prescription, *pro re nata*; for the child who has been trained by the "excellent servant," brought up under the eye of the clergyman, in the school he superintended, grows to maturity with much the same powers of reasoning as his earliest tutoress was likely to give him. And yet when we see the progress in intellectual greatness occasionally made by persons who have had scarcely any of the "advantages of education," as the phrase is, we must believe that the human mind is capable of higher flights than these cramped, drilled faculties ever reach: and if our present system were always to be pursued, we should rather say of any one who has risen above the general level, "he has done it in spite of the disadvantages of education." Let us take an example or two to make the matter clearer: the tale will not be without interest. All biographies begin with a history of ancestors: ours shall not set at nought the good old custom, and the ancestor of our hero shall be as duly commemorated as if Mr. James himself had been the historiographer:—

"It was rather more than eighty years ago that a stout little boy, in his sixth or seventh year, was despatched from an old-fashioned farm-house, in the upper part of the parish of Cromarty, to drown a litter of puppies in an adjacent pond. The commission seemed to be not in the least congenial. He sat down beside the pond, and began to cry over his charge; and finally, after wasting some time in a paroxysm of indecision and sorrow,

instead of committing the puppies to the water, he tucked them up in his little kilt, and set out by a blind pathway, which went winding through the stunted heath of the dreary Maolbuoy Common, in a direction opposite to that of the farmhouse—his home for the two previous twelve months. After some doubtful wandering on the waste, he succeeded in reaching before night-fall the neighboring sea-port town, and presented himself laden with his charge at his mother's door. The poor woman, a sailor's widow in very humble circumstances, raised her hands in astonishment. 'Oh, my unlucky boy!' she exclaimed—'what's this?—what brings you here?' 'The little doggies, mither,' said the boy; 'I could na drown the little doggies; and I took them to you.' "

The consequence of this adventure was, that the child returned no more to the farmhouse; he followed subsequently the profession of his father, and in process of time became the proprietor of a trading-vessel; an honest, kind-hearted man, of sober habits, fond of reading, and, what is more to our purpose, possessed of a few useful books. It was in the home of the worthy master of the sloop *Friendship* that the hero of our tale first saw the light; and a pleasant home it was to the boy, who at his father's return from his voyages always found his lap filled with toys, and was fondled by all who respected the well-to-do proprietor of the sloop he sailed in. The child learned his letters, not by tedious tuition, but from having his attention caught by those on the sign-posts of the place, where the pictures of jugs and glasses and ships had delighted his eyes. His next step was to a dame's school, where, by the time he had reached his sixth year, he had learned to read enough to form one of the Bible class; and here stumbling on the history of Joseph, his heart was interested in that most delightful of all narrations, and he became a reader from choice: "he had discovered that the art of reading was that of finding amusing stories in books!" Fortune had hitherto smiled on him, but the bright gleam was now shrouded. One stormy night made his mother a widow and himself a penniless orphan, at an age when he could hardly guess how much he had lost.

"I remember I used to go wandering disconsolately about the harbor at this season," observes the boy, when describing in after-life his position at this time, "to examine the vessels which had come in during the night, and that I oftener than once set my mother a-crying, by asking her why the shipmasters who, when my father was alive, used to stroke my head and slip half-pence into my pockets, never now take any notice of me, or gave me anything? She well knew that the

shipmasters—not an ungenerous race of men—had simply failed to recognize their old comrade's child; but the question was only too suggestive, notwithstanding, of both her own loss and mine. I need, too, to climb, day after day, a grassy protuberance of the old coast-line immediately beyond my mother's house, that commands a wide reach of the Moray Firth, and to look wistfully out—long after every one else had ceased to hope—for the sloop with the two stripes of white, and the two square topsails. But months and years passed by, and the white stripes and the square topsails I never saw."

Fortunately for the orphan, when means of improvement were so entirely cut short, according to ordinary opinion, by his mother's destitution, he had two maternal uncles, hard-working but intelligent and conscientious men, such as Scotland has been wont to produce. They pitied the child thus early deprived of his natural protector, and set themselves to supply the loss. James, the elder of the two—we again quote the boy's own narrative—

"Added to a clear head and much native sagacity, a singularly retentive memory, and a great thirst for information. He was a harness-maker, and wrought for the farmers of an extensive district of country, and as he never engaged either journeyman or apprentice, but executed all his work with his own hands, his hours of labor, save that he indulged in a brief pause as twilight came on, and took a mile's walk or so, were usually protracted from six o'clock in the morning until ten at night. Such incessant occupation of course left him little time for reading; but he often found some one to read beside him during the day; and in the winter evenings his portable bench used to be brought from his shop into the family sitting-room, and placed beside the circle round the hearth, where his brother Alexander, whose occupations left his evenings free, would read aloud from some interesting volume for the general benefit. Occasionally the family-circle would be widened by the accession of from two to three intelligent neighbors, who would drop in to listen; and then the book after a time would be laid aside, in order that its contents might be discussed in conversation. I soon learned to bring my story-books to his workshop, and became, in a small way, one of his readers. My books were not yet of the kind which he would have chosen for himself; but he took an interest in my interest; and his explanations of all the hard words, saved me the trouble of turning over a dictionary. And when tired of reading, I never failed to find rare delight in the anecdotes and old-world stories, many of which were not to be found in books, and all of which he could render singularly amusing."

This was education of the highest order, for the boy was won to love knowledge because it cost him no sorrow, and afforded him amusement, and learned to sift its worth

from the conversation of shrewd and experienced persons. Accordingly, as we shall by-and-bye see, the taste never left him, and bore a richer fruit than the honest harness-maker, even in his brightest imaginings, had ever anticipated.

Alexander, the younger brother, was no less remarkable in his way. He was a grave, observant man; had passed some years in the Royal Navy; had sailed with Nelson, and aided in the landing of the English troops in Egypt, till, at the short peace in 1802, he left that stirring life for one more congenial to his taste in his native place. From him the young orphan gained a quick eye for the wonders of creation. Alexander was a naturalist—had many a tale to tell of the creatures he had seen in distant seas, and of their curious habits; and when, between his hours of labor, he would wander along the shore on the crags, the child loved to join him, and hear his talk of crabs and lobsters, which he was skilful in catching, or trace the haunts of marine animals, and admire their curious forms; and thus, while James was cultivating in the boy's mind a love of solid knowledge, by showing him its bright side, Alexander was equally laying the foundation of scientific greatness, by cherishing in him the habit of close observation, without which nothing important is ever discovered.

"I owed more," says his pupil, when writing in after-years of his early tutors,—*"I owed more to the habit of observation which he assisted me in forming, than even to his facts themselves; and yet some of these were of high value. He has shown me, for instance, that an immense granite boulder in the immediate neighborhood of the town, known for ages as the Clach Malloch, or cursed stone, stands so exactly on the line of low water, that the larger stream-tides of March and September lay dry its inner side, but never its outer one: round the outer side there are always from two to four inches of water; and such had been the case for at least an hundred years before, in his father's and grandfather's days: evidence enough of itself, I have heard him say, that the relative levels of sea and land were not altering, though during the lapsed century the waves had so largely encroached on the low flat shores, that elderly men of his acquaintance, long since passed away, had actually held the plough when young, where they had held the rudder when old."*

Where is the gentleman's son whose walks are productive of a tithe even of the wisdom which the destitute orphan was imbibing from the observant Scottish mariner? And yet the mode of instruction is both easy and pleasant;* for the dull routine of our so-call-

* It is pursued in some schools in Switzerland and with great success.

ed education is no less wearisome to the tutor than to the pupil, and ends by leaving the teacher as high and dry on the shore of knowledge as the unfortunate youths whom he has been called upon to cram with a certain amount of scholastic information.

But the hero of our tale had other sources of information and amusement also; he was Nature's own scholar. The woods on the lower slopes of the hill, when there was no access to the zones uncovered by the ebb, furnished him with employment of another kind. He learned to look with interest on the workings of certain insects, and to understand some at least of their simpler instincts.

"The large diadem spider," continues he, "which spins so strong a web, that on pressing my way through the furze thickets, I could hear its white silken cords crack as they yielded before me, and which I found skilled like an ancient magician in the strange art of rendering itself invisible in the clearest light, was an especial favorite. Often have I stood beside its large web, when the creature occupied a place in the centre, and touching it with a withered grass-stalk, I have seen it sullenly swing on the line with its hands, and then shake them with a motion so rapid, that the eye failed to see either insect or web for minutes together. I learned, too, to take especial interest in what, though they belong to a different family, are known as the *Water Spiders*, and have watched them speeding by fits and starts, like skaters on ice, across the surface of some woodland spring or streamlet, fearless walkers on the water."

In fact, nothing came amiss to our young observer; and, at an age when very few boys, of what are called the educated classes, have an idea beyond a bat or a ball, or girls have any exercise for their mind but the dull walk with a nursery-maid, carrying a doll for a companion, this pupil of the dame's school gained a stock of facts on which to build after-reasonings; and, better than all, a habit of using his senses as a spur to his intelligence. He did not merely *see*, he *looked*; he did not merely *hear*, he *listened*; and the information thus gained was not forgotten.

Cromarty, like most old Scotch localities, boasted a grammar school; and the boy's uncles finding him ready at learning what they taught, were anxious that he should have the education which they, in common with the rest of the world, fancied might be there obtained. He was placed in the Latin class, and with four other boys, fairly entered on the "*Rudiments*."

"I labored with tolerable diligence for a day or

two," says he; "but there was no one to tell me what the rules meant, or whether they really meant anything; and when I got as far as *penna, a pen*, and saw how the changes were rung on one poor word that did not seem to be of more importance in the old language than in the modern one, I began miserably to flag, and to long for my English reading, with its nice amusing stories, and its picture-like descriptions. The *Rudiments* was by far the dull-est book I had ever seen: it embodied no thought that I could perceive: it certainly contained no narrative: it was a perfect contrast to not only '*The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace*,' but to even the voyages of Cook and Anson."

But even the dulness of the *Rudiments* could not now deaden the boy's thirst for books, or his enjoyment in his communings with Nature: for his childish tastes had been formed too effectually to be altered by any subsequent circumstances. His school learning indeed availed him but little, but his real education went on:—

"My native town," says he, "had possessed for at least an age or two previous to that of my boyhood, its moiety of intelligent book-consuling mechanics, and tradesfolk; and as my acquaintance gradually extended among their representatives and descendants, I was permitted to rummage, in the pursuit of knowledge, delightful old chests and cupboards filled with tattered and dusty volumes. The moiety of my father's library which remained to me, consisted of about sixty several works; my uncle possessed about one hundred and fifty more, and there was a literary cabinet-maker in the neighborhood who had once actually composed a poem of thirty lines on the Hill of Cromarty, whose collection of books, chiefly poetical, amounted to from eighty to one hundred. There was another mechanic in the neighborhood—a house carpenter—who, though not a poet, was deeply read in books of all kinds, from the plays of Farquhar to the sermons of Flavel; and as both his father and grandfather had been readers and collectors of books, he possessed a whole press full of tattered, hard-working volumes, some of them very curious ones, and to me he liberally extended what literary men always value—the full freedom of the press. But of all my occasional benefactors in this way, the greatest was poor Francis, the retired clerk and supercargo:"

an eccentric being, full of book knowledge, which he turned to small account himself, but which helped to forward the education of his young companion.

"There were several other branches of my education going on outside the pale of the school," continues the subject of our biography, "in which, though I succeeded in amusing myself, I was no trifter. The shores of Cromarty are strewed over with water-rolled fragments of the primary rocks,

derived chiefly from the west during the ages of the boulder clay; and I soon learned to take a deep interest in sauntering over the various pebble-beds when shaken up by recent storms, and in learning to distinguish their numerous components."

"Uncle Sandy" was a sawyer, and a man of taste moreover, for his sawpit was always fixed in some picturesque and sheltered spot; and here the sometimes truant boy delighted to ramble, and return to his kind uncle with the result of his expeditions, or accompany him in a walk when his work was over. The school learning went on but slowly, but then his real education was every day becoming more important to the future life of the boy, whose mind was rapidly receiving the impressions which were to influence it forever. The cliffs about Cromarty contained much that was curious and exciting to the inquisitive mind of a child; there were caves of great size, in one of which the calcareous matter with which the water that dropped from the roof was impregnated, formed stalactites and other incrustations; and another of them, entitled the Doo-cot cave, from affording shelter to a number of wild pigeons, became the scene of an adventure calculated to make a deep impression on the mind of one so young. One of his schoolfellows had to a certain degree been won over to his tastes, and occasionally shared in his exploring expeditions; the account he gives of that to the Doo-cot has all the interest of Scott's famous scene in "The Antiquary," and we quote it as a specimen of what the self-educated boy became capable of in after life.

"It was in a pleasant spring morning," says he, "that with my little curious friend beside me, I stood on the beach opposite the eastern promontory, that with its stern granite wall bars access for ten days out of every fourteen to the wonders of the Doo-cot. It was hard to be disappointed, and the caves so near. The tide was a low neap, and if we wanted a passage dry-shod, it behooved us to wait for at least a week; but neither of us understood the philosophy of neap-tides at the period—"

And the adventurous passage was accordingly made. The two children stood alone in the Doo-cot, and enjoyed their success.

"The first few hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. The larger cave proved a mine of marvels; and we found a great deal additional to wonder at on the slope beneath the precipices, and along the piece of rocky sea-beach in front. We succeeded in discovering for ourselves, in

creeping dwarf-bushes that told of the blasting influence of sea-spray, the pale yellow honeysuckle that we had never seen before, save in gardens and shrubberies; and on a deeply-shaded slope that leaned against one of the steeper precipices, we detected the sweet-scented woodroof of the flower-pot and parterre, with its pretty verticillate leaves, and its white delicate flowers. There too, immediately on the opening of the deeper cave, where a small stream came pattering in detached drops from the over-beetting precipice above, like the first drops of a heavy thunder-shower, we found the hot bitter scurvy-grass which the great Captain Cook had used on his voyages: above all, there were the caves with their pigeons, white, variegated, and blue—and their mysterious depths in which plants hardened into stone, and water became marble. The long telescopic prospect of the sparkling sea as viewed from the extremity of the cave, while all around was dark as midnight—the sudden gleam of the sea-gull, seen for a moment from the recess as it flitted past in the sunshine—the black heaving bulk of the grampus as it threw up its slender jets of spray, and then turning downwards, displayed its glossy back and vast angular fin—even the pigeons as they shot whizzing by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light,—all acquired a new interest from the peculiarity of the setting in which we saw them, and it was long ere we tired of seeing and admiring. It did seem rather ominous, however, and perhaps somewhat supernatural to boot, that about an hour after noon, the tide, while there was yet a full fathom below the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall, and then after a quarter of an hour's space, began actually to creep upwards on the beach. But first hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter, which the evening tide would not fail to rectify, we continued to amuse ourselves, and to hope on. Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened, and yet the tide still rose. The sun had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their base, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the glare of the evening. The sea-gull sprang upwards from where he had floated on the ripple, the dusky cormorant flitted past to his whitened shelf on the precipice—the pigeons came whizzing downwards from the uplands, and every creature that had wings, made use of them in speeding homewards; but neither my companion nor I had any, and there was no possibility of getting home without them. We made desperate efforts to scale the precipices, and on two several occasions succeeded in reaching midway shelves among the crags, where the sparrow-hawk and the raven build; but though we had climbed well enough to render our return a matter of bare possibility, there was no possibility whatever of getting farther up, and so as the twilight deepened, and the precarious footing became every moment more doubtful and precarious still, we had just to give up in despair.—'Wouldn't care for myself,' said the poor little fellow, 'if it were not for my mother; but what will my mother say?' We

retreated together into one of the shallower and drier caves, and clearing a little spot of its rough stones, and then groping along the rocks for the dry grass that in the spring season hangs from them in withered tufts, we formed to ourselves a most uncomfortable bed, and lay down in each other's arms. The night was stormy, but towards midnight the sky cleared, and the wind fell, and the moon in her last quarter rose red like a mass of heated iron out of the sea. We crept down in the uncertain light over the rough slippery crags, to ascertain whether the tide had not fallen sufficiently to yield us a passage, but we found the waves chafing among the rocks, just where the tide-line had rested twelve hours before, and a full fathom of sea overleaping the base of the promontory. A glimmering idea of the real nature of our situation at length crossed my mind. It was not the imprisonment of a tide to which we had consigned ourselves; it was imprisonment for a week! There was little comfort in the thought, arising as it did amid the chills and terrors of dreary midnight; and I looked wistfully on the sea as our only path of escape. There was a vessel crossing the wake of the moon at the time, scarce half a mile from the shore, and assisted by my companion, I began to shout at the top of my lungs, in the hope of being heard by the sailors. We saw her dim bulk falling slowly athwart the red glittering belt of light that had rendered her visible, and just as we lost sight of her forever, we could hear an indistinct sound mingling with the dash of the waves—the shout in reply of the startled helmsman: we waited on and on, now shouting by turns, and now shouting together, but there was no second reply; and at length, losing hope, we groped our way back to our comfortless bed, just as the tide again turned on the beach, and the waves began to roll upwards higher and higher at every dash."

At length the two children were rescued from their perilous position by some boatmen, who, hearing that two little boys were missing who had been seen among the crags, went in search of them. But what a lesson had these boys received of the great forces of nature! Where again, we may ask, is the gentleman's son who ever gains such, or has any inducement to *wish* to know anything of them; and without the wish to know, who ever profited to any extent by the information afforded him. The young explorers of "the Doo-cot," on the contrary, after such an experience, could hardly have avoided speculating on the causes of tides and their phenomena. We are not going to recommend that children should be exposed to all the perils and sufferings of such an adventure; but we do say that, as schools for high as well as low are at present constituted, the youths placed there have their faculties

cramped by being debarred from that free intercourse with Nature and with Man which forms the true education of the human race. The child who never mixes with any who know more than himself has but small chance of improvement; but the child who only becomes acquainted with his superiors in intellect and information by severe treatment and harsh dry lessons, has none. He learns to hate the very sight of a book, and does not even wish to gain acquirements which render the possessor (according to his childish notions) quite as disagreeable as he is wise. When a pupil of one of our ragged schools had been roughly treated by one of his teachers, he inquired of another if Mr. — would go to heaven? "I hope so, certainly," was the answer. "Then," said the boy, "I shall not come to school again, for I do not want to go to heaven." Children trained to more politeness will not speak out so bluntly as this young vagabond, but they will think thus: and the schoolboy who has been flogged into learning by a man whose learning is the only title shown him for his respect, will probably eschew the character of a learned man from that time forth. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as self-education, for it would hardly need the experiment of Psammetichus to know that the brain and intellect will not develop themselves without the aid of external circumstances; but then let these external circumstances be freely used: they form the education of the Creator, and will bear richer fruit than the pinched dole of cultivation now afforded.

As the boy whose course of training we have watched, grew up, his taste for the observation of nature received fresh aliment from two or three visits to the abode of some of his mother's relatives in the Highlands; and one of his cousins who, like himself, was eager for knowledge, had so much won upon his liking, that when the time came for choosing a handicraft which might afford him a maintenance, he chose the trade of his favorite cousin—that of a mason—because the winter, when masonry is at a stand, afforded time for reading and improvement. He was apprenticed to a master, and amid the rude journeymen with whom he was thus brought in contact, it might have been justly feared that he would learn evil habits, and forget the lessons of his wise uncles: but these lessons had not been dull dogmatic instructions, they had woven themselves into his very nature, and the drunkenness and

wild life of his companions only disgusted him. He had communed with God in his works, and could not sink himself into the companion of brawling profligates. His money, when he got any, was laid by to buy books; his hours of recreation, when he could enjoy such, were spent like his boyish life, in rambling among the rocks, and the district in which he was employed abounding in fossils, gave him ample food for thought. Need we now name the hero of our tale? The thoughtful boy, the sober industrious stone mason, was no other than Hugh Miller, the chronicler of the Old Red Sandstone, whose name will never be forgotten while the science of Geology is studied, and whose life affords a striking example of the difference between real, fruit-bearing education, and that spurious production which is cultivated in our schools for the maintenance of ignorance and vice, and the suppression of all true religion and virtue.

Our limits will not allow of our tracing his after career with the same minuteness as his childhood. His manly years, it is already well known, have not belied the promise of his boyhood; and the tale of his almost unassisted struggles to support himself in independence, and pursue his favorite studies at the same time, forms a singularly interesting and instructive narrative, which ought to be studied by all who wish to know how much may be done without the schoolmaster, or rather, who wish to see what the schoolmaster ought to do to produce such results.

But Mr. Miller is not the only instance which Scotland has produced of high scientific knowledge gained under circumstances apparently the most unfavorable to such pursuits. Mr. Mayhew's clever little book gains its chief interest from the true foundation which he has embroidered upon. James Fergusson, the real boy philosopher, was born in even a humbler station than Hugh Miller, his father being dependent on his daily labor for the maintenance of his family, aided by a few acres of land, which he rented. Too poor to pay for the instruction of his children he was himself their tutor; but the child spared him the trouble of teaching, by learning the art of reading without his assistance, from watching the process whilst his elder brother was learning. The accidental circumstance of seeing a lever applied by his father to raise a part of the roof of his house which needed repair, led young James, not then above seven or eight years old, to try his own skill in using Mechanical forces. The processes of thought, by which at that

early age he arrived at a knowledge of the laws by which those forces act, and his clever contrivances to effect his purpose with the rude means which he had at hand, are simply told by Fergusson himself in after life, in simple language, as if they were nothing extraordinary;—perhaps, indeed, we may be allowed to say that they were not *extraordinary*; for the ordinary talents bestowed on the great mass of mankind with such culture as God will, and man ought to give, are sufficient for results which seem almost miraculous to persons accustomed to see only the stunted intellects of children who have had information thrust upon them which they never wished to possess. Young Fergusson saw one circumstance that he could not well account for, and his curiosity was awakened;—the rest was but the consequence of applying his mind heartily to solving the problems which he set himself. Having made a few experiments in the construction of machines for different purposes, he began to give an account of them in writing,

"Imagining it," says he in his autobiography, "to be the first treatise of the kind that ever was written; but I found my mistake when I afterwards showed it to a gentleman who told me that these things were known long before, and showed me a printed book in which they were treated of; and I was much pleased when I found that my account (so far as I had carried it) agreed with the principles of mechanics in the book he showed me; and from that time my mind preserved a constant tendency to improve in that science. But as my father could not afford to maintain me while I was in pursuit of these matters only, and I was rather too young and weak for hard labor, he put me out to a neighbor to keep sheep, which I continued to do for some years; and at that time I used to study the stars in the night. In the day time I amused myself by making models of mills, spinning-wheels, and such other things as I happened to see. I then went to serve a considerable farmer in the neighborhood. . . . I found him very kind and indulgent, but he soon observed that in the evening, when my work was over, I went into a field with a blanket about me, lay down on my back and stretched a thread of small beads upon it at arm's length between my eye and the stars: sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then laying a thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads, according to their respective position, having a candle by me. My master at first laughed at me, but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and that I might make fair copies in the day time of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself."

It was to the kind heart of this good man,

probably, that young Fergusson owed his future progress in science; for had he been harshly stopped short in his first attempts at astronomy, childhood is so little persevering that probably he would have given up altogether pursuits which only brought sorrow in their train. After this he was received into the house of Mr. Grant of Achoyanney; and there, under his butler, a man even more extraordinary in his acquirements than the youth thus placed under his care, the boy rapidly improved himself. This man was, as his pupil observes, "what is generally called *self-taught*, but I think he might with much greater propriety have been termed *God Almighty's scholar*"—and so was Fergusson himself—so was Hugh Miller—so is every one who is left free to catch at the means of improvement scattered around him, and not cramped by the severity or the frivolity, the ignorance or the vices, of those about them. Fergusson's father was a religious, industrious, good man; his son, therefore, had no hindrances, but was rather encouraged by the example and approbation of his parents; and thus it is that "God Almighty's scholars" perfect their education in spite of what to common eyes appear to be disadvantages. Who is there who does not know at least one such, who, in spite of poverty and difficulties, has won for himself the esteem and respect of all who know him, and generally enough also of this world's goods to satisfy the reasonable wants of his animal nature, no less than the aspirations of his intellect? We, at least, have known many such; but none of them had been submitted during any very long time to the stupefying influences of an ordinary school. One, whom it is our pleasure now to know and hold pleasant intercourse with, a prosperous and respected man, roamed the country with his mother selling sugar-plums for subsistence during a considerable period of his childhood, gaining during that unpromising period a decision of character and a knowledge of men and things which afforded him the means of building up his future fortune. His moral qualities were cherished and improved by the assistance of a good friend, who liked the thoughtful boy, and bestowed much time on his instruction, both in book-knowledge and conduct; an instruction which became profitable, because it was sought as a favor, not forced upon him as a task. We might point to another, who left a fortune which placed his son among the magnates of the lands, who began life as a bricklayer's laborer, and like

Hugh Miller, by industry, sobriety, and economy, saved enough to lay the foundation of his future prosperity, which his honorable punctuality in business and invariable integrity completed. He too had enjoyed very little of the so-called advantages of education, yet he became a shrewd calculator and a sufficiently close observer of passing events to render his speculations always successful ones. We have not space to multiply examples; our readers will readily find them.

Of course, had judicious teachers had the charge of these persons in their youth: had the appetite for knowledge been ministered to, not overloaded, in most cases the young aspirant might have reached a higher point, for time is lost in unassisted research; but it is assistance, not coercion, that is wanted. The experience of ages has shown that whatever may be the case with the actions, coercion has no effect on the mind; and education is a failure, if it do not fetch out and improve the mental faculties: without that, it deserves no better name than that of an apprenticeship, where the youth learns the use of certain tools with a view to maintain himself by their aid in after life, but remains, probably, as much undeveloped in intellect as he was before he entered on his apprenticeship. The tutor's business, then, is, to aid the youth in educating himself; and unless he has endeavored to rouse in him the wish to do so, he has neglected the largest and most important part of his work.

It is the childhood of such a youth as those we have noticed above that Mr. Mayhew has endeavored to sketch in his pretty tale of "The Peasant-Boy Philosopher;" but, though it is told with a good deal of spirit, it wants the life-like reality of the autobiographies of Fergusson and Miller. Like an imaginary landscape, where trees and rocks are mingled, of kinds which are not wont to be found together in nature, the tale occasionally dispenses by its incongruities: it will nevertheless be acceptable to children, and useful to their teachers. Against one of Mr. Mayhew's propositions, however, we must protest. The following passage appears to us to contain a mischievous assertion:—

"The misfortune is," he observes, in speaking of modes of instruction, "that the sense of mental effort connected with the exercise of active attention is often irksome to naturally weak or young minds—for the faculty does not appear to be developed till the age of fifteen years—that the study of such matters as require the intellect to be

exerted for their comprehension becomes uninviting and tiresome to the student . . . Hence the educational problem is, how is a habit of active attention to be engendered in the mind, or, rather, how can this feeling of irksomeness, which ensues on the first exertion of the intellect, be so far removed that the youth may not, by the dread of the labor, be repelled from the study of those subjects, the comprehension of which is not alone necessary for the expansion of the mental-faculties, but a source of much refined pleasure, as well as being likely to prove of considerable benefit to the student, and perhaps to mankind in general."

Now if, as all pathological records prove, the brain is the organ by whose agency the action of thought is accomplished, we may settle this matter very easily upon physiological grounds, and disprove Mr. Mayhew's assertion that the faculty of attention is not developed till the age of fifteen years; for this organ is subject to the same laws of growth as any other. We do not suppose that a child's limbs are incapable of movement because they have not acquired the strong muscular development of mature manhood; on the contrary, we encourage moderate exercise in order to promote that development: and the same will hold good of the brain. The immature organ has not strength enough for *continuous* exertion, but it will have fits of application during which its flexibility will give it the advantage for the time over mature manhood, as we have seen from Ferguson's account of his childhood. Few mature men have ever made such progress in so short a time, with so little assistance; yet Ferguson felt no weariness. He was engaged in studies which he liked, and no one urged him to go on when his young brain was fatigued. Conversation, experiments, the intercourse with Nature generally, will awaken active attention very early, and rarely will any man be found to have made great progress in after life whose mind had not been thus awakened. The child accustomed to these moments of deep thought, will not lose in the interval of rest what has thus been gained, and will be found capable of and willing to exercise much of that intense application which is so irksome and even painful to those whose youth has passed over without such an awakening process. But this application must not be prolonged, and whilst arousing the attention of his pupil, the judicious teacher will be careful to mark the first indication of weariness, and dismiss him to recruit his mental power by timely recreation. Many a child has been sacrificed to the injudicious forcing process to which he has been subjected. We be-

lieve, and can indeed say from experience, that a child whose brain has had due exercise without allowing it to be pushed to fatigue, will never know that feeling of irksomeness which is generally thought to attend severe study. The consciousness of power which a brain so constituted will find in exertion is too gratifying to be attended by any distressing fatigue; and it is only when the man begins to use his talents for the purposes of ambition or gain, that the brain is overwrought:—the child's application is pleasurable if it be not forced by the dread of punishment.

With the rest of Mr. Mayhew's propositions as to the proper mode of inducing the young to acquire knowledge, we cordially agree; for unless the taste for it be excited, it is in vain that information is forced upon the unwilling pupil: he will neither remember nor profit by it. But there is yet a further incentive to exertion which he has not touched upon, and which, as far as we have seen, is never insisted on by the teachers of the young. Yet it is the only cable which will thoroughly stand the strain of the tempests which await the young man's entry into life. This incentive is the thought of the duties imposed on us by the simple fact of our existence. Unless we are to conceive ourselves the very sport of chance—a persuasion which no man can hold long without the risk of losing his reason from utter despondency—we must feel that we exist for a purpose, and that our duty consists in the fulfilment of it. Nor is it difficult to discover what that purpose must be. Everything in Nature tends towards its own peculiar perfection, and that perfection consists in the perfect development of every capability of its organization. If man be capable of more than the animals which surround him, he has by that mere fact an assurance that he has more important duties to perform, nor are they performed thoroughly till he has not only called all his own faculties into play, but until he has so used them as to afford to the human race generally, as far as in him lies, the same opportunities of perfecting their nature as he has himself enjoyed; in short, till all are put in a situation to use their faculties and gratify their instincts enough for their own happiness and that of those dependent on them. With such an object in view, there will be no hanging back from study, no time lost in frivolous pursuits. We owe every moment of our time which is not devoted to such repose and recreation as shall keep us fit for work, to our fellow-creatures and to our

Maker, whose unmistakable mandate we are thus obeying. No man in his senses can ever believe that he was placed in the world merely to devour and assimilate a certain quantity of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, and then to give it forth again in death to the air and the earth: less nicely-balanced faculties and less godlike intellect might have sufficed for that;—and the child should be taught to see that such is not his destination. He should be shown that he is the heir of a noble nature, capable of diffusing happiness around him, which will come back tenfold into his own bosom if he uses it aright; but that it is equally capable of being abused, to his own misery and that of those about him; that the blessing and the curse is set before

him, and that if he misses the opportunities and mis-spends the time given him for better purposes, the curse will dog his steps for the rest of his life: in short, that every human being born into the world has a destiny to fulfil, and ought not to rest till he has put himself in a position which will enable him to accomplish it. What that destiny is, no one is informed beforehand; he can therefore only prepare himself by diligent self-culture for the occasion when it comes; and when he can look back and say with truth, "I have left more good and more happiness in the world than I found in it," he may lay down his head in peace, and feel that his duty is done—his destiny fulfilled.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was the son of Thomas Sheridan, the celebrated manager and actor, and of Frances Chamberlaine, his wife, both commemorated in an earlier portion of the present series. This is the man of versatile and multiplied endowments, eulogized by Thomas Moore, as—

"The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master
of all;"

and whom Lord Byron has placed even on a higher pinnacle, when he says—"Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do, has been *par excellence*, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy, *The School for Scandal*; the best opera, *The Duenna*;—in my mind, far before that St. Giles' lampoon, *The Beggar's Opera*; the best farce, *The Critic* (it is only too good for an afterpiece); and the best address, 'The Monody on Garrick;' and to crown all, delivered the very best oration, the famous Begum speech, ever conceived or heard in this country."

The varied abilities, systematic profusion, convivial intemperance, brilliant conversational wit, unrivalled eloquence, dazzling

meridian, and most melancholy decline, of this gifted, but ill-regulated son of genius, have employed the pens of such a host of writers, and have formed the text of so many printed discussions, that novelty in going over the same ground can scarcely be looked for. All the leading incidents of the public and private life of this remarkable individual have been held up as a moral lesson, commented on, and sermonized until the topic is exhausted. Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," as in the case of Lord Byron, has labored with the zeal of a friend and fellow-countryman, to perpetuate the most agreeable features of the portrait he undertook to draw. It is deeply to be regretted that he has been less fortunate himself when he became, in his turn, the subject of a biography.*

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin (not at Quilon, as has been sometimes supposed), in the year 1751. In his family, natural talent and literary acquisitions appear to have been hereditary. His father and his grandfather were both eminent

* A good condensed life of Sheridan, compiled by G. G. S., is prefixed to an edition of his works published in Bohn's Standard Library, in 1848.

for their scholarship, and his mother distinguished herself as an authoress in more than one department. It was not, therefore, likely that his education would be neglected. In his seventh year he was consigned, with his brother, to the instruction of a well-respected pedagogue, Mr. Samuel Whyte of Dublin, with the encouraging recommendation from Mrs. Sheridan, that they were the two dullest boys she had ever met with.

When his parents removed to England in 1762, he was sent to Harrow, under Dr. Sumner, but he gained no laurels in that renowned seminary, which he left with the reputation of being a sharp, froward, careless lad, of a buoyant temperament, fond of light reading and poetry, but averse to sustained or studious application. Yet he must have laid in, while there, what Dr. Johnson would have called, "a bottom of learning," or he could never, at eighteen, in conjunction with his schoolfellow, Halhed, have undertaken and completed a poetical translation of Aristænetus—an obscure Greek author of disputed existence, under whose name some epistles in prose have been preserved on subjects of love and gallantry, and which are more characterized by gross indelicacy than by wit or graceful imagination. The young translators softened these passages; but there was an error in taste and judgment, as well as loss of time in their selection, which few read and nobody liked.

Sheridan lost his mother in 1766, before he quitted Harrow. Having left that seat of learning, he entered himself of the Middle Temple, with a view to the profession of the law, an intention which he speedily abandoned. Themis was too dull for an enthusiastic votary of Apollo. In 1771 he went to reside in Bath, his father finding it convenient to fix the head-quarters of his family in that idle resort of fashion, valetudinarianism, profligacy and selfishness, while he himself was fulfilling a round of professional engagements elsewhere. Here young Sheridan became acquainted with the beautiful and accomplished Miss Elizabeth Linley, daughter of the eldest Thomas Linley, a distinguished composer and musician. The young lady, who sang at public concerts and oratorios, possessed vocal abilities of the highest order, and, as might be naturally expected, was followed by a legion of admirers. She was a coquette too, and played them off with considerable skill, but sometimes with hazardous imprudence. Included in the list was a Captain Matthews, an intimate friend of the family, the possessor of a large fortune

in Wales, but unfortunately a married man. His principal employment in life was playing whist, on which he wrote a treatise, long considered the infallible guide. The close attentions of such a squire in ordinary under such circumstances, could only tend to injure Miss Linley's character, and his free conversation gave color to the most damaging reports. A mutual attachment of an ardent and romantic complexion sprang up between Sheridan and the fair syren, which led to an elopement to the continent, winding up with a secret marriage.

Then followed two singularly savage duels between the happy husband and the disappointed Matthews. In the first, Sheridan was victorious, breaking his adversary's sword, and compelling him to beg his life. The second appears to have been a sort of drawn battle, or scuffle, in which the combatants having closed and fallen together, hugged and hacked away on the ground with the fragments of their broken blades, something after the practice of the Jesuit D'Aigrigny, and the Maréchal St. Simon, in "The Wandering Jew."* Wounds slight, although they were reported deadly, were given and received on both sides, until the seconds, who had long looked on in passive silence, thought it necessary to interfere at last. The *ex-parte* statements of these encounters published respectively by Sheridan, Matthews, and their friends, are so totally at variance, that it is not easy to extract the real truth from such conflicting evidence; but in both quarrels the principals seem to have gone to work more like red Indians, determined to tomahawk and scalp each other, than polished gentlemen, moving in elegant society, fighting according to rule, and in compliance with the ordinances and prejudices of the day.

When Sheridan ran away with Miss Linley he was twenty-two, and his bride eighteen. He was without a profession, or any certain income. The lady had a fortune of £3,000, paid to her by a Mr. Long, for a very unprecedented reason—because she had refused him; but she was article to her father, who could claim her services until she was twenty-one. Linley, finding the marriage irrevocable, after an interview with Sheridan at Lisle, assented to a marriage he was no longer able to prevent, and became reconciled to the young couple, on the understanding that his daughter should fulfil her engage-

* This scene seems to have furnished the idea of the close of the duel between Fabien dei Franchi and Château Renaud, in *The Corsican Brothers*.

ment to him, as in duty bound. This being settled, they returned to England, and lived for some time in retirement at East Burnham. Sheridan had a great dislike to the appearance of his wife in public, and resolved to withdraw her entirely from all professional avocations. By yielding to this point of delicacy he gave up at least one thousand pounds per annum, a sum she was sure to receive for several years, and which in all probability would have continued to increase. Dr. Johnson, in conversation with Boswell, expressed his warm approbation of this high spirit in a young man without a shilling, who would not be induced by straitened means to permit his wife to become the public gaze. Sheridan determined from this time forward to live by the exercise of his abilities, but he was too inexperienced to fathom the art of acquiring wealth, and the more difficult process of keeping it when obtained. Long after, when speaking of his early struggles with an intimate friend, who alluded to the events of his life, he said, that if he had stuck to the law, he believed he should have done as much as Tom Erskine; but, he added, "I had no time for such studies—Mrs. Sheridan and myself were both obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton, or we should have had none." "Ay," replied the other, "I see it was a joint concern."

The first effort made by Sheridan to obtain a livelihood through his brains, was the production of the comedy of *The Rivals*, at which he worked long and diligently before it was acted. From the ease of his language, and the natural exuberance of his humor, it would appear that he composed rapidly; but the contrary was the fact. His most flowing periods were elaborated and corrected with fastidious care. He began this play before he had completed his twenty-second year. About the same period of life, or a little earlier, and with equal inexperience, Congreve wrote *The Old Bachelor*, one of the wittiest compositions in the whole range of the English drama. Sheridan's comedy is fully equal to Congreve's in construction, incident, and dialogue, while it far surpasses it in the absence of impurity or coarse allusions. *The Old Bachelor* is banished from the stage; *The Rivals* lives in active popularity, and, during the two last seasons, has been performed above thirty times at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mr. C. Kean. Yet this play, of the highest character in every essential point, met with very harsh treatment on the first night,

and with difficulty obtained a second representation. On the 17th of January, 1775, *The Rivals* was acted at Covent Garden, and repeated on the 18th, when it was withdrawn for alterations and curtailment. On the 28th it was re-produced, and from that date has maintained an unshaken hold on public favor. The opening failure was attributed to the immoderate length, to the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, which was considered by a portion of the audience as a national reflection, and to the miserable acting of Lee, in the pugnacious baronet, which excited repeated gusts of disapprobation. Clinch superseded him when the play was brought forward again, and gave infinite satisfaction both to the public and the author. The original prologue, in the form of a dialogue between a sergeant-at-law and an attorney, was spoken by Woodward and Quick; but, on the 10th night, Sheridan replaced it by another, more appropriate, and consigned to Mrs. Bulkeley. The plot and characters of *The Rivals* are undoubtedly the pure invention of the author; but resemblances may be traced, as in almost every other instance, where a close examination is instituted. Sir Anthony Absolute and Mrs. Malaprop bear some relationship to Matthew Bramble and his sister Tabitha. The latter is more obviously suggested by Mrs. Slipslop, in "Joseph Andrews," or Termagant, in Murphy's farce of *The Upholsterer*. Rigid critics call it a gross caricature; but there is good reason to suppose that the portrait is drawn from life without exaggeration. If so, then must Nature herself be pronounced a caricature. There are some remarkable coincidences in the dialogue, which can scarcely be accidental. Acres, in the third act, says—"Tis certain I have most anti-Gallican toes." The same thought occurs in the "Wasps" of Aristophanes, where the old man, on being desired to put on a pair of Lacedemonian boots, endeavors to back out by saying, that one of his toes is *παρὰ μισολάκων*—a bitter enemy to the Lacedemonians. Again, when Acres speaks of swearing, in the second act, and ends by saying that the "best terms will grow obsolete," and that "damns have had their day," the idea seems to be suggested by the following old epigram of Sir John Harrington:—

"In elder times an ancient custom was,
To swear, in weighty matters, by the mass;
But when the mass went down, as old men note,
They swore then by the cross of this same groat;
And when the cross was likewise held in scorn,
Then by their faith the common oath was sworn.

Last, having sworn away all faith and troth,
Only G— damn them is their common oath.
Thus custom kept decorum by gradation,
That, losing mass, cross, faith, they find damnation."

The friends of Mrs. Sheridan wished it to be understood that the epilogue to *The Rivals* was written by her, but there can be little doubt that it proceeded from the pen of her husband. The point throughout is the supremacy of woman in every class and situation of life, and a woman could scarcely laud up her own sex with such unmeasured panegyric.

Sheridan was so pleased with Clinch for his excellent performance of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, that when his benefit occurred, on the 2d of May, 1775, he made him a present of the first night of a new farce, entitled, *St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant*, to add to the attraction. The trifle succeeded, and is in every respect better calculated for representation than persual. It added nothing to the literary fame of the author, and a point is strained when we admit that nothing was detracted. The object was to assist a deserving man on a particular occasion. Larry Clinch, as he was familiarly called, had been a brother-actor and intimate friend of Sheridan's father. He was a native of Dublin, and obtained an engagement from Garrick, at Drury-lane, very early in his career. He came out as Alexander the Great; but his success was small, and Garrick, in his disappointment, after trying to buy him off with money, forced him into disagreeable characters, until he removed in disgust to Covent Garden. His success in *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* established his reputation, and in a short time after he returned to Dublin, and became the hero of the Irish stage. Having married a lady by whom he was rendered independent, he performed *when* and on *what* terms he pleased; and about 1780, disapproving of the manager's (Daly's) conduct, he declined playing the number of nights for which he was engaged. The manager took the usual method of complaint in the newspapers; but Clinch preserved a dignified silence, and disdained to reply. Unluckily, however, his wife died, and her fortune with her, so that a diminished income compelled him thenceforward to become more amenable to constituted authority.

On the 21st of November, 1775, Sheridan rose again to a high point, by the production of *The Duenna*—a comic opera of the first order, whether as regards the dramatic arrangement, dialogue, or music. The com-

posers of the latter were Linley, Rauzzini, and Dr. Harrington. No piece was ever more successful. It ran seventy-five nights during the first season, and still continues a favorite with the public. The popular airs were sung in the streets and ground upon every barrel-organ throughout the kingdom. Harris gave a large sum for the copyright, and would not allow the opera (except the songs) to be printed. But no precaution can evade piracy. Tate Wilkinson obtained a surreptitious copy of some scenes, and between memory and invention, concocted a *Duenna* of his own, which he gave to the public as Sheridan's, in the York circuit; and thus it found its way into many of the leading theatres in Great Britain and Ireland. For this reason all printed copies, up to a very late period, were denounced by the author, and are undoubtedly spurious. As in the subsequent case of *The School for Scandal*, the substituted passages were so inferior to the true originals, that the piece could scarcely be recognized. But the result answered the purpose of the pirates, although annoying to the lawful proprietors.

Profound criticism has told us that the plot of *The Duenna* is borrowed from *Il Filosofo di Campagna*, of Goldoni, *Le Sicilien* of Molière, and *The Wonder* of Mr. Centlivre. It may be so, but it requires very minute comparison to detect the relationship. The violations of probability also have been severely castigated; yet, if the improbable is to be banished from the drama, we know not what materials are to be found for an exciting or interesting story. The songs of *The Duenna*,* both in music and words, are of the highest order; but if they were omitted altogether, we should still retain a most amusing comedy: unlike the majority of more modern operas, which are merely so many pegs on which to hang a melody, a duet, or a concerted *finale* three-quarters of an hour long.

In 1776, Garrick retired from the stage and from all active participation in the cares of management. However uneasy he might have found his theatrical seat of sovereignty, it was well stuffed with bank notes, for he made a large fortune in the same speculation which impoverished his successors. But he possessed advantages which they had not,

* When George IV. visited the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in state, on the 22d of August, 1821, he commanded, as a national compliment, Sheridan's opera of *The Duenna*, with his farce of *St. Patrick's Day*. George IV. seldom committed an error in taste, whatever mistakes he may have made in more important matters.

without reckoning his exclusive superiority as an actor—capital, experience, punctuality in business, a constant eye on the exchequer, and what Miss Strickland calls “great regnant abilities.” He looked after everything himself too, and trusted nothing to deputies without supervision. Sheridan adopted as his maxim through life, “never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow.” Garrick, on the contrary, never delayed for an hour what could be carried through on the instant. He knew the value of time, and threw away as little as most men.

Garrick, as will be remembered, was joint monarch of Drury-lane with Lacy. He sold his own moiety of the patent and property to Sheridan, his father-in-law Linley, and Dr. Ford, for £35,000. In 1778, Sheridan was coerced into the purchase of Lacy's share for £45,000. To complete this, he consented to divide his original portion between Dr. Ford and Linley, so as to make up each of theirs a quarter; but the price at which they purchased from Sheridan was not at the rate at which he bought from Lacy, though at an advance on the sum paid to Garrick. Sheridan afterwards contrived to possess himself of Dr. Ford's quarter for £17,000, subject to the incumbrance of the original renters. By what spell he conjured up all these thousands it would be very difficult to ascertain with accuracy. From nothingness, he stepped into the practical working of an enormous property, which had hitherto proved a mine of wealth to the speculators. Moore has given the best account he could of all these money transactions, gathered from the correspondence and papers placed in his hands for the purpose; but he has not furnished a full solution of the mystery, for this simple reason, that it was never thoroughly known to any one. Colman was very anxious to become the sole purchaser of Drury-lane, as he objected to divided sway; but he had not the means of buying autocracy, and gave up the negotiation to the more successful triumvirate. Garrick continued still a sort of sleeping partner, or consulting counsel; the new managers were too glad for a time to listen to his suggestions, and occasionally to profit by his advice, while he, on his part, was well enough disposed to retain his old habits of dictatorship, although he had seceded from personal labor or responsibility. Sheridan was young, ardent, full of hope and ambition, with the innate consciousness of talent, and a reliance on his own resources, which admitted no calculation of the possibility of failure. But his habits were extravagant and

thoughtless; his associates were far above him in wealth and station; and he reciprocated entertainments without any visible means of competition. From this date onwards, his life became progressively an unceasing series of shifts, subterfuges, apologies, endeavors to stave off embarrassments, contrivances to elude arrest, breaches of contract, practical jokes in place of ready money, and the gradual laxity of principle which winds up at last in total recklessness. The anecdotes which have been fathered on him fill a goodly volume, and have been compiled as “Sheridaniana.” Many are true, some are exaggerated, and a considerable balance are invented altogether. Lord Byron says he once found him at his solicitor's, where his business was to get rid of an action, in which he succeeded. “Such,” adds the poet, “was Sheridan! He could soften an attorney: there has been nothing like it since the days of Orpheus.” But even Sheridan never executed a feat of adroit diplomacy equal to that recorded of a living eccentric genius, cast somewhat in the same mould, who being once arrested by two bailiffs at the same time, on two separate writs, actually cajoled the one son of Agrippa to pay the other.

The commencement of Sheridan's career as a manager conveyed an unfavorable impression, and gave rise to comparisons between him and his predecessor, much to his own disadvantage. The first novelty produced was an alteration by himself of Vanburgh's comedy of *The Relapse*, under the title of *A Trip to Scarborough*, which made its appearance on the 24th of February, 1777. The piece was received with considerable opposition, but held its ground, though without much popularity or attraction, for several succeeding seasons. It was acted for the last time at Drury-lane, in 1815. Sheridan's success in *The Rivals* and *Duenna* had already made him an object of jealousy. There were not wanting mouths to carp at the “modern Congreve,” as his admirers designated him, and the newspapers of the day almost unanimously condemned what they called his gratuitous mutilation of Vanburgh. In 1779, he was asked by an editorial article in one of the journals, if he did not consider his dealings with *The Relapse* as an illustration of what his own Dangle says in *The Critic*, that “Vanburgh and Congreve are obliged to undergo a bungling reformation.” The editor of the “*Biographia Dramatica*” also censures Sheridan's alteration severely, but, like many other critics, he pronounces the sentence without stating the evidence. He adds that

the alterer admitted himself, in conversation, that he had spoiled Vanburgh's play. Beyond this vague assertion we have no proof that such words were ever spoken, but Sheridan might have contradicted the statement had he thought it worth while. The opinion is unjust. We have many alterations of old plays, but few so good as this. Sheridan has retained everything in the original that was worth retaining, has omitted exceptionable passages, and his additions are improvements. We may name particularly the first scene in the fifth act, which concludes that part of the plot regarding Loveless, Colonel Townley, Amanda, and Berinthia, much better than it is wound up in *The Relapse*. It must be confessed that it is highly improbable (as Collier was the first to observe) that Sir Tunbelly and Lord Foppington should negotiate a match through the medium of such a person as Mrs. Coupler. This, however, is a fact radically inherent in the piece, and it certainly lies at Vanburgh's door, and not at Sheridan's. The latter makes Loveless say—"It would surely be a pity to exclude the productions of some of our best writers for want of a little wholesome pruning; which might be effected by any one who possessed modesty enough to believe that we should preserve all we can of our deceased authors, at least till they are outdone by the living ones."

On the 4th of January, 1777, Sheridan produced an alteration of Shakspeare's *Tempest* by himself, retaining some of Dryden's version, with some new Songs by Thomas Linley the younger, his brother-in-law. There was no particular strength in the cast. Bensley as Prospero was the best, but he was not more than respectable. The singers were indifferent, and the attempt altogether must be considered a failure.

The town was beginning to express loudly its regret for the retirement of Garrick, and to complain of vapid entertainments, when, on the 8th of May, 1777, *The School for Scandal* was announced. The drop had not fallen on the first act before the whole house felt that they were sitting in judgment on a master-piece—one of those rare productions which appear once in a century, an inspiration of real genius, and an exhibition of truthful character, drawn from nature, without reference to age, country, local manners, or ephemeral fashions. A full account of the gradual progress by which Sheridan expanded a slight sketch into a perfect comedy is given by Moore, and will be considered by many readers as the most interesting portion

of his book. We are not of that opinion, and would rather the details had been spared. We delight to look on the finished picture, but are not much attracted by the rough outline. When we ascertain that the author has labored so artificially, although we are impressed with his diligence, we lose something of our admiration for his genius. The passage of Moore's biography might be spared in which he tells us that *The School for Scandal* "was the slow result of many and doubtful experiments, and that it arrived step by step at perfection." The play came out so late in the year, that when the theatre closed with it on the 7th of June, there had only been a run of twenty nights. During the next season it was performed sixty-five times. Perhaps no comedy was ever so perfectly acted in all its parts, neither has such a company ever again been collected as that which then graced the boards of old Drury. Great actors have since represented all the principal characters, but none have ever been reputed to come up to the originals.

On a fair comparative estimate, *The School for Scandal* may perhaps be placed at the head of all recent comedies, not only in the English, but in any European language. There are blemishes, doubtless, but they are as specks on the sun. The play may not be altogether original; some portions of the plot the author himself admitted he had borrowed from his mother's novel of "Sydney Bidulph." Others may revive recollections of Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*. Charles and Joseph Surface bear a strong resemblance to Fielding's Tom Jones and Blifil, with a splendid varnish of modern manners and fashionable refinement. The scandalous coterie are not sufficiently connected with the action. The hiding Lady Teazle behind the screen, and exactly before the window commanded by "a maiden lady of such a curious temper," is undoubtedly a great mistake, scarcely to be excused by the sudden confusion into which Joseph is thrown by the unexpected visit of Sir Peter; and the fifth act is comparatively weak, and constructed on the principle of anticlimax. But making full allowance for all these drawbacks, there stands this imperishable monument of Sheridan's genius, alone, on a pedestal by itself, attractive, popular, and on the acting list of every leading theatre; fresh and brilliant as in its first infancy, and without rival or competitor to stand in the same file. It has been approached, but never equalled. Envy usually follows merit as its shadow. An idle rumor was propagated that Sheridan was not the

real author of this incomparable play; it was said to be taken almost *verbatim* from a manuscript previously delivered at Drury-lane by a young lady, a Miss Richardson, daughter of a merchant in Thames-street. The story went on to say that, being in the house on the first night, she recognized her own production, was taken out fainting with surprise and mortification, and died not long after of a rapid consumption, produced by chagrin. Isaac Reed first alluded to this report in the "Biographia Dramatica." Dr. Watkins, in his "Life of Sheridan," expatiated on it with an impression that it was true; and Galt, in his "Lives of the Players," has very unnecessarily repeated the assertion, after Moore had completely proved that it was absurd, and based upon no foundation.

Garrick evinced the most unbounded satisfaction at the success of *The School for Scandal*. He was proud of Sheridan, and this event indicated his judgment in resigning the theatre into such able hands. A caviller observed to him—"It is but a single play, and will not long support the establishment. To you, Mr. Garrick, I must say, that the Atlas that propped the stage has left his post." "Has he?" replied Garrick; "if that be the case, he has found another Hercules to succeed him." During the run of *The School for Scandal*, a passenger, walking past Drury-lane on the side of Russell-street, about nine o'clock at night, was suddenly startled by a terrific noise, which resembled the concussion of an earthquake, accompanied by peals of distant rolling thunder. He asked in dismay what it was, and received for reply the intimation that it was the applause of the audience on the falling of the screen, in the fourth act of the new comedy.

The writer of this notice once saw the screen fall in an important theatre without producing the slightest effect on the select assembly, who appeared utterly unconscious of what was intended. A ludicrous incident occurred one evening in connection with this scene, at the Hawkins'-street house, in Dublin, then under the management of William Abbott. When the screen was pulled down, Lady Teazle was not there, and thus the great point of the play was lost. She had gone into the green-room to gossip or rest herself, and calculated on being at her place in time. Before the house could recover from their astonishment, or evince disapprobation, Abbott, who played Charles Surface, and loved a jest, with great readiness added a word to the text, and exclaimed, "No Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!" A roar of

laughter followed, in the midst of which the fair absentee walked deliberately on, and placed herself in her proper position, as if nothing had happened.

But brilliant as had been the success of *The School for Scandal*, it proved but a passing meteor, and very soon the general system of the management subsided again into darkness. Sheridan's besetting sin of procrastination increased on him, and grew into a chronic disease too deeply rooted for cure. He delayed answering letters until they accumulated into a hopeless heap, and then he consumed them in one indiscriminate holocaust. Authors could neither obtain a reading nor a restoration of their manuscripts, and complained in loud but unheeded remonstrances that their dialogue, incidents, and arrangements were pilfered and transformed most unmercifully, and so completely that it was almost impossible to recognize them, unless where some unique feature proclaimed the identity. Garrick, not long before his death, began to feel convinced that the theatre was tottering, and that he had mistaken his man. In his last letter to King, he says—"Poor old Drury, I feel that it will very soon be in the hands of the Philistines."

On the 15th of October, 1778, Sheridan allowed a dramatic entertainment, as it was called in the bills, a farce in reality, under the title of *The Camp*, to be announced as his. It was a *pièce de circonstance*, founded on a late encampment at Coxheath, and intended as a vehicle for scenery, and to embody some local circumstances which actually took place. Tate Wilkinson in his "Wandering Patentee," was the first who denied positively that Sheridan had anything to do with this very inferior production, which, in reality, was written by his brother-in-law, Tickell. What could have induced Sheridan thus to trifle with his reputation it is impossible to divine. The mere connection by marriage was not a plea of sufficient weight. Had he never soared beyond *St. Patrick's Day*, the *Camp* might have passed for his. With slender pretensions, but as a temporary stop-gap, it met with unusual success, and lived for two seasons, attracting good houses, while Shakspeare's best plays were exhibited to empty benches. Who shall attempt to fathom the shifting currents of public taste, or caprice, or extravagance? Moore says—"One of the novelties of the year was a musical entertainment, called *The Camp*, which was falsely attributed to Sheridan at the time, and which has since been inconsi-

ately admitted into the collection of his works. This unworthy trifle (as appears from a rough copy of it in my possession) was the production of Tickell, and the patience with which his friend submitted to the imputation of having written it, was a sort of martyrdom of fame, which few but himself could afford."

Garriek died on the 20th of January, 1779. Sheridan wrote a monody on his death, dedicated to the Dowager Lady Spencer, which monody was spoken by Mrs. Yates from the boards of Drury-lane, on the 2d of March following, and repeated on many successive evenings. But the public thought less of it than Lord Byron, whose praise is absolute. It has undoubted merit, and must be considered a very graceful composition. Perhaps the best passage is that which is general rather than particular, and wherein the ephemeral nature of the actor's fame, whose works die with him, is unfavorably contrasted with the immortality of the painter, sculptor, and poet, who leave behind them undying memorials:—

"Such is their meed; their honors thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.

The actor only, shrinks from time's award,
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!
E'en matchless Garrick's art, to heav'n resign'd,
No fixed effect, no model leaves behind."

The theatre was going rapidly down, when the attention of the play-going public was excited by the production of *The Critic*, on the 29th of October, 1779. Lord Byron was not wrong when he called this the best burlesque that had ever been written. The proof is, that it retains its attraction, when all local causes and coincidences have ceased. We have no longer Cumberland to be identified with Sir Fretful Plagiary, Thomas Vaughan, the author of *The Hotel*, with Dangle, or Woodfall to be the target of certain sly hits at the press. The piece is essentially excellent, and as there will never fail to be tumid, bombastic plays, in all ages, it will do just as well for a satire in the present day, as during the reign of the last generation. The drift of this performance, which abounds with easy wit, unaffected exuberant humor, and caustic pungency, is, perhaps, not thoroughly understood. It might not have been written with the single view of procuring full houses during its own run, but as a crafty expedient to banish empty ones on future

occasions. It seems like an advertisement from the manager of Drury-lane, to signify his wish that no more modern tragedies might be offered for representation at his theatre. A tragedy, called *Zoraida*, written by William Hodson, a Cambridge man, of considerable scholarship, was performed within two months after the production of *The Critic*, and while the burlesque was yet succeeding—a most unhappy propinquity, which proved fatal. The woes of *Zoraida* being forestalled by *Tilburina*, were banished after a few fruitless repetitions. Hodson attributed his failure entirely to that cause. He printed his play in indignation, and annexed a postscript of considerable length, containing some general observations on tragedy, which contain sound sense, and are much better worth reading than the play they accompany. The author's Cambridge friends compared him to a man with a dark lantern, casting a light on everybody but himself.

Many attempts have been made to show the passages from different plays ridiculed in *The Critic*; and, by those versed in the dramatic literature of the period, a great number of them may be easily detected. Holcroft once thought of publishing a key, which had been done before, in the case of *The Rehearsal*. One remarkable illustration may be quoted as a specimen. When Whiskerandos is killed by the pretended beef-eater, he says—

"O cursed parry—that last thrust in tierce
Was fatal! Captain, thou hast fenced well;
And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
In all eter—"

and so he dies. The beef-eater finishes the word, and says—

"—nity—he would have added, but stern death
Cut short his being, and the noun at once."

It has been supposed that this was suggested by the conclusion of the terror-stricken dialogue, and the division of words between the Abbess of Andouillet, and the novice, Marguerite, in "*Tristram Shandy*." But a much closer original is at hand, taken from a dramatic source, to which Sheridan would assuredly resort for his example. In Henry Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa*, one of the characters relating the death of another (act iii. sc. 1), says—

"Tell him for once that I have fought like him,
And would like him have—"

Conquer'd, he would have said—but there, O!
there!
Death stopt him short."

The resemblance here is too flagrant to be mistaken. Shakspeare supplies an earlier parallel in the death of Hotspur:—

"Oh! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—*Dies.*"

The Prince of Wales concludes the sentence—

"For worms, brave Percy!"

Sheridan would hardly have ventured to point at Shakspeare in his parody, although it is quite certain that he had no profound veneration for our immortal bard. Ireland, in his "Confessions" (the only occasion, perhaps, on which he ever spoke the truth), says, that during the *Vortigern* and *Rowena* negotiation, his father, Mr. Samuel Ireland "had very frequent conversations with Mr. Sheridan respecting the transcendent genius of the great dramatist; and one day in particular, after Mr. S. Ireland had been, as usual, lavish of his encomiums, Mr. Sheridan remarked, that, however high Shakspeare might stand in the estimation of the public in general, he did not, for his part, regard him as a poet in that exalted light, although he allowed the brilliancy of his ideas and the penetration of his mind." If we are to believe the same authority, Sheridan was taken in by the forgery, in common with Parr, Warton, Boswell, and many others. When perusing a fair copy of the play, from the supposed original manuscript, he came to one line which was not strictly metrical; upon which, turning to Ireland sen., he remarked, "This is rather strange; for though you are acquainted with my opinion of Shakspeare, yet, be it as it may, he certainly always wrote poetry." Having read a few pages further, he again paused, and, laying down the manuscript, spoke to the following effect:—"There are certainly some bold ideas, but they are crude and undigested. It is very odd; one would be led to think that Shakspeare must have been very young when he wrote the play. As to the doubting whether it be really his or not, who can possibly look at the papers and not believe them ancient?"

With the *Critic* ends the list of Sheridan's

original dramatic compositions.* He was then only in his twenty-eighth year; and, judging by what he had done at such an early age, we may conceive what he might have effected in the same walk, had he not turned his thoughts and pursuits into another channel. In 1780, he was returned to the House of Commons, as member for Stafford, and thenceforward became an active politician. He attached himself naturally to the party of his friend, Fox, at that time in opposition. His maiden speech, in defence of his seat, was a failure, and led to a somewhat hasty decision that nature intended him not for an orator. His utterance was thick and indistinct, an imperfection he never entirely subdued. When he had finished, he went to the gallery, where Woodfall was reporting, to ask his opinion. Woodfall frankly told him to stick to his former avocations, for that he had now got beyond his depth. Sheridan, nothing daunted, replied—"I know it is in me, and out it shall come." He improved rapidly with successive opportunities, and obtained great credit for a ready reply to Mr. Pitt, in the session of 1783, in a debate on the preliminary articles of peace. Sheridan had warmly seconded Lord John Cavendish, in an amendment of the address, which went to omit the approval of the treaty. Pitt, then even a younger man than himself by several years, already chancellor of the exchequer, and in training for prime minister, took him up in reply, and commenced his speech by the following sarcastic exordium:—"No man," he observed, "admired more than he did the abilities of that honorable gentleman, the elegant sallies of his thought, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, and his epigrammatic points; and if they were reserved for the proper stage, they would, no doubt, receive, what the honorable gentleman's abilities always did receive, the plaudits of the audience; and it would be his fortune, *sui plausu gaudere theatri*. But this was not the proper scene for the exhibition of these elegancies; he therefore called the attention of the house to the question." Pitt lost his temper, while he forgot his politeness, and Sheridan instantaneously answered:—"On the particular sort of personality which the

* A pantomime called *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Harlequin Friday*, was produced at Drury-lane, in 1781, and attributed to Sheridan, but it is doubtful whether he had anything to do with it. It was very successful, and the scenery, by Louthembourg, produced a most extraordinary effect.

right honorable gentleman had thought proper to make use of, he need not make any comment; the *propriety*, the *taste*, the *gentlemanly point* of it must have been obvious to the house. But" (continued he), "let me assure the right honorable gentleman, that I do now, and will at any time, when he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most sincere good humor. Nay, I will say more, flattered and encouraged by the right honorable gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if ever I again engage in the compositions to which he alludes, I may be tempted to an act of presumption—to attempt an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best characters, that of the angry boy in *The Alchymist*." The effect of the application was electrical, and after this it was long before Pitt could divest himself of the epithet of the "Angry Boy," which was applied to him in lampoons, caricatures, and the opposition journals.

During the mutations of ministries, Sheridan enjoyed more than one office under his friend and patron, Fox, but they were of short duration. Between 1783 and 1787, he made many masterly speeches, which were listened to with attention and applause by opponents as well as partisans; but on the 7th of February, 1787, he reached the apex of oratorical excellence, in the celebrated discussion on the charge against Warren Hastings, for the spoliation of the Begums. For five hours and a half he commanded the breathless attention of the house, and when he finished, decorum was forgotten, and long and enthusiastic peals of applause greeted him from every quarter. Such an effect was never produced within the walls of any legislative assembly before or since. Within four-and-twenty hours he was offered one thousand pounds for the copyright, if he would himself correct it for the press; but this was impossible, for he had no copy. An outline only of this marvellous effort of eloquence has reached us, so that it may be considered as lost. The published debates of the session present but a faint adumbration. Moore says that a perfect transcript of the speech is in existence, taken in shorthand by Gurney, some time in possession of the Duke of Norfolk, then in the hands of Sheridan, and afterwards in those of Moore himself. He has given some extracts, but they only whet curiosity, without allaying it. A perfect publication of this speech would find an army of purchasers. We may form some idea of its power from the encomiums of such men as Burke, Fox, and Pitt. Burke

said that the honorable member (Mr. Sheridan) "has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honor upon himself, lustre upon letters, renown upon parliament, glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled what we have heard this day in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no sage, no statesman, no orator, no man of any description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardor and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected." Fox said, "that all he had ever heard or read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapor before the sun." Pitt joined in with equal admiration, and acknowledged that Sheridan "had surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and that his speech on the third charge against Mr. Hastings possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind."

Lord Byron's "Monody" contains these fine lines in allusion to Sheridan's speech. They are a little overstrained in fact, but beautiful in poetry:—

"When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal to man,
His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,
The wrath, the delegated voice of God,
Which shook the nations through his lips, and
blazed,
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they praised."

On the following day a committee was appointed by the House of Commons to prepare articles of impeachment against Warren Hastings, in which Sheridan was included and appointed one of the managers. When it came to his turn to speak again, in

the course of the trial, he proved that he had not exhausted his resources in the former effort, and delivered a second speech, which lasted for four successive days, with adjournments, and was by many supposed to be fully equal to the first, although it was impossible to excite the same enthusiasm when the freshness of the subject had become withered. And now, what is the impression of all this marvellous display on the sober minds of unprejudiced posterity? That the whole proceeding was a mistake, and a very grievous one to the principal character in the imposing spectacle; originating in and perpetuated by party faction and personal hostility; and that Warren Hastings, who was ultimately acquitted, but left to pay the expenses of an eight years' process, was comparatively an innocent man, while he was most undoubtedly an injured and persecuted one to the extent of ruining his fortune and embittering the remainder of his days. The splendid eloquence, too, which was then exhibited would not now be listened to, but would be considered waste of time, and empty, ornamental rhetoric. Such is the change which sixty years have produced in the march of practical utilitarianism as opposed to oratorical display.

Sheridan's unprecedented success in the House of Commons interfered sadly with the commercial interests of the theatre. His acquaintance and intimacy with the circle of the great became more extended, and his habits of conviviality and extravagance more irrevocably confirmed. The affairs of Drury-lane fell rapidly into confusion. The salaries of the actors were seldom paid, the tradespeople never. Discipline became relaxed, and insurrections were frequent. Even Mrs. Siddons at last refused to go on the stage unless some portion of her large arrears was paid on account. In the midst of all these difficulties, Garrick's theatre had reached the period of age when it was pronounced unsafe. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds were required to build a new one. This sum was raised with ease in three hundred debentures of five hundred pounds each. How to pay the regular interest never entered into the calculation. On the 4th of June, 1791, old Drury-lane closed forever, and began to be pulled down. The company went first to the Opera House, and from thence to the Haymarket, where they played at advanced prices. On the 4th of September in the same year, the first stone of Holland's magnificent edifice was laid, but many difficulties arose, and a long time

elapsed before it was fit to receive the public. In the meantime Sheridan sustained a heavy domestic blow in the loss of his first wife, who died of a lingering decline in 1792, being then only thirty-eight years of age. He was fondly attached to her, and she was worthy of his love. All who knew her concurred in admiration of her character and extraordinary beauty. Jackson, the composer, said, "That to see her, as she stood singing beside him at the pianoforte, was like looking into the face of a deity." The Bishop of Norwich was accustomed to declare that she seemed to him "the connecting link between woman and angel;" and even the licentious John Wilkes pronounced her "the most modest, pleasing, and delicate flower that ever grew in nature's garden." Her only daughter died soon after, and the loss of this interesting child imprinted an indelible wound on the heart of the bereaved father.

On the 21st of April, 1794, the new theatre of Drury-lane opened with *Macbeth*, the leading characters by John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. An occasional prologue and epilogue were spoken by Kemble and Miss Farren. A lake of real water was exhibited, and the audience were told that an iron curtain was in preparation to insulate them from any fire that might originate behind the scenes. On this occasion an attempt was made to banish the ghost of Banquo, but the galleries soon insisted on his recall. Charles Kemble made his first appearance as Malcolm. Holland's theatre, the handsomest in the kingdom, was destined to a short existence, being totally burnt down on the night of February the 24th, 1809, when it had stood only fifteen years. The following authentic anecdote in connection with the building has not before, as we believe, appeared in print. Holland could never obtain a settlement or even an interview on the subject with Sheridan. He hunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theatre, at his usual resorts; but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage-door, rushed in, in spite of the opposition of the burly porter, and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentlemen, whom he had invited to show them the theatre. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was this time impossible, put a bold face on the matter. "Ah! my dear fellow," exclaimed he, "you are the very man I wanted to see—you have come most *apropos*. I am truly sorry you have had the trouble of call-

ing on me so often, but now we are met, in a few minutes I shall be at liberty; we will then go into my room together and settle our affairs. But first you must decide an important question here. Some of these gentlemen tell me there are complaints, and loud ones, that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theatre. That, in fact, the galleries cannot hear at all, and that is the reason why they have become so noisy of late." "Sound defective! not hear!" reiterated the astonished architect, turning pale, and almost staggering back; "why, it is the most perfect building for sound that ever was erected; I'll stake my reputation on it, the complaint is most groundless." "So I say," retorted Sheridan; "but now we'll bring the question to issue definitively, and then have a paragraph or two in the papers. Do you, Holland, go and place yourself at the back of the upper gallery, while I stand here on the stage and talk to you." "Certainly," said Holland, "with the greatest pleasure." A lantern was provided, with a trusty guide, and away went the architect through a labyrinth of dark and winding passages, almost a day's journey, until he reached his distant and elevated post. "Now, Mr. Holland," cried Sheridan, "are you there and ready?" "Yes," was the immediate answer. "Can you hear me?" "Perfectly, perfectly, Mr. Sheridan!" "Then I wish you a very good morning." So saying Sheridan disappeared, and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair again.

Towards the end of 1795, Sheridan contracted a second marriage with Miss Esther Jane Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester. He was then at the ripe age of forty-four, and the lady young enough to be his daughter. She was fascinating and handsome, while constant intemperance had made sad inroads on his personal pretensions. His nose had become red, and his cheeks bloated; yet such were the charms of his manner, mind, and conversation, that he soon changed the original aversion of his selected bride into enthusiastic love. In spite of his pecuniary difficulties, he contrived to raise fifteen thousand pounds (by selling shares in Drury-lane Theatre), which sum the Dean required to be settled upon his daughter and her children, should she have any, in addition to five thousand which he contributed himself. These conditions comprised the *sine qua non* of his consent, and being complied with, an estate called Polesden, at Leatherhead in Surrey,

was purchased with the money, and carefully invested in the name of Mrs. Sheridan and her future offspring. Here was a second love-match, not quite so romantic as the first, but fully as ardent in mutual affection.

Sheridan, like many other clever people of expanded minds, was prone to superstition. He had implicit confidence in dreams, with a full reliance on lucky and unlucky days. Nothing could induce him to travel, or allow a new play to be brought out on a Friday. On the 14th of December, 1797, a drama was produced, the unexpected run of which relieved for a while the embarrassments of the theatre, and replenished the exhausted treasury. This was *The Castle Spectre*, by Lewis, the author of "The Monk." The great success of this piece, which is in truth a jumble of absurdity, may be quoted as a striking proof that popularity is a very uncertain criterion of merit. With the exception, perhaps, of *Pizarro* and *Bluebeard*, *The Castle Spectre* brought more cash than any piece that had been produced for twenty years. The ghost, which was expected to be the cause of failure, proved the great source of attraction. George Frederick Cooke, in his journal, says: "I hope it will not be hereafter believed that *The Castle Spectre* could draw crowded houses when the most sublime productions of the immortal Shakespeare were played to empty benches." Reader, pause and ponder over the unfathomable eccentricities of public taste. A story is told, that towards the end of the season, Sheridan and Lewis had some dispute in the green-room, when the latter offered, in confirmation of his arguments, to bet Mr. S. all the money which *The Castle Spectre* had brought that he was right. "No," replied the manager, "I cannot afford to bet so much, Mat; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you *all it is worth!*" This retort was as witty as it was ungrateful and ill-timed, and proves that Sheridan, under any circumstances, could never resist the temptation of a joke.

The Castle Spectre produced but a temporary lull in the storm of pecuniary difficulty by which the management of Drury-lane Theatre was continually beset. Sheridan found himself compelled to resume the dramatic pen he had so long abandoned, and after an interval of twenty years employed his genius on an amalgamation of Kotzebue's two dramas of *The Virgin of the Sun* and *The Death of Rolla*; out of which, through the medium of previous English translations, with much original matter, he compounded

the far-famed romantic play of *Pizarro*, or *The Spaniards in Peru*. No play has been more abused, yet none was ever so successful. It has been called an unworthy prostitution of Sheridan's brilliant talents, a monstrous melodrama in five acts, an absurd, inflated, unnatural farrago, with many other vituperative epithets too numerous to detail. Yet what modern manager would not rejoice to stumble on such a mine of gold? We shrewdly suspect too that if now presented for the first time, the interest of the story, and the dramatic strength of the leading characters, would carry it over all objections. The first representation took place on the 24th of May, 1799. It was so late in the season that there was no room for more than thirty-one repetitions, but for several following years the attraction continued with unabated interest. Many stories are told with respect to the difficulty of getting Sheridan to finish the play, on which the very existence of the theatre depended. Neither duns from without, nor disaffection within, could arouse him from his prevailing sin of procrastination. It has been said that the fifth act was not complete when the curtain went up for the first, and that the last scene was handed to the actors while the ink was wet, and the paper blotted with corrections. It has been also affirmed that Sheridan refused eight hundred pounds for the copyright, that he afterwards accepted one thousand, and also that he declined both offers, and finally published the play on his own account. If so, his profit must have been enormous, for before the expiration of 1811, twenty-nine editions, each of one thousand copies, had passed through the press. The greater part of his alterations are highly judicious; and many poetical passages are introduced which are pleasing and impressive, whether listened to from the stage or perused in the closet. The scenic effects are numerous and striking, and the leading personages afford great scope to great actors. John Kemble was magnificent in Rolla; and Mrs. Siddons, although at first she disliked Elvira, found that the part added much to her reputation. She was singularly unfortunate throughout her career in original characters. This was the best that fell to her lot, and by this scale the value of the others may be estimated.

No speech was ever better calculated to entrap applause than Rolla's address to the soldiers, which is entirely Sheridan's, and not in the original. It was evidently intended as an *ad captandum* reference to the war with the French Republic and a philippic against

the principles of the Revolution; yet nothing is said which might not with perfect propriety be addressed to an army of Peruvians. Such was the popularity of this tragedy, that the King, George III., could not resist his desire to see it. He had not been at Drury-lane for some years. Many causes have been assigned for his dislike to the theatre; some sufficiently absurd—such as a personal dislike to Sheridan because he was a Whig, a partisan of Fox, and an intimate associate of the Prince of Wales; but the most probable one is, that he had commanded two pieces, which, on account of the complicated machinery, could not be acted on the same evening unless he chose to wait two or three hours between the play and the farce, a delay little suited to the legitimate impatience of royalty. The intimation of the difficulty was given in a manner not considered as consonant with court etiquette.

Mr. Pitt having also been induced to see *Pizarro*, was asked his opinion. "If you mean," said he, "what Sheridan wrote, there is nothing new in it, for I have heard it all long ago, in his speeches at Hastings' trial." One of the finest ideas seems to have been borrowed from Burke. Rolla says, "I am as a blighted plantain, standing alone amid the sandy desert—nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband and a father." The reader that can lay his hand on Burke's celebrated letter to the Duke of Bedford, will find that the writer, then a widower, and deprived of his only son, makes a similar comparison in language still more noble and affecting. We do not recollect the precise words, but their tenor is the same. Sheridan with becoming though unusual gallantry, inscribed *Pizarro* to his wife, in the following words:—"To her, whose approbation of this drama, and whose peculiar delight in the applause it has received from the public, has been to me the highest gratification its success has produced, I dedicate this play."

During the high tide of the *Pizarro* mania, a descriptive burlesque song appeared in the papers, and obtained notoriety enough to be perpetuated in the "Annual Register." Some said it was written by Colman, others attributed it to Porson. The learned professor, though a professed Grecian, was a humorous man withal, and indulged in jocularity (particularly in his cups), not always restrained "within the limits of becoming mirth." The deeply studious but eccentric mind which conceived the "Devil's Walk,"* and "Lingo

* "The Devil's Walk," so long attributed to Porson, is now claimed as the property of Coleridge.

drawn for the Militia," might as easily, in the relaxation of *horæ subsecivæ*, descend to the following *jeu d'esprit* :—

PIZARRO—AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

"As I walked through the Strand, so careless and gay,

I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow :

'Choice fruit, sir,' said she, 'and a bill of the play,'

So my apples I bought, and set off for Pizarro.

"When I got to the door I was squeez'd, and cried 'dear me—

I wonder they made the entrance so narrow ;'

At last I got in, and found every one near me

Was busily talking of Mr. Pizarro.

"Lo! the hero appears—what a strut and a stride—

He might easily pass for Field-Marshal Suwarrow ;

And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride,

But the loving companion of gallant Pizarro.

"This Elvira, alas! turn'd so dull and so prosy,

That I long'd for a hornpipe by little Del Caro ;

Had I been 'mongst the gods, I had surely cried,

'Nosey,

Come play up a jig, and a fig for Pizarro !'

"On his wife and his child his affection to pay,

Alonzo stood gazing as straight as an arrow ;

But of him I have only this little to say,

That his boots were much neater than those of Pizarro !

"Then the priestess and virgins, in robes white and flowing,

Walked solemnly on, like a sow and her farrow,

And politely informed the whole house they were going

To entreat heaven's curses on miscreant Pizarro.

"Then at it they went—how they made us all stare :

One growl'd like a bear, and one chirp'd like a sparrow ;

I listened, but all I could learn, I declare,

Was, that vengeance would certainly fall on Pizarro.

"Rolla made a fine speech, with such logic and grammar,

—As must sure rouse the envy of Counsellor Garrow—

It would sell for five pounds, were it brought to the hammer—

For it rais'd all Peru against valiant Pizarro.

"Four acts are tol, lol—but the fifth's my delight,

Where history's traced with the pen of a Varro ;

And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in white,

Put an end to the piece by killing Pizarro.

"I have finished my song. If I had but a tune—
'Nancy Dawson' won't do, nor 'The Sweet
Braes of Yarrow'—

I vow I could sing it from morning to noon,
So much am I charmed with the play of Pizarro !"

Pizarro, like the *Castle Spectre*, could only feed the endless wants of the theatrical exchequer for a limited period. The usual negligence and inattention to business soon brought back the ever-recurring difficulties. Many questions and claims required the interference of the Lord Chancellor, who always decided with as much delicacy and consideration for Sheridan as he could possibly exercise in consistency with his high office. The manager's means were increased by his appointment to the post of Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. During the short administration of Mr. Fox, in 1806, he was made Treasurer of the Navy. The office was inferior to what a person of his ability, with more regular habits, might have expected ; but the salary was acceptable, and his enjoyment of it unfortunately brief. On the 24th of February, 1809, Sheridan experienced the heaviest calamity of his life—Drury-lane being, on that evening, totally consumed by fire. As this was a Friday in Lent, there had been no performance. The same catastrophe had befallen Covent Garden only five months before, on the 19th of September, 1808 ; so that the two great metropolitan theatres were levelled to their foundations at the same time. The close recurrence of two such conflagrations excited much suspicion that the second was intentional ; but on a strict examination it appeared to have resulted, like the first, from accident, or more properly, from shameful neglect. It was proved that the stove in the upper coffee-room was of slight construction ; the workmen who had been employed during the day had made a much larger fire than it was customary to make there, the remains of which were left in it at four o'clock in the afternoon. It is reasonable to suppose that the fire had communicated with the surrounding woodwork, and had been gaining strength from that time until about eleven at night, when it burst forth. Before twelve the whole of the interior was one blaze ; at three the flames had nearly subsided, and nothing remained but a vast congeries of ruins. From the date of this unfortunate event, Sheridan's fate appears to have been definitively sealed. The source of immediate supply was cut off ;

and when the new theatre opened in 1812, he ceased to have any connection with the management. His conduct while at the head of this great national concern has been too severely condemned by Watkins, and too leniently extenuated by Moore. The balance of truth lies between the two statements. Sheridan labored under many peculiar habits which unfitted him for the complicated duties of his office; but want of capital may be pronounced the overwhelming influence which, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all minor deficiencies. He began in debt, and had no sinking fund to hold out even a dream of liquidation. He behaved ill to King, his first deputy manager; worse to Kemble, the second, and treated authors with systematic neglect. The performers suffered greatly by his extravagance. Miss Pope, though an economist, was at one time compelled to sell stock to meet her current expenses, notwithstanding that a large sum was due to her for weekly salary. Others were subjected to similar inconvenience—and all were obliged to take twenty-five per cent. in substitution of arrears.

Sheridan was in the House of Commons when news arrived of the destruction of the theatre by fire. Every eye turned towards him, and a motion for adjournment was immediately made as a token of general respect; but, with Roman composure, he said, "that whatever might be the extent of his private calamity, he hoped it would not be suffered to interfere with the public business of the country." It appears quite certain that he remained at his post, which destroys all the anecdotes that have been told of his joking on his own misfortune. In 1812 he lost his seat in Parliament, having no longer money, or offices with which to purchase the votes of independent electors. From that time forward his few remaining years present little to vary the roll of the muffled drum, and the gradual approach of the funeral bell. He had now no temporary resource in the nightly receipts of the theatre: his person was open to arrest, and he actually underwent the indignity of being taken to a sponging-house. His books, in splendid bindings, the gifts of holiday friends, were consigned to the shelves of the pawnbrokers; the cup, presented by the constituency of Stafford, went after them; and the portrait of his first wife disappeared from the walls which it had so long graced as a *genius loci*.

The stipulations which regarded the interest or claims of Sheridan on the new theatre, were cruelly framed, and still more harshly

enforced, by Whitbread, who was a cold, systematic, calculating, organized embodiment of business—as different from the person he had to deal with as light and darkness. But the broken man was obliged to succumb to the flourishing capitalist.

Sheridan left behind him fragments of an unfinished opera, intended to be called *The Foresters*. He often alluded to this in conversation, particularly when any regret was expressed at his having ceased to assist old Drury with his pen. "Wait," he would say, smiling, "until I bring out my *Foresters*." Moore says that the plot of this musical piece, as far as can be judged by the few meagre scenes that exist, seems to have been intended as an improvement upon that of an earlier drama, from which he has given extracts—the devils in the first being transformed into foresters in the last. The similarity will not be easily apparent to the reader who compares the two; but Moore does not seem to have had the least suspicion that Sheridan borrowed many of the leading circumstances of his Drama from *The Goblins* of Sir John Suckling. Moore has given the whole of a love scene between the Huntsman and Regenella. A comparison between this and the concluding scene of the third act of *The Goblins*, will show that the former is very nearly a literal transcript of the latter—Sheridan having merely converted into prose what Suckling had originally written in the metrical form.

It was not likely that the ex-manager would feel much inclination to enter the walls on sufferance, within which he has so long ruled as arbitrary sovereign. The compliment of a private box had been offered to Mrs. Sheridan by the Drury-lane committee, but three years elapsed before he availed himself of the privilege. At the end of that time he was persuaded by the late Earl of Essex to dine with, and accompany him afterwards to see Edmund Kean, of whom he had formed a very high opinion, and whom he had only once heard in private read *Othello*. On this occasion he was tempted, after the play had terminated, to enter the green-room, where his presence was most cordially greeted, and where, surrounded by familiar faces, and the revival of old associations, he recalled the remembrance of the happy past, indulged in all his fascinating powers of conversation, and snatched an hour or two from the pressure of the brooding nightmare which haunted him without intermission, and was hurrying him rapidly to his grave.

Much has been said and written in abuse

of the late King George IV. for his alleged ingratitude to Sheridan, and total desertion of an attached friend and supporter, who had devoted his talents to his service. But here, as in many other cases, gross exaggeration has superseded truth, which is not to be found in the harmoniously flowing, but bitterly expressed, verses of Moore, wherein he says, with reference to a sum proffered by the King, then Prince Regent, when Sheridan was on his death-bed :—

"The pittance which shame had wrung from thee
at last,
And which found all his wants at an end, was
returned !"

That in the lines alluded to, Moore conveyed the opinions of Sheridan's friends, is certain ; but it is equally a fact, that when he lost his interest in the theatre and his seat in parliament, the Prince offered, at his own expense, to get him returned for a borough ; and that he also came forward to interpose between him and the harassing threats of arrest and imprisonment. It was said in the *Westminster* and *Quarterly Reviews*, that he had actually presented Sheridan with four thousand pounds, to which statement Moore gives no credit ; but the *Edinburgh Review*, in an elaborate notice of the sparkling poet's life of the deceased orator, thus speaks to the question :—"With regard to the alleged gift of £4,000 by his Majesty, we have the most sincere pleasure in saying that we have every reason to believe that the illustrious person is fully entitled to the credit of that act of beneficence, though, according to our information, its unhappy object did not derive from it the benefit that was intended. The sum, which we have heard was about £3,000, was, by his Royal Highness's order, placed in the hands of an attorney for Sheridan's benefit, but was then either attached by his creditors, or otherwise dissipated in such a manner that very little of it actually reached its destination. Nor is it to be forgotten, that however desirous his Royal Highness might have been to assist Sheridan, he was himself an embarrassed man ; he had been careless of his own expenditure, and there was not in his treasury the means adequate to afford the relief he might have felt an inclination to give. Every portion of the Prince's revenue was appropriated long before it was received ; and though there was a sum annually devoted to objects of charity and to works of benevolence, there was little left for the casual instances which presented themselves. But it was not royal munificence

that was required, it was the assistance of his own immediate family that was denied him. The whole of his debts did not amount to five thousand pounds, and Mrs. Sheridan's settlement had been fifteen thousand ; and however kind her conduct was towards him from the first moment of his malady, she does not seem to have influenced her friends to step forward to his pecuniary relief. All that has been affirmed of his forlorn situation at the hour of his death is borne out by the testimony of those who saw the utter poverty to which he was reduced. A neglected house, the most deplorable want of the common necessities of life, of decent control over the servants, whose carelessness even of the physician's prescriptions, was remarked—do not speak of a wife's domestic management, however pure may have been her affections." It is but fair that this statement should be considered on the one side, while such opposite ones are put forward on the other. A comparison of evidence is the only true mode by which to arrive at a just sentence.

On Sunday, the 7th of July, 1816, Sheridan died in his destitution, and in the sixty-fifth year of his age. A report of a very shocking nature was spread, to the effect that the inanimate corpse had been seized and carried off by his creditors. The laws of the country would not permit such an abuse, which never occurred ; although it is certain that a sheriff's officer had arrested the expiring sufferer, and was preparing to take him to prison in his blankets. The rumor of the violation of the dead arose from the circumstance of the body having been removed from Saville-row to Great George-street, Westminster, the residence of Mr. Peter Moore, an attached friend of the deceased, as being nearer to the abbey, and more convenient for a walking funeral. On the following Saturday, all that was mortal of the once fascinating companion, matchless orator, and unapproachable wit, was conveyed to the grave. Then the great and influential of the land, who had held aloof from the bedchamber of the dying man, came forward to render empty honor to his inanimate remains. The "long parade of woe" was graced by the presence of royalty, while princes and nobles eagerly pressed forward to hold a corner of the pall.* In the south transept of Westminster Abbey, adjoining Poet's-corner, the dust of Sheridan

* The Dukes of York and Sumex. The pallbearers were, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, the Earl of Mulgrave, the Lord Bishop of London, Lord Holland, and Lord Spencer.

moulders, under a plain, flat stone, on which is inscribed, "Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born 1751, died 7th July, 1816. This marble is the tribute of an attached friend, Peter Moore." Three similar stones in close juxtaposition with this, form a continuous parallelogram. They cover the remains of John Henderson, David Garrick, and Samuel Johnson. It would be difficult to select four more remarkable men lying together in the peaceful communions of the grave, throughout the vast extent of that thickly peopled and time-honored necropolis.

At the opening of Drury-lane Theatre, on September 7th, 1816, "A Monody on the death of Sheridan," by Lord Byron, was spoken by Mrs. Davison, and repeated for five successive evenings. It was written in a great hurry, on very short notice, and can scarcely be ranked amongst the happiest of the noble bard's minor compositions. The two concluding lines have been often quoted with commendation:—

"We mourn that nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan."

The idea is forcible, and well expressed, but not original; being borrowed almost literally, and without acknowledgment, from Ariosto's well known sentence—

"Natura lo fece, e poi ruppe la stampa."

It would be superfluous here to enter into a review of Sheridan's pretensions as a writer, his qualities as a legislator, or his frailties as a man. All this has been done so often that repetition would be wearisome. Few individuals have been so highly endowed, and a still smaller number have so thoroughly wasted rich gifts, and thrown away golden opportunities. If he had possessed a greater share of worldly judgment and prudence, with a more limited genius, tempered by a

methodical mind, his life would have been happier for himself, more profitable to his friends, his family, and dependents, and the moral lesson it supplies would have been less distressing, though, perhaps, not equally instructive.

In 1826, a volume was published, which contains a selection of the best authenticated anecdotes in connection with the subject. From this compilation it appears that the author of *The School for Scandal* was passionately given to betting, that he was fond of practical jokes, and often indulged in witticisms at his own expense; which he enjoyed with as much gusto as did the listeners. In the latter practice he has had few imitators. Tom Sheridan closely resembled his sire in many points of character and peculiar humor. He too is dead, as is also his second son, Frank; but the eldest, Charles Brinsley, lives "a prosperous gentleman," married to the daughter of the late distinguished General Sir Colquhoun Grant (well remembered as commanding the Dublin Garrison), by which union he obtained an ample fortune. The line of Sheridan, originally from the middle ranks, and with slender means, expands and has soared up in two generations, until connected (and likely to be perpetuated, through their descendants) with the high aristocracy of the land. Three granddaughters of the subject of this memoir are ennobled in the peerage, and have long been celebrated for mental accomplishments and personal charms. Lady Seymour was specially selected to represent the Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton tournament, and the various works of the Hon. Mrs. Norton prove that she is the genuine scion of a gifted family. Before closing this notice, it is proper to mention, that Miss Sheridan, the sister of the great author, produced one dramatic performance, entitled *The Ambiguous Lover*, which was acted at the Crow-street Theatre in Dublin, in the year 1781, but never printed.

From the Eclectic Review.

MOREDUN.*

ONCE more the attention of the literary world has been challenged to the vexed and yet entertaining question of disputed authorship. The excessive interest which such questions excite seems to depend upon the exercise which they offer for literary ingenuity and even sophistical criticism. From the "Icon Basilike" to the "Vestiges of Creation;" from the "Letters of Junius" to the work now before us, the publication of books of disputed authorship has engaged the critics in a conflict which has in some instances been contested with a degree of warmth in an inverse ratio to the value of the works in question. To the list of these must now be added "Moredun," which forms the subject of this article. It is distinctly attributed to Sir Walter Scott. The evidences adduced in favor of this assumption by the proprietor of the manuscript are purely external, but there are also some internal indications of an opposite tendency to which it will be necessary to give our attention. We propose to consider these in their order, and to present an analysis of the story, illustrating it by such quotations as may guide the judgment of the reader both as to the character and the authorship of the work.

As to the external evidence, it will obviously be necessary to quote at some length the statements of Monsieur Cabany. It is alleged, as we have said, that the work was written in early life by Scott; that, deeming it unsuitable for immediate publication, he presented it to his daughter, Miss Anne Scott; and that she subsequently presented it to Mr. Spencer, a needy but esteemed friend of her father. Sir Walter's Diary, as published by Mr. Lockhart, is characterized by so many omissions as to throw but a faint light upon those intercourses with Mr. Spencer which, if this work is genuine, would demonstrate its identity. We must give Monsieur Cabany's account.

* *Moredun: a Tale of the Twelve Hundred and Ten.* By W. P. In Three Volumes. London: Sampson Low & Son. 1855.

"We find from his diary one day after another, 'poor Spencer' coming to breakfast with him; that Spencer, to whom he, the following year, makes this affecting reference on a day when he was"

"And Lockhart has this note:—

"The late Hon. W. R. Spencer, the best writer of *vers de société* in our time, and one of the most charming of companions, was exactly Sir Walter's contemporary, and, like him, first attracted notice by a version of Burger's "Lenore." Like him, too, this remarkable man fell into pecuniary distress in the disastrous year 1825."

"To this I may add, that M. Amédée Pichot, director of the 'Revue Britannique,' writes to me on the 17th February last, that he remembers Mr. Spencer well, and of being introduced to him in the Windsor Hotel, at Paris, by Sir Walter Scott, as his intimate and esteemed friend.

"Of all those particulars I was entirely ignorant when I received the MS. of 'Moredun,' and published my account of the discovery. I can now see a very plain and obvious solution to the whole affair.

"Sir Walter Scott sees his old and esteemed friend, contemporary, and brother poet, at Paris, in great pecuniary distress. His kindhearted daughter bethinks herself of the interdicted manuscript, and her father allows it to be given—not expressly for publication, but with a very plain hint at such an expectation; and seeing in such an event the trial of his early 'story-telling' with the public without compromising himself; a trial, which, if so successful as to encourage him to follow it up, would open up a new source of revenue for his creditors as well as for himself. . . .

"I have not yet brought forward with sufficient prominence the entries in the Diary which relate to Mr. Spencer during Sir Walter's visit to Paris, nor some notices in the same record of a very curious nature, which occur just as he was setting out on that journey. With them, and they will not detain the reader long, my task will be finished.

"It appears, then, by the Diary, that Mr. Spencer breakfasted with Sir Walter and his daughter on the 2d November, when there is this remarkable entry:—

"I expect poor Spencer to breakfast. There is another thought which depresses me."

"On the day following, 3d November, Spencer again breakfasted with them.

"The letter to Spencer is dated the following day—4th November—on which day Sir Walter.

did a very anomalous thing with him whilst in Paris, he 'stayed at home on Anne's account.'

"If there be any who, after reading carefully the letter written on that day, and considering the nature of its contents, can possibly expect an entry of it in the Diary—let them read what follows; the answer it gives to their inquiry is in these terms:—

"November 5. I believe I must give up my journal till I leave Paris."

"These entries might have been considered commonplace if they had stood alone—but I ask of the candid reader who has duly weighed the many singular circumstances I have brought forward, last of all to turn with me to two very curious entries in his Diary, the one just before leaving Abbotsford for Paris, and the other while in London on his way thither.

"He makes this entry while at Abbotsford—'I have a curious fancy. I will go set two or three acorns, and judge by their success in growing.'

"I need not here remind my readers of that vein of superstition in Sir Walter Scott's mind, which he held in common with Dr. Johnson and many other illustrious men, in order to call their attention to this curious act of divination, done in private, and so significant of the tendency of his thoughts at the time towards incognito undertakings—but he himself gives it a most distinct elucidation when so soon after—that is just before leaving London for Paris—he follows it with these words:—'I am considering like a fox at his shifts whether there be any way to dodge them—some new device to throw them off, and have a mile or two of free ground while I have legs and wind left to use it. There is one way. To give novelty: to depend for success on the interest of a well-contrived story!—to make the world stare, and gain a new march a-head of them all! Well! SOMETHING WE STILL WILL DO.

'Liberty's in every body,

Let us do or die."

—Introduction, pp. 63-69.

Monsieur Cabany next enters on a discussion in answer to anticipated objections, as to the probability of Sir Walter's having written this in early life, but suspended its publication on the ground of its being unworthy of the great fame which the earlier "Waverley" novels achieved. Here again we must let him plead his own cause. He says:—

"I would just briefly remark, that as it is acknowledged that concealment was habitual to him—as he kept no diary till 1825—and as Lockhart does not give all that private journal, but only such portions as he judged advisable—it follows, that any such sweeping assertion, as that no work can be by the author of 'Waverley' which is not found mentioned in Mr. Lockhart's 'Memoirs of Scott,' is worth just as much as the paper it is written upon.

"Turning from Lockhart's summary to the narrative itself, the first circumstance which arrested my attention was the early demonstration of a 'tale-telling' faculty and propensity in Scott

—the repression of that peculiar talent—its exercise, in private, later in life, and its ultimate development to the public, only when he was 'constrained' to acknowledged authorships which could no longer be concealed.

"Thus I find him in 1786 writing romances in verse 'in four books, each containing 400 verses,' and then committing them to the flames; and when I inquire into the cause of this, I find it to arise from the severity of the criticism of some friends—who were equally harsh towards his prose essays—and from a diffidence in his own talents, increased, no doubt, by experiencing the truth of the saying, that a prophet hath no honor in the little circle around him, who, in their self-conceit, think they see through him.

"That severity which sent the first volume of 'Waverley' into retirement for eight years, was the true cause of the system of concealment which he adopted—a system not merely of secrecy but of denial—for in 1796 he is found averring that he had never written anything beyond sonnets to his mistress's eyebrows, whilst, ten years before, he had burnt an epic of 1600 stanzas; and further on, in his Diary, he says he is ready to give his affidavit, if it be necessary, that he is not the 'Great Unknown.'

"Still his story-telling went on; in the Parliament House and in the walks around Edinburgh; where he was continually either pouring forth the overflowings of his own imagination, or borrowing the tales of others to 'put cocked hats on their heads, and canes in their hands, in order to make them presentable in company.'

"Did all the tales he then recounted—did all the imagination which gave them birth, find vent for a space of twenty years in the collection of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border and in a volume of Descriptive Poetry every two years? Is it credible that such a story-teller, such a lover of ancient lore, who every year, at least, paid a long visit to Perthshire and the classic ground of Macbeth, or to the Border counties of England and Scotland—and who often, as his 'grinder' Weber told Mr. Ellis, had five works in hand at the same time—is it within the range of probability that, amongst all these works, such an imaginator, such a worshipper of classic ground and picturesque scenery, would be committing no other record to paper of his impressions during these visits than what appears in the 'Life'?"

"We might safely give an answer in the negative to such questions, on the ground of probability alone: but there exists a most singular document in the 'Life' itself which proves that there was something written—something which never saw the light of publication—and which is never so much as once elsewhere alluded to in Mr. Lockhart's work; for it was written, as we shall see, long before John Gibson Lockhart was made known to the world through the impertinences of Peter's Letters. The notice of it is contained in a letter from James Ballantyne (Scott's printer, and his greatest confidant) to Miss Edgeworth, written 14th November, 1814, that is, soon after the publication of 'Waverley,' and is in these words:—

"I am not authorized to say—but I will not re-

sist my impulse to say—to Miss Edgeworth, that another novel, descriptive of more ancient manners still, may be expected ere long from the author of "Waverley." But I request her to observe that I say this in strict confidence.'

"Now, that such a work must then have been in existence is clear, whereas 'Gay Mannering' and the 'Antiquary,' which followed 'Waverley,' at the interval of a year each, were pictures of more recent manners—not of 'more ancient.' Romances, descriptive of more *ancient manners*, afterwards appeared; but the periods of the subsequent actual writing of those works are distinctly recorded, and none of them could have been the 'more ancient' story—the co-existence of which with 'Waverley' is borne testimony to by James Ballantyne."—Introduction, pp. 23, 28.

We will now proceed to an analysis of the work.

The scene opens at Scone, where King William of Scotland is staying with his niece Isabella, daughter of his brother the Earl of Huntingdon, and his young son the Prince Alexander. A winter storm of unusual violence occurs, and the king is alarmed by the sudden arrival of a messenger who hurriedly announces that the queen is in imminent danger from an inundation which threatens the walls of the royal residence at Perth, where she is staying. The king flies to her rescue, attended by the knight who had brought the intelligence. The wooden bridge which they had to cross in order to arrive at the palace had its western and lower side carried away by the blocks of ice which were borne along by the irresistible current just as the king and his attendants had gained the centre. All of the latter save one fled to the eastern gate, leaving the king with a single attendant on the middle of the bridge. Before the king could follow them, the eastern side of the bridge was swept away, and he was left on the central portion, with the single attendant who had brought the message. By his heroic exertions the lives of both were saved, but not until his infant child, committed by the queen from a window to the arms of a servant, had perished with its guardian in the waters. But a heavier catastrophe awaited the royal house. Isabella of Huntingdon, who remained in charge of the heir-apparent, left him in his sleep at dawn to observe the effects of the flood, and on her return to the chamber found that the young prince had disappeared, having been stolen, as is afterwards disclosed, by an emissary of King John of England. Isabella, frantic with grief, betakes herself to a religious house in the neighborhood, where a foreign lady, evidently of noble birth, but

then sojourning as a nun, significantly recommends her to try the powers of a seer at Dusimane, whither she resorts, but without any successful result. Meanwhile, the loss of the prince is disclosed to the king and queen, and the position of Isabella is of a most distressing kind. It is, however, known that the young knight who saved the life of the king was attached to Isabella of Huntingdon, having as a rival Henry de Hastings, who had been placed as a spy and an enemy at the Scottish court. In the enthusiasm of his gratitude at his deliverance, William of Scotland proposed a suitable reward to his deliverer, who was no other than Moredun, the hero of this story; and his chancellor recommended, amidst no small opposition, on account of the supposed unequal birth of Moredun, the hand of Isabella, now seemingly the heiress-presumptive to the throne of Scotland. Henry de Hastings, as yet unsuspected, undertakes a search for the missing prince, and journeys southwards as far as Newcastle, where he repairs to an inn kept by one Michael Plummer, who appears from time to time throughout the narrative. Here he finds Maelstrom, the abductor of the prince, together with the boy himself in female attire. Some of the troopers belonging to the Scottish king are quartered at this hostelry, and the commanding officer, overbearing Maelstrom talk somewhat freely of certain losses recently sustained in the royal family, orders him under arrest for further examination. Maelstrom and his apparently female companion escape from their apartment during the night, and arrive at a small vessel at a cave across the Tyne, used for smuggling purposes, amongst what were called the Marsden Rocks. Hither the fugitives are followed by Sir Henry de Hastings, accompanied by Michael Plummer as his guide, and in the obscurity of the cavern receives a wound from a poisoned arrow aimed by the hand of Maelstrom himself. The main incident of the book is now developed—namely, the meeting of King John and William of Scotland at Hexham in Northumberland, for the purpose of arranging those border feuds which kept an English military force within what were claimed as the territories of Scotland. All the popular diversions of the time were exhibited on this occasion before the two courts in a style of unexampled magnificence, and among them feats of archery for the prize of a silver arrow, to be presented by the hand of King John. The description of the latter, if it is not an anticipation of the scene in which

Locksley figures in "Ivanhoe" at the lists of Ashby, is so obvious an imitation as at once to condemn the book as an imposture.

"The sports now began, and the day being fine, and everything going on well, the countenances of the royal party began gradually to brighten up a little as they became more and more interested in the proceedings. In that interest, the son of Macduff the piper partook so largely that he seemed to have forgotten the purpose which, according to his own account, had enrolled him there as a spectator. When it came to the turn of the archers, the Englishmen, whose bows were longer than those of the Scots, and their arrows heavier, had evidently the advantage at long distances, and the acclamations of the spectators in testimony of it was highly pleasing to the English monarch. 'The Lady Isabella must own,' he said, bending forward, 'that if in some of the sports our English yeomen cannot equal in agility your lithe-limbed Highlanders, they excel them, and even your Lowlanders, in the manly exercise of the bow.' 'We aim neither so far nor so high in our poor country,' the Lady Isabella recommended, when, observing a shade come over the countenance of the king, she added: 'Nay, your majesty, I had no figurative allusion in what I said; I but meant that in our narrow valleys and in our mountain passes light implements and light accoutrements are more suited to the nature of the country than in England, with her wide plains and gentle eminences.'

"It was perhaps the length of the aim which sent them beyond the mark in France,' King William, who was within hearing, remarked to De Bosc. John affected not to hear it, but he bit his lips, and kept silence longer than usual. As the acclamations of the crowd were again rising, when an English archer sent his shaft right into the centre of the bull's-eye, one of the lads in green, who had been remarked by Wilburn and Boynton earlier in the day, fought his way through the crowd, entered the lists, and after bowing respectfully towards the royal stand, selected an arrow from his quiver, poised it carefully, placed it on its rest, and seemingly without much effort, and with an appearance of great indifference, drew it to its head, and sent it right upon the last shot arrow, cleaving it in two. In the midst of the deafening shouts which arose on the performance of this feat, the other green man, following the example of his companion, took aim, with the same careless bearing, and in his turn split the shaft of his brother in arms. 'Who are these young men, brother of Scotland?' John said, addressing King William, 'they are wondrous like some of those fellows of Sherwood forest, to whom my brother of valiant memory was foolish enough to grant an amnesty.' 'In truth, I know not,' William said, but addressing Moredun, he added, 'Order one of thy men to bring these archers before us here to receive the prize they have so well gained.'—Vol. i. p. 211.

From this period it is impossible to follow

and trace out the labyrinth of the narrative. "There is," as another critic has expressed, "a never-ending series of moving incidents by flood and field, raging torrents, snow-storms, thunder-storms, ambuscades, fires, shipwrecks, drownings, murders, tournaments, processions, harangues, lost sons, mad minstrels, outlaws, disguised kings,—enough of that element to make out ten melodramas, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations." Through all this it is impossible to wade, but we are enabled to give something like a clue to this tangled web of narrative in the death-bed confession of Maelstrom, who was brought upon a litter before the king and court of Scotland, at the Moot-hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Conscious of the close approach of death, he addressed the king in the following words:—

"William the Lion, thou seest lying here as thy prisoner, Isaac King of Cyprus."

King William and all his court simultaneously arose as they heard these words, but Maelstrom motioned to them to resume their seats, with the air of one accustomed to receive homage, as he thus continued:

"Dethroned by Richard the Lion-hearted, it was this hand which directed the arrow from the walls of Chalus that laid low the noblest but the proudest and cruelest heart in Christendom. I vowed revenge, and I kept my vow."

A shudder ran through the whole court, for although England was then considered almost as the natural enemy of Scotland, Richard had been universally looked to as the chief or king of chivalry.

"Ye may well look aghast, for it was to make room for the basest heart that e'er beat in a royal bosom, and the weakest hand which ever held a sceptre; but I had a deeper cause of hatred to move me than the loss of a throne. He took from me twin sisters, princesses of Circassia, which I had taken captive with my sword and with my bow, the fairest captives which e'er the sun shone on:—one of them lieth here!"

And as Godfrey removed the pall, and showed the transcendently beautiful woman, clothed in the white drapery which on many occasions she had worn so gracefully, murmurs of admiration rose from the crowded court, and many an eye was dimmed as it gazed on the lovely form.

"The twin sisters," Maelstrom resumed, were deceived with the forms of marriage by Richard and his brother John. The Princess Ada here was betrothed to Richard. Their son, the Knight of Moredun, is at thy side, King William as he was in the hour of peril. His mother was made a widow by my hands, and our son, Godfrey of Eutrick, standeth beside me here. Her sister, Zillah, and her child, were strangled by the minions of her husband."

The feelings of the audience were now worked up to the highest pitch, but the King of Cyprus went on.

"I was unknown personally to King John, and under the name of Maelstrom I became nominally one of his tools—actually a frustrator of his plots, in league with her here whom he and his brother betrayed. To this end I became the captain of a band of contrabandists, and in league with Wladislas, King of Bohemia and Moravia, who had renounced the throne of those unhappy countries and taken refuge in the disputed territory between England and Scotland, I had laid a mine which would have shaken the vacillating tyrant from his throne. It hath pleased the ruler of all to unfold it prematurely. But if John hath escaped, it hath not been scatheless, and Scotland hath been rescued from his grasp."

"Observing symptoms of a demonstration of feeling on the part of the people, he said :

"Let me entreat those who hear me to maintain silence ; my strength is failing me, and I have still much to disclose. Call Wladislas of Ettrick into court, with the princess Jeanne of Anjou, and her daughter, the Lady Anne of Ledburgh."

"A door at the back of the dais was thrown open, and the Chief of Ettrick entered, conducting the two ladies, followed by Blondel. A murmur of astonishment ran through the court, when, in the Lady Anne was recognized Deborah of the Crown and Anchor."

"The scene which the Moot-hall of Newcastle-upon-Tyne presented at that moment was in the highest degree interesting, impressive, and extraordinary. An Eastern monarch laid in the centre of the hall, a weak, helpless prisoner, accused of crimes of the deepest dye, yet restoring confidence, hope, and happiness to bosoms which he himself had been accused of wounding ; the companion of lawless men, the perpetrator of deeds of darkness, summoning monarchs to be his judges, and looking with calmness and confidence for their verdict—claiming as his son—and that son proud of the appellation—the accepted suitor of the undoubted heiress of the English throne, and pointing to the most queenly form which ever graced a throne or bore a sceptre as the companion of all his intrigues, of his dangers and of his ambition ; his retinue, the bowmen of Ettrick forest ; his most alarmed listeners, the flower of the Scottish nobility and court. Overlooking this singular group the King and Queen of Scotland stood, encircling in their embrace their newly-restored son—scarcely conscious of whether they owed his disappearance or his restoration to the individual before them ; the abdicator of the throne of Bohemia, the English princess, supposed to lie buried at Clairvaux, and her fair and blooming daughter, forming another royal group ; the nobles of the Scottish Court and their ladies, in full costume, ranged on each side of the ample hall—and above all, the wide gallery filled with the citizens and the yeomen, with their wives and daughters, all in the gay holiday dresses of the period—it was a scene, take it for all in all, such as the banks of coally Tyne never had before, and never could again witness."—Vol. iii. pp. 206-212.

We have already alluded to the intricacy of the plot. Anything more disjointed,

clumsy, and unintelligible it has never been our fate to read ; and he must be blest with a most enviable memory, who, having reperused it, could tell the tale. Moreover, the complication of it appears quite unnecessary and gratuitous, inasmuch that the reader is tempted to believe that it was intended as a puzzle to exercise his ingenuity. The origin and motives of some of the characters are left to the last utterly unexplained. The waiting maid at an inn turns out to be Lady Anne of Ledburgh, daughter of the Princess Jeanne of Anjou, Queen of Sicily, the sister of King John of England ; and fifty other transformations, equally startling, can only be compared to the marvels of a pantomime.

The treatment which this work has received at the hands of the critics has been remarkably various. Those who have believed in the possibility of its being a genuine production of Sir Walter Scott have palliated its glaring defects, and have exhibited such merits as it possesses in favorable comparison with the most inferior conceptions and passages of the Waverley Novels. Those on the other hand whose skill and research have at once detected the imposture—for an imposture it unquestionably is—have assailed it with unqualified condemnation, and denied it those merits which candor must admit it to possess. The author's powers of description, especially of natural scenery, and of scenes of rapid action, certainly reminded us of the author of the "Lady of the Lake," and one scene somewhat analogous to that of the White Lady of Arenel, displayed itself in a rather favorable light beside what we must regard as the capital failure of the Great Unknown. We refer to the following passage. "Moredun" in one of the fantastic aberrations to which his historian subjects him, finds himself with a mysterious minstrel, whose relevancy to the narrative is never explained, from whom he hears the following verses, which will remind the reader of the feeblest part of the "Monastery :"—

And she deemed him dead,
And the mass was said,
And the dirge was sung on high ;
The response was given
From the vaulted heaven,
That the valiant never die.

Many an hour,
In her hall and bower,
The lady did weep and mourn ;
They wished her wed,
She smiled and said,
Ah ! the valiant never return !

And he came to the bower,
At the evening hour,
When the lady ne'er deem'd him nigh;
My heart! she cried,
To the heavens replied,
No! the valiant never die.

They sought in the dungeon's farthest cell,
In its chambers the most remote;
In the straw where the toad and the viper dwell—
In the moat and the well they sought.
The iron clank'd, and a hollow sound
To their footsteps' tread replied;
For the captive was gone, and the chains were
unbound,
Where many before him had died!

But while it may be justifiable to estimate the merits of this work *per se*, it is futile to discuss the question of its authorship, inasmuch as it has now been demonstrated that it cannot have been the production of Sir Walter Scott. It is true that the author has succeeded, perhaps from being a Scotchman, in imitating the defects, and especially the grammatical defects, of the author of "Waverley." We have observed that the latter invariably uses the solecism of "farther" and "farthest" instead of further and furthest, forgetting that these comparatives and superlatives cannot spring from the root far, but from forth, which is compared further and furthest. Again, we find in "Moredun" it was "*her*," which error occurs not infrequently, with cognate grammatical errors, even in the mouths of cultivated persons throughout the Waverley Novels.

But it is needless to descend to such minute particulars. The whole structure of the tale betrays an imposture. Its clumsy plot, its awkward manipulation, its multiplication of irrelevant incidents, would of themselves be sufficient to vindicate the author of "Waverley" of the charge of its authorship. In the light of this evidence alone the boasted external proofs of Monsieur Cabany would go for nothing. But there are certain persons who ought to have particularly good memories, and the investigations of the "Athenæum" have reduced the matter to an absolute demonstration. Another critic has judiciously remarked that Sir Walter Scott, with his marvellous good sense, never puts the Scottish dialect into the mouths of his Scottish characters in those novels of which the scene is laid in ancient times. Neither Quentin Durward, nor Balafré, nor Halbert Glendinning, utter a word in contrast with the speeches of persons of other countries. There is no difference in the language used by the inmates and tenants of the "Monas-

tery," and by Sir Piercie Shafton, except that the knight speaks affected English, and the Scotch men and women plain English. But to a person ignorantly attempting what he thought would pass as an imitation of Scott, it would occur to make King John of England speak English and Malcolm the servant speak Scotch, such as it is. Up to a more advanced period, there was no difference between English and Scotch, though there was a difference between English and Celtic.

But the absolute demonstration of the imposture is due, as has been said, to the "Athenæum." A single anachronism, like the water-mark on the paper of a disputed document, upsets the whole contrivance at once.

"We have proved," says the writer, "that M. Cabany's theory as to the time and season of its composition is untenable. Yet M. Cabany is not content. He appeals against our judgment—and, let us say, against that of all our literary brethren, with one ridiculous exception. Inaccessible—as a foreigner—to the argument of style—the best argument of all—he will submit to nothing short of the stern despotism of facts. Well, we must try to humor him. It will be remembered that we proved, by the passages describing 'the fantastic rocks of the Simplan,' that the novel must have been written *after the Peace*; and, therefore, could not be the 'romance of more ancient manners' referred to by Ballantyne in 1814. This fact upset the whole of M. Cabany's argument. We may go further. The tale contains evidence that it could not possibly have been written until some years after Scott died. Here is the proof. Chap. IV. of Vol. I. begins: 'In one of the narrow streets which wound up tortuously from the Sandhill to the castle of Newcastle-upon-Tyne—some traces of which still resist the improving hand of time, money, and Granger—a man, &c.' This passage offers us a date. The story must have been written *after* Mr. Granger had commenced re-building Newcastle, and probably was written after he had finished his task. Now, Scott died in 1832. Mr. Granger made the purchase which ultimately led to the vast alterations in Newcastle in August 1834. It is therefore absolutely impossible that 'Moredun' could have been written until some years after the death of Scott."

After this *exposé* it is unnecessary to say more. The fanatically curious will read the book. The circulating libraries have repudiated it; but as to its authorship by the Great Magician of the North, we can only say with the Roman critic of ancient fiction—

"Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ."

LIBERIA.*

From the Wesleyan London Quarterly Review.

THE President of an independent Republic, opening the Session of 1854, addressed the gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives in a speech, the first words of which were as follows:—"Every revolving year brings with it cause of congratulation and thankfulness to God, that the great work in which we are engaged, of rearing up on those barbarous shores a Christian State, is onward in its march, by gradually developing its practicability and excellence." Farther on in his speech the President makes use of these words,—words such as have not often fallen from the mouth of a chief magistrate upon an occasion of state:—"But above all, God has been pleased to bless the people with a gracious visitation of His Churches, inspiring them with a spirit of pure and undefiled religion, thereby wonderfully extending the inestimable benefit of Christianity among the idolatrous tribes of this land, and dispelling the gloom of moral night which has so long overshadowed them."

The Republic of Liberia, from whose President's speech we have transcribed these lines, has already taken an honorable position among the nations of the earth. To quote once more:—

"We continue to receive from her Britannic Majesty's Government assurances of friendly concern for our welfare. From the French Government we are also receiving tangible proofs of the interest his Imperial Majesty feels in the future prosperity of his infant State. As a present to this Government, the French Minister of War has forwarded recently one thousand stand of arms, to be followed shortly—as advised by our agent in Paris—by an equal number of equipments for our Militia. I am happy also to inform the Legislature that, during the year just passed, the independence of Liberia has been formally recognized by his Belgian Majesty, accompanied with expressions of friendship, and warmest wishes for our success and happiness."

An increasing interest is taken in the colonization and the evangelization of Africa, es-

pecially its Western Coast, by the American Churches and people; and we are led to believe that the information conveyed by such publications as that above mentioned, will not be without interest, in this country, to the survivors and the descendants of a generation whose Anti-Slavery exertions constitute the noblest *epos* of the age. We believe that the fulfilment and glorious triumph of Anti-Slavery effort will be worked out by means of communities, of which Liberia is the most important, though not the only, specimen. The regeneration of Africa must proceed from her own sons; to them alone will it be possible, in the exercise of a legitimate commerce, to introduce those influences which civilize a people; they alone can stand beneath her burning sky to proclaim the Gospel of truth. The white Missionary is soon struck down by sickness; but the colored emigrants sent out by the various Colonization Societies of America speedily become acclimated. The mysterious sympathies which bind together individuals of the same race, will serve as the channels of an ameliorative influence; and we may assume that the numerous educated and Christian free blacks, who are now flocking to the country of their fathers, will draw from their abominable practices, and elevate in the scale of humanity, tribe after tribe of the population of Africa, until the cruelties and idolatries of its abject millions shall be replaced by the blessings of civilization and religion.

There is, indeed, no organization which commends itself with stronger force to the sympathies and support of the Christian public, than the various American Colonization Societies. These Societies present a platform on which the followers of Christ, of every denomination, can stand and co-operate, without the least disturbing influence to mar their harmony, or interrupt their combined action. The cause is one of unequalled grandeur; it contemplates nothing less than the evangelization of the whole of Africa. For the accomplishment of this sublime object it presents, as it seems to us, the only feasible plan. The Colony of Liberia thus far has prospered beyond

* *The Colonization Herald*. Conducted by the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, Philadelphia. January to April, 1855.

all that its friends anticipated. It is now a flourishing Republic, governed by wholesome and wisely framed laws. Its President is a man of acknowledged ability, and its Legislature will compare favorably with that of any of the old established State Legislatures of America. Many of the friends of these Societies look only to results connected with the ultimate abolition of American Slavery. This is itself an object of incalculable importance. It is, indeed, a matter of rejoicing, that present results are not unlikely sensibly to hasten that happy consummation, since they open channels through which owners of slaves can liberate them, and give them homes where they will have not only equal civil rights, but equal social advantages. But it is the missionary aspect of the movement which forms the strong ground of our confidence in it. In its probable future we see melting away the vast mountains of difficulty which impede the progress of truth and happiness amongst the victim-nations of a mighty continent. England sends to America that truth which always and everywhere makes free. Its influence is felt by the poor slave, who is raised to feel the longing desire for all the rights of humanity. It is felt also by men mixed up with the most appalling evils by which Christians were ever surrounded; and they lend a hand to help the African, thus prepared for a great work, to reach the shores from which he or his ancestors were violently torn. Thus is presented an antidote to much past, and a preventive of much future, evil; thus is paid the first instalment of that mighty debt which the Anglo-Saxon race owes to the unhappy children of Ham.

We do not think it necessary to give a detailed account of the early history of Liberia; but feel pleasure in transferring the following remarks from an able article in the "*Reveu des Deux Mondes*:"—

"A single effort in favor of the Negro has succeeded; that is, the establishment of Liberia, on the coast of Africa. This colony, composed of Slaves redeemed or emancipated, is now a little independent State which prospers, and to which a Society really philanthropic conveys annually a certain number of Negroes. This enterprise has had two adversaries,—the slave-merchants and the excited Abolitionists; but it has not been discouraged, and the progress of Liberia has not been retarded from its commencement up to the present day. If it is to the English we must attribute the origin of Slavery in North America, it is just to say, that to them belongs the honor of the first commencement in Africa. After a Decree of 1787, pronouncing that there could be no longer any slaves upon the English soil, they con-

veyed to the coast of Africa 400 blacks and 60 Europeans. It was to this Colony, which in 1828 numbered 1,500 Africans, that Jefferson proposed to admit emigrants from the United States. He had entertained this intention since 1801. Already, in 1816, this project had occupied the attention of the Legislature of Virginia: the American Colonization Society was organized in 1817, by Mr. Finley. When objections were addressed to him, he replied, 'I know the design of God.' A lady gave 60 slaves to the Society—a planter liberated 80—another 60. The Colony had difficult times, but overcame them courageously. A petty African King, who sold to it some lands, fearing, with some reason, that its presence would be an obstacle to the Slave-Trade, wished to destroy it: happily it had for its Chief a resolute man, named Jehudi Ashmun. He explained to the colonists in simple and strong language, full of confidence in God and in their good right, the necessity of an energetic resistance. They abandoned 154 houses which they could not defend, they surrounded the remainder with a palisade, and, after several attacks valiantly sustained, the enemy was repulsed. Since then the repose of the Colony has not been any more troubled. In 1847 she proclaimed independence, which has been acknowledged by France and England. The Government is modelled after that of the United States. The actual President, Mr. Roberts, came to London and Paris. He is a most intelligent mulatto. The Republic of Liberia occupies a space of 500 miles along the coast of Guinea. Little numerous still, she extends her protection and her influence over more than 200,000 natives whom she civilizes. She has a flag, custom-houses; has commenced and devoted herself to agriculture;—all her fields are well cultivated. In general, the blacks labor, and are happy and contented with their condition. One of them said, 'Here I am a white man.' There are in Liberia schools and newspapers, and we see that the Negro race emancipated is not everywhere the same that it has exhibited itself in Hayti. The establishment of Liberia offers several advantages: it is upon this part of the coast a great obstacle to the Slave Trade; it tends to introduce civilization among the barbarous nations which surround it; it offers, in fine, a true country to men who, in coming out of slavery, would not have found one in the United States."

The bearing of the various Colonization Societies upon American Slavery, though, as we have said, secondary in comparison to the grand result of evangelizing Africa, is yet of present and unspeakable importance. In the Southern States a strong jealousy prevails, lest an "institution," which they consider exclusively their own, should be disturbed, their peace destroyed, and their safety endangered, by the zeal of its enemies in other parts of the Union. In the North, an universal alarm prevails, lest Slavery should invade territory hitherto free, and lest the power of

the Government should be wielded by the friends of this peculiar "institution." Under these circumstances the Societies have pursued the even tenor of their way, without meddling with the question whether Slavery shall be abolished, or whether it shall be perpetuated, whether it shall be restricted within narrower limits, or shall be allowed to occupy a wider sphere. While such questions agitate the Union, and in the opinion of some threaten its dissolution, the Societies follow out their noble objects, without becoming the means of party strife. They see a numerous class, scattered through the length and breadth of the land, who are free without the privileges of freedom; whose numbers are continually increasing, and whose condition in the United States seems without hope of improvement. The condition of the Africans, both in the Northern and Southern States, is indeed much to be deplored. In slaveholding States they have fewer privileges, but they enjoy a climate more congenial to their physical nature, and are less isolated in their condition. In the non-slaveholding States they feel the baneful influence of a prejudice which deprives them of many rights, and banishes them from the society of those among whom they dwell. These Colonization Societies do not stop to inquire whether or not they are suffering injustice at the hands of their fellow-men. They are equally entitled to commiseration in either case, and to relieve their miseries will be equally meritorious. They have no power to punish their oppressors if they are suffering wrongfully; nor can they elevate their condition while they continue in America. But a way is opened by which all the ends of benevolence will be accomplished, without disturbing any section of the Union, and by means of which both the white and the colored race will receive immediate relief. The way is one which required no genius, but that of benevolence, to discover. It is the plain and obvious way of restoring the free colored race to the land of their nativity, where is territory enough to accommodate all, a climate calculated to insure life and health, and a soil fertile enough to sustain them and their posterity.

Though we are not in a position to give the very latest statistics of the Colony, the following figures are not without interest:—

"The Colonization Societies have sent, at their own expense and by the request of those who have gone, (up to the close of 1853,) 8,968 colonists. The United States Government have sent 1,044,

who were recaptured slaves, making, in all, 10,012 colonists established in Liberia, both by the Colonization Societies and the Government of the United States. Of those sent by the Colonization Societies, 783 were sent during the year 1853.

"The expense of sending a colonist to Liberia, and supporting him there for six months after his arrival, together with a homestead of five acres of good land, &c., is from sixty to eighty dollars each one, both old and young.

"The Colonization Society gives the passage, furnishes provisions and medical aid, with a comfortable house, for the first six months, and longer, when necessary, to each and every emigrant going to the Republic of Liberia, besides the gift of a homestead of five acres of land."

All the materials for commercial prosperity are gradually accumulating in Monrovia and its sister towns. Steam-engines and saw-mills, and machinery for expressing the valuable oil from the palm nut and kernel, are rising in every direction. The necessity for the former is found in the great variety of timber which abounds in the Colony; the latter is required to develop a most important export trade, capable of almost boundless expansion. As a specimen of the rapid progress already made, we quote the following from a private letter, dated "Monrovia, December 23d, 1854:—"

"Our mill is in full operation, and we expect to send some lumber to New York, by Rev. Mr. Pinney, not that we cannot find sale here for it, but to have it tried by some of their first-class mechanics. We have cut some seventy or eighty thousand feet of lumber since we commenced, and are yet driving ahead with all our might. We have found sale for all we have sawed, up to this time, and the demand is still increasing. We hope, by the time the year is out, to have cleared our entire mill, and the expense of setting it up. We hope, too, to be able to pay off our loan of two thousand dollars before it is due. This, no doubt, is our hardest year, inasmuch as we have had the mill to set up, and a stock of logs to lay in; but I am in hopes that after we get through with this year, we will be able to do much better."

We look upon every evidence of progress in this young community with interest. Amongst the recent items of news, we find an account of the Honorable D. B. Walker's (fancy a black Honorable!) new and elegant vessel, "T. L. Randal," of thirty-five tons, "the largest and finest vessel ever built in Liberia." The usual ceremony of christening was gone through; the vessel "glided down beautifully into the water," amid the vociferous cheers of the multitude; the accustomed speeches were made; and the whole affair reads like the account of an ordinary launch

on the Clyde, the Mersey, or the Thames. Such an occurrence has its significance: those who are little affected by moral considerations, can yet foresee the inevitable result of an extended and prosperous commerce.

The power of combination is beginning to be felt in the Colony. Commercial Companies, among the most prominent of which may be mentioned the Liberia Enterprise Company, have begun to develop the resources of the country, to open out roads, to navigate rivers, and even to lay down railways. With natural wealth in such profusion all around, who shall prophecy the ultimate result?

But the evidences of the interweaving of Christian principle and effort with the secular progress of the Colony, afford the most pleasing of the glimpses given by these recent publications. We stand by, and view with delight that procession, with the Rev. Alexander Cummeil, B.A., and Hezekiah Green, at its head, marching to lay the foundation-stone of Trinity Church, in which an Episcopal congregation will, probably for ages to come, give utterance to the words of their noble Liturgy, in the worship of God. We sympathize with the zeal of the Bishop, who writes:

"Thus, while I would have at Cape Palmas, Sinou, and Bassa Cove, High schools, I would establish at Monrovia a *regular College*. And I would have this work begun in the year 1855. When Trinity Church at Monrovia shall have been completed, or before, the announcement of our intention to *establish an Episcopal College* there would soon elicit, from parties waiting for some such opportunity to bestow their goods, such contributions as would encourage the Committee and us here to go forward in this good work."

We are rejoiced to observe the earnestness with which the Baptists are watching and watering the seed they have sown in various parts of the country. We read, with a smile perhaps, but certainly not with a sneer, those addresses and lectures, in which some dark-colored orator, with all the energy of Demosthenes, but in a style as luxuriant as the vegetation around him, strives to excite the patriotic aspirations of the young Americo-Liberians. And we may be pardoned if we peruse with unusual gratification, and some degree of pride, the list of Stations of the Ministers appointed by the Liberian Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which met at Greenville, Sinou. The Circuits are arranged in four Districts,—Monrovia, Grand Bassa, Sinou, and Cape Palmas. An increase of members and probationers, to the amount of 119, is stated to have taken

place during the year; and the oft recurring words, "One to be sent," not only present a strong family likeness to lists of Missionary Stations with which we are familiar at home, but show that fields of Christian labor stand ready to the harvest, to tax and stimulate the best exertions of the Church.

Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, contains about three hundred houses and two thousand inhabitants, and is built upon a depression of the ridge which sweeps inland from Cape Mesurado. The houses are detached, being built upon lots of a quarter of an acre each. They are of good size, many of them two stories high. In almost every yard there are fruit-trees, mostly the lime, the lemon, the banana, the papaw, and the coffee-tree. Oranges are good, but scarce; the lemons large and fine. The suburbs present many fine views, particularly from Fort-Hill. Of the appearance and conduct of the inhabitants Lieutenant Lynch, of the United States, remarks, in his description of a recent visit:—

"There are five churches, all well attended. Indeed, I never saw a more thorough-going church community, or heard a greater rustling of silk, on the dispersion of a congregation, than here: all were, at least, sufficiently attired; and the dresses of the children were in better taste than those of their mothers. One of the most gratifying things I noticed, was the great number of well-dressed and well-behaved children in the schools and about the streets. The schools are also numerous and well attended."

In conclusion, he remarks:—

"I must say that the town presented a far more prosperous appearance than I had been led to anticipate. From its fine situation, it must evidently be a salubrious one. The sea-breeze, at all seasons, blows directly over it; and in this respect it is far preferable to Sierra-Leone."

The soil of Liberia, like that of other countries, varies in appearance, quality, and productiveness. There is, however, no poor land in Liberia, and most of it is very rich, not surpassed, perhaps, by any other in the world.

Among the numerous agricultural products of the Colony, we may specify, as *exportable* articles, rice, coffee, cotton, sugar, arrow-root, ginger, pepper,—all of which can be raised so as to rival the similar productions of other countries, both in quantity and quality. Indian-corn, or maize, grows well on some lands; not so well, however, as in certain parts of the United States. Fruits in great variety grow luxuriantly and plentifully:

amongst them are the pine-apple, lime, orange, papaw, cocoa-nut, tamarind, the plantain, and the banana. Domestic animals can be raised, of every necessary kind, and in any required number, with less trouble and expense than in the United States,—such as cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, geese, turkeys, &c. In addition to these resources, numerous kinds of wild game, including deer of several varieties, are found; and, finally, fish are obtained in all the waters of the territory. To the industrious agriculturist, therefore, Liberia offers an inviting home,—a home in which all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries, of life may be procured with less labor than in most lands.

Any amount of *free-labor* coffee can be grown in Liberia, with suitable capital and labor. But palm-oil is the great staple of Liberia at present. This article is exceedingly high in price, and the consumption in Great Britain and the United States is rapidly increasing. Ground-nuts, for the manufacture of oil, form also a very important article of export for our allies, the French, and one which is getting more into demand in this country. In France, this oil is employed as a salad oil, and also for lamps, and for lubricating machinery. Cam-wood, (a dye-wood,) ivory, arrow-root, and some gold dust, are the principal other articles of export from Liberia. But sugar can be made to any amount, and good cotton grows indigenously: both these valuable products can be supplied in unlimited quantities, by the due application of capital and labor.

The *climate* of Liberia is, on the whole, healthful and pleasant, and well adapted to the constitution of the Negro. The extremes of the thermometer may be set down at 65° and 90°. The mean temperature for the year is about 80°. The only recognized division of the year into seasons is the wet or rainy, and the dry seasons. During the half of the year commencing with May, much more rain falls than during the other half commencing with November. As a general rule, however, it may be stated that some rain falls during every month in the year.

The Republic has a length of sea-coast exceeding five hundred miles, with an average depth of fifty miles. One or two smaller Colonies upon this coast have already been absorbed, by the voluntary act of their inhabitants, into this growing State. A movement is now taking place, however, of great importance; we refer to the attempt to induce the British Government to give up Sierra-Leone, and allow it to form a part of

Liberia. Should this take place, the sea-coast line will be extended to more than seven hundred miles. Very much may be said in favor of granting this concession, and we hope and believe the Government will give the subject its best attention. Both Colonies are the result of the same spirit of benevolence. A moral necessity gave birth, in each case, to the enterprise. The suffering and degraded condition of the colored people in various parts of the British Empire, moved the hearts of Wilberforce, and others of kindred spirit, in 1787, to devise means for their relief and improvement, and the Colony of Sierra-Leone was the result; an example which was influential upon the American Colonization Society, when, in 1816, Liberia, the germ of a future empire, sprang into life. The two Colonies are, therefore, the offspring of the same benevolent spirit; working by the same means to the same great ends. What more natural than that their union should be solemnly pronounced by the British Government? A possession which, in our hands, has no value but what arises from its answering its benevolent design,—and even that value is greatly lessened by the unsuitableness of the climate to European constitutions,—would thus become a source of greatly increased strength to its younger brother and successor. The splendid port and harbor of Sierra-Leone would be a great gain to Liberia; and, indeed, its acquisition is the grand motive to the movement. Let us hand over our possessions on this coast to an *independent* African Government. With this orderly rule we are well acquainted, and our growing commercial relations will always give us influence in its councils. Our moral support will serve at once as guide and defence in its future career.

The country greatly differs from the usual representations. The scenery is nowhere uninteresting, and everywhere presents something pleasing to the eye. It is diversified by mountains, hills, and vales,—all embellished by mighty trees, or elegant shrubs, clad in thick and luxuriant foliage of perpetual green. The banks of rivers and smaller streams are decorated with magnificent festoons and natural grottoes, formed by creeping plants, hanging from the tops of the tallest trees to the water's edge. Large farms of rice, Indian corn, and yams, are often to be seen; and many vegetables belonging more properly to temperate climates grow well. Beans, peas, cabbages, tomatoes, cucumbers, and water-melons may be cul-

tivated without difficulty. The cucumber attains the size of fourteen or fifteen inches; the yam is found three feet long, and weighing from twenty to thirty pounds.

A tolerable idea of the interior settlements may be gathered from the following extracts from a letter written by Bishop Payne, during a recent episcopal progress through his extensive diocese. Speaking of SINOÛ, he remarks:—

"This is a Liberian settlement, intermediate between Cape Palmas and Basso, and about ninety miles distant from either place, the apparent prosperity of which was far greater than I had anticipated, flattering as had been the accounts of it. Greenville, the sea-port town, presents altogether the most pleasant and respectable appearance of any in Liberia. Not so large by half as Monrovia, nor having so large a number of good buildings, it is yet more compact, has more good houses together, and the style of building is better and more uniform. This arises from the fact, that the inhabitants came chiefly from the cities of Charleston and Savannah, and are many of them men of means and excellent mechanics. I believe all the trades are there represented, from the goldsmith to the blacksmith. A fine steam saw-mill has been erected, and is in operation, on the Sinoû River, immediately in the rear of Greenville, and on the border of a heavily timbered forest. Besides the town of Greenville, there are four other villages or townships on the Sinoû River, namely, Farmersville, Lexington, Louisiana, and Reedsville. They extend to the distance of seven miles from the sea-shore, and have an aggregate population of about 1,500. These settlements are receiving a yearly accession of population from the United States; and are, I think, destined to improve as fast, and increase as rapidly, as any other places in Liberia.

"The BASSA COVE station may now be regarded as fairly commenced. The settlement of Fishtown, in connection with which so much difficulty had occurred, and upon which incipient operations had in some measure depended, has been effected. More than two hundred people are on the ground; the city has been laid off, lots drawn, and buildings carried rapidly forward towards completion.

"FISHTOWN is three miles from the mouth of the St. John's River, and the present settlement of Bassa Cove. With the settlement and the intervening plain, it constitutes the city of Buchanan. The project of a railroad to connect the two settlements is in agitation."

The mercantile interest of the Republic seems to be in a healthful state: the merchants are extending their operations by opening up new sources of commerce; and not only are their efforts producing very satisfactory results in reference to products and trade, but the prosperity attending these

branches of industry and enterprise has given an impulse to general improvement decidedly encouraging. The steam communication lately established between England and Liberia, is causing to spring up between the two countries a considerable traffic. The rivalry of America is of course to be looked for, and there is a movement now going on there to establish a line of steamers direct from the Chesapeake to Monrovia, at short intervals. Our American friends are not willing to let the important trade which they foresee will soon arise with the West Coast of Africa, fall altogether into the hands of the English. But rapid transit is the best way to bid for trade. They will thus have to compete with a mode of communication so quick, that President Roberts lately landed at home on the twenty second day after leaving London. The more of this rivalry the better for Liberia. Let England and America contend, in a friendly spirit, as to who shall buy the cam-wood, the ivory, the palm and nut oil, the sugar, cotton, and coffee of Liberia, and sell her what she may want of cotton, woollen, and silk fabrics, salt, crockery, and ironmongery;—such competition will but work out and develop that prosperous future for Liberia, which we conceive is destined to be attended by such vast results.

We find satisfactory evidence that their educational institutions are in a prosperous state, and are fully appreciated by the people; and preparations are making to introduce a higher order of establishments,—those of the collegiate kind.

We cannot too much commend the principle on which the colonization movement is based. Mankind have ordinarily been led to the colonization and settlements of new countries by motives of commercial advantage. Such was the case in ancient Greece, and such was the origin of the greater portion of the American Colonies, mingled, it is true, in some instances, with a desire to escape from religious persecution. But the cause of African civilization was based upon no such ground. Its object and aim was to benefit a race entirely distinct from that to which the founders and friends of the Societies belong. They were established upon principles of the purest benevolence, and are thus worthy of the sympathy and support of Christian philanthropists of every country. Liberia has already accomplished much for African freedom, and proved a powerful instrument in the suppression of the Slave Trade. She has concluded treaties with many of the native Chiefs of the interior, by which the latter

have bound themselves, not only to discontinue dealing in slaves, but to refer to arbitration those inter-tribal differences which prove so frequent a cause of war, and which furnish the principal sources whence the Slave Trade was fed. Let the civilizing influences of commerce have but a fair field, and the Slave Trade, as well as domestic slavery, will disappear from the coast.

The close connection between African colonization and African Missions is apparent throughout the history of both, at least so far as regard the Western Coast of Africa. The constant growth of the latter, under the fostering influence of the former; the glorious missionary agency already at work, both in Sierra-Leone and Liberia; the rapid multiplication of Churches and Missionary Stations along thousands of miles of the African coasts; the gradual extinction of the Slave Trade, and the preparation of Africa for the reception of the Gospel;—these are all encouraging proofs of the happy union and mutual influences of the two great movements. And if we take into the account the facilities in the United States for preparing, and that rapidly, the descendants of Africa to become teachers and guides of their dark-colored brethren,—we see laid down a mighty circle of influence, which shall pour a current of scriptural truth through the whole of that vast and populous continent.

One grand result which the success of Liberia has already produced, is the solution of the problem, *Is the colored man capable of self-government?* We lately noticed some elaborate attempts, upon the part of certain American ethnologists, to prove the natural inferiority of the Negro race. We may almost decline to bandy arguments with such men, when we can point to an example like Liberia. Men who can, year after year, go on exercising the highest functions of the Christian citizen, may well pass over such attacks with just scorn. The successful black merchant, the prosperous black agriculturist, may be pardoned if he treats with merited contempt the ravings of these white sciolists, whose claim of superiority is founded neither upon personal nor family merit, but upon the somewhat diluted merit of race. The problem above referred to is now being practically and beautifully solved by the ability and fidelity of the colored man himself, aided, it is true, by Christian philanthropy. He is carving out for himself, his children, and his race, a NATIONALITY, commanding the confidence and respect of the civilized world. Wherever the colored man lives, and how-

ever deeply he may be called to suffer in legal slavery or social serfdom, while he can point to that prosperous Republic, and say, "There is the country and home of my brother: he constructed its stable Government, preserves its integrity, and promotes its prosperity and power, by his own hand, by his own virtue, his own enterprise;" whether personally he be bond or free, whether in the United States, Canada, the West Indies, or Brazil,—that man can never hereafter be held to belong to an inferior race. The ban and the darkness of ages are removed; the true light shines: Ham is not cursed of God, as men would have him cursed; the *theory* fades before the brightness of the *fact*.

Look, again, at the door of escape which Liberia affords to the free colored population of the United States. It is difficult to realize the sensations of the free black in the States, who may possess wealth and education. An eternal barrier, as it seems, shuts him out from all that wealth and education procure for their possessor in other circumstances and other lands. Everything conspires to wound his pride, to lessen his influence for good, to check his natural ambition. If the worst portion of his nature prevail, he sinks into a careless sensualist, or a mere sycophant. But if his education and his religious principles have matured his native powers, and led him to desire that position of influence from which he is debarred by nothing but his color, what is he to do? It is in such circumstances that Liberia offers him a sphere for his usefulness, a field for his honest ambition. And if we find, as we do, that many of the wealthier free blacks still hold aloof from Liberia, and are waiting till more material comforts are gathered into its houses, we may safely conclude that time will show them their error, and will point out the true sphere for their talents, their wealth, and their influence. But to the poor free black, who has no means to enjoy the luxuries of the large cities of the States, and whose desire is to provide for his family in ordinary comfort, and raise himself and them to a higher grade in the social scale,—to him the opportunity of reaching a land which offers every promise to his hopes, is afforded by the Colonization Societies. It was the language of one of these, who had experienced the benefits of a home amongst his countrymen, when expressing anxiety to return from a visit to the States, "Sir, I feel anxious to return as speedily as possible to my own country; for there I feel myself to be a *man*."

The achievements of colonization on the

West Coast of Africa can hardly be exaggerated. There we find a national polity, municipal institutions, Christian Churches, and Christian Ministers; schools, and a sound system of education; a public press, rising towns and villages, a productive agriculture, and a growing commerce. Under its rule about two hundred and fifty thousand human beings are found living together in harmony, enjoying all the advantages of social and political life, and submitting to all the restraints which government and religious principle demand. Means are found to harmonize the habits and interests of the colonists, their descendants, the native-born Liberians, and the aborigines of the coast. As the creation and achievement of less than forty years, we insist that this is without parallel in the history of the world.

But if it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the past history of the movement on this coast, is it possible to over-estimate the vast importance of its future?

The benefits it is conferring already upon America are considerable. The best men in the States are encouraging the establishment of Colonization Societies, having experience of their usefulness in removing from their soil a difficulty of the most pressing kind. The blacks themselves are applying for passages to Liberia in greater numbers than the Societies can possibly overtake; and the letters of those who have had the good fortune to escape to Liberia are filled with invitations to

their former friends to come over, and enjoy the good land. That the Slave Trade will be extinguished, under the influences growing up along the coast, taken in connection with the Anglo-American Squadron, is in the utmost degree probable. The commercial treaties with the native Kings, in which a clause is generally introduced,—we believe we may say, invariably,—binding them to discontinue the traffic in their subjects; the increasing number of merchant vessels in those waters, which the growing commerce of the coast will necessitate; and the experience of the greater profit attending the pursuits of legitimate trade,—all will combine to hasten the fall of this cruel and nefarious traffic.

But these are Christian communities, and embrace, amongst their machinery, the institutions of the gospel. They carry, not only the social seeds of the civil redemption of Africa, but the elements, of mighty power, by which that long desolated continent, and those oppressed races, can be regenerated and elevated into civilized and Christian nations. The light from this centre is irradiating the interior of the continent, and breaking up the superstition and idolatry of the native tribes. The accursed Slave Trade, the most afflictive scourge of Africa, shall first be destroyed; and every obstacle shall fall which would impede the progress of the Gospel among the varied and countless populations of that continent.

From Chambers' Journal.

PATERNOSTER ROW.

PATERNOSTER Row, which, as most people know, stands north of St. Paul's Church-yard, began its career as a straggling row or rank of dumpy wooden houses, inhabited by the turners of beads and rosaries, and the writers of Paternosters, Aves, and Creeds, in days prior to the invention of printing. Its proximity to the metropolitan church, and its central position in the capital, made it a desirable situation for the scribes and the artificers of those days, whose occupation it was to supply the literature and the machinery of devotion. The Row then consisted

but of a single rank of houses, looking out upon old St. Paul's Church; and the sale of its merchandise, we may reasonably conclude, augmented or declined with the religious fervor of the people, and with the periodical celebration of ecclesiastical ceremonies.

When the Reformation came, and England grew Protestant, the beads and the rosaries, the Paternosters, Aves, and Creeds—and the poor friars of the religious houses, "white, black, and gray, with all their trumpery," had to decamp without beat of drum. In their

place came a swarm of mercers, silkmen, lacemen, and tirowomen and seamstresses. Church-goers no longer wanted beads and breviaries, but handsome Sunday-garments—and the new tenants of the Row administered to the necessities of a new species of devotion, not much better, it is to be feared, than the old. The Row now began to grow famous as a market for rich velvets and stuffs. It was here the gentry of the court of Charles II. came a-shopping in their equipages; and by this time the Row must have become, to some extent, what it is at the present day—a narrow lane, unsuitable for the passage of vehicles—for we read that the thoroughfare was often blocked up by the carriages of the court ladies. Pepys records, in his diary (1660), that he came here to buy, “moyle for a morning waistcoat;” and again, in 1662, that he came on foot to purchase “satin for a petticoat for his wife against the queen’s coming.”

But the mercers, lacemen, &c., had not the whole place to themselves. A century before Pepys bought his wife’s satin petticoat, one Henry Denham, a bookseller, had opened shop at the sign of the Star, and had written on his sign-board the motto: *Os homini sublime dedit*. It was not, however, until the reign of Queen Anne that the booksellers in a body removed to the Row from Little Britain. From that time to this, the reputation of the Row has spread further and wider through the world with each revolving year; and for many generations past, the well-known name has been familiar to the eye of every man, woman, and child of the realm to whom a book is either a necessary or a luxury of life. It is not our purpose to trace the history of the commerce in books, of which the Row is the great centre, and where as many as five millions of volumes have been sold in a year by a single firm. To do that, would require more space than we have at command, and would involve researches and calculations that might perplex and appal a Bidder. The Row is fed, now-a-days, by fifty thousand authors at least, and a thousand or so of steam-presses; and what the amount of printed paper may be which is turned into it and turned out of it in the course of a year, let those declare, if there be such, who have the means of judging. There are firms there of above a century’s standing, who might throw some light on that subject, if they chose; and to them we leave it—preferring, on the present occasion, to introduce the reader to Paternoster Row under its ex-

isting aspect, and contemplate at leisure such of its activities as may help us to some general idea of its way of life.

The aspect of the Row, enter it from what quarter you may—and you may take your choice of very numerous different entrances—is pretty sure to disappoint the expectations of a stranger. To say the best of it, it is but a narrow, curving, irregular thoroughfare, leading from near Ludgate Hill to Cheapside—a lane of brick and mortar, with erections of all dates and all styles and no-styles of building—with a foot-pavement scarcely wide enough for two individuals to pass each other, and a roadway through a good part of which vehicles can pass only in single file. The shops, which, with the exception of two or three, are all those of publishers, have a business rather than an attractive air, and except on certain periodical occasions, are not much troubled by the rush of customers. Into this lane, a number of narrower lanes, of courts and alleys, disembody themselves—some leading to Newgate market, whose shambles are in unpleasant contiguity to the rears of the houses on the northern side—some into St. Paul’s Churchyard, some into Newgate Street and Warwick Square, and some to nowhere particular, only to a *cul-de-sac*, which sends the wanderer back again into the Row. At the west end, in a small dusty square, accessible through close-paved courts, leading by a byway to Ludgate Hill, stands a noble sycamore of perhaps a century’s growth, whose leaves rustle pleasantly in hot summer-time, and whose leafless boughs in the winter are the parliament of the sparrows of the ward, which are observed to sit there in deafening convocation daily during the short half-hour of winter’s twilight.

Viewed, then, in connection with the immediate neighborhood of Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, and Newgate Street, which, from early morn to midnight, are resounding with the continuous roar and rumble of wheels, the Row is, in general, a remarkably quiet place. The fever of business is intermittent, and the crises occur only at regular intervals. During the quiet times, the place is frequented chiefly by two classes: the publishers, their booksellers and their agents—and literary men. There is a good deal of gossiping in the shops among clerical-looking gentlemen in white ties, and much lounging and reading of newspapers and magazines over the counter among clerks and shopmen. Now and then, the old blind fiddler strays into the Row, and tunes up a

sentimental air, followed by rapid variations, in a masterly style, to whom his regular patrons are not slow in awarding the customary meed of coin. Anon comes a brass band of Germans, who draw up in rank on the kerb, intoning the patriotic harmonies of Fatherland, and who, in their turn, gather a shower of coppers, cunningly aimed from upper stories into the open throat of French horn or ophicleide by publishers' clerks in want of more profitable amusement. Here and there, a collector, bag on shoulder, strolls from shop to shop, to make up some extra parcel for a country customer—or a hungry bookworm lounges from window to window, to catch a glimpse of some new work; but there are no great signs of activity—except it be the sudden taking to his heels of the bookworm aforesaid, from a sudden effluvium that hits him clean off the pavement, and sends him staggering down the nearest court; and which proceeds from a tallow-melting establishment, as appropriately fixed, as would be a pig in an Operabox, in the very focus and centre of the literary world. Once a week, however, the Row puts on a vivacious look, and bustle and business are the order of the hour. By post-time on Friday, the weekly papers march off in sacks, bags, and parcels to the post-office, and of these the Row furnishes a liberal quota. The procuring of the papers from the publishers of each, which is often attended with no small amount of squabbling and delay—the packing for agents—the addressing to private customers—the invoicing and final bundling off on the back of the boy to the post-office—all together put the whole force of the publisher upon their mettle, and make his shop-counter the arena of a contest against time, in which, if he come off the winner by a minute or so, he is perfectly satisfied. Before the clock strikes six, the whole affair is over—the crisis past, and the Row has relapsed into its former state of tranquillity.

But the grandest demonstration of all occurs on that day of days, which is the test and touchstone of the publisher's commerce, known among printers, binders, booksellers, and men of the Row of all denominations, as Magazine-day. On this day, which is the last day of every month, the Row is as much alive as an Egyptian pot of vipers, and far more wide awake. Every house, from garret to cellar, is in a thrill of agitation that stirs the dust in the remotest crannies. Such pulling and lugging and hauling, and unpacking and brown-papering and pigeon-holing, as then

takes place, upstairs and down, is a thing to be seen only then and there, and at no other time or place. It is a thing worth seeing, too, only we would advise no unauthorized intrusion of spectators who cannot compromise their dignity, and consent to be carried with the tide.

The business of Magazine-day invariably commences on the night before the important day dawns—a night which goes among the trade by the denomination of "late night," from the fact that its duties, when business is brisk, rarely terminate before twelve or one o'clock. By the morning post of this day of preparation, the orders of the country booksellers have all arrived. From their orders the invoices have to be made out; a process which in some houses, is facilitated by means of printed lists of the monthly magazines and of the publisher's own books. Each regular customer has his allotted pigeon-hole, or other place of deposit, into which his invoice is put as soon as it is copied, together with such of the books he has ordered as the publisher has on his premises. In this way, a considerable part of the work of Magazine-day is done during "late night;" and in houses where the business is extensive, it is indispensable that all that can possibly be done should be done before the labors of the night cease. Because, in a case where a man has to supply in one day the monthly parcel of a hundred or more of country booksellers, each of whom would think there was a design to ruin him if his parcel did not arrive on the first of the month, he cannot afford the risk of a moment's avoidable delay.

As soon as breakfast is swallowed on Magazine-day, the business of despatch begins. The printers have sent the magazines perhaps overnight, or, at the least, by early morning. The object is now to complete the order of each customer; and the moment it is completed, to pack it up with the invoice, and direct the parcel. Were nothing more to be done than to add the magazines and monthly publications to such books as form part of the publisher's own stock, the affair would be comparatively easy and simple; but as country booksellers deal mostly with but one publisher, each publisher has to supply his customers with all they want; and it will happen that, for one book of his own, he is compelled to procure ten or a dozen of other people's, upon which all the profit he gets is a trifling commission. Let him be as provident as he will in reference to this contingency, he finds, on Magazine-

day, that he has to send not only to every house in the Row, but to half the publishers scattered over the metropolis besides, for books or pamphlets he has not got. His hands are so busy packing, sorting, and arranging, that he cannot spare enough of them to run half over the town for the whole day; so he has recourse to the book-collector, who at this moment comes forward with his services, and of whom, notwithstanding the hurry of the occasion, we must say a word or two before we proceed.

The "collector," so indispensable to the Row, is a rather anomalous subject, and may rank as a curiosity among London industrials. He is, for the most part, neither man nor boy, but in that transition period of existence known as hobbledohoyhood. For the outward and visible signs of respectability, judging from appearances, he cares not a doit. He wears a seedy suit, surmounted by a cloth cap or a crushed hat; and he carries on his shoulders a dust-colored canvas-bag, which had parted with its original and legal hue before it came into his possession. His voice is loud, his bearing independent, and his speech sharp, rapid, and abbreviated. Perhaps you would not be inclined to trust him with much, measuring him by your instincts; but if you were a publisher, you would be compelled to trust him often, and with a good deal. In the financial conduct of small and serial publications, ready cash is the standing rule; and you must give your collector the cash, or he can't collect the goods. Fortunately, you *may* trust him without incurring any great risk: there is honesty in him, and a proud feeling of caste, and he will account for your cash to the last fraction; and if he should do so with an air as though, if there were any delinquency to be suspected, it would be on your part, and not on his, you need not be surprised—it is his way. When you have given him your cash and your commission, he knows what to do, and is off like a shot. A specific sort of knowledge he has in perfection—a knowledge of little books and low-priced publications, and who their publishers are, and where they may be got. He will not travel half the distance for the things you want that your own clerk would do if you were to send him after them. Then, he can crush into a crowd, and "chaff" and bully his way to the counters in a style which your clerk would never learn, and get his business done all the quicker for it—and he will fill his bag, and return with the load, leaving you ample time for packing before the carts come for

the parcels. He is well known at all the news-offices—was, in fact, a news-boy himself as long as he was a boy at all—is well used to accounts, and the mental addition of fractions especially; and though more than a trifle pert and slangy, and given to stare at you in a way that savors of impudence, he is, upon the whole, a reasonably reliable, indifferent, happy-go-lucky sort of fellow enough.

As fast as the several orders are completed, the collected books and publications, together with the invoices, are carried to the packing-department, which may be a cellar, gas-lighted, below the shop, to be packed. The packets of the smaller traders are mostly cleared off early in the day, and stacked ready for the carters; but the completion of a large order is a thing not to be got over in a hurry, and is only effected at last by the success of the collectors in their rambling mission. Often enough, as country booksellers know to their mortification, an order is not completed at all—tracts and pamphlets being returned as "out of print" when they are only "out of reach," far off on the shelves of some West-end publisher, to whom there is not time to send.

As the day grows older, faster and more furious grows the strife of business. Every publisher has not only his own dozens, scores, or hundreds of parcels to despatch, but he is himself a quarry of more or less importance to fifty other publishers, whose agents and collectors are goading him on all sides with eager and hurried demands, which it is as much to his interest to supply instantaneously, as it is to execute the orders he has himself received. Within doors, the shops are crammed with messengers, bag-laden and clamorous, from all parts of London; and without, the Row is thronged like a market with figures darting to and fro, and across and back again—with bulging sacks on shoulder—with paper-parcels and glittering volumes grasped under each arm—and with piles of new books a yard high resting on clasped hands, and steadied beneath the chin. It is of no use now for the blind fiddler or the brass band to make their appearance, and they know that perfectly well, being never caught in the Row on Magazine-day.

Let us enter one of the shops while the business of the day is at its height, and note what is going on. The apartment is not particularly large, the convenience of space being the one thing in which the Row is awkwardly deficient; but it is well furnished

with goods, the walls, from floor to ceiling, being on all sides one conglomerate of pigeon holes; further, there are screens of double-sided pigeon-holes dividing the shop from the offices, and all are stuffed to repletion with books, mostly of small size, and tracts or pamphlets in prodigious numbers. A crowd of boys and lads are pressing to the counter, behind which clerks, with pen in hand or ear, and shopmen, now climbing ladders, now ducking and diving into dark corners, are busy in supplying their clamorous demands. From a trap-door in the floor, the gaslight glimmers pale from the cellar below, whence now and then a head emerges, and descends again with an unpacked pile. Amid the jingle of cash, the shuffling of feet, and the lumping of books on the counter, rise the imperative voices of the collectors, in tones none of the gentlest, and in terms not the most intelligible to the ear of the uninitiated.

"Come, it's my turn," bawls one: "am I to wait here all day? Pots of Manna, six; and Phials of Wrath, thirteen as twelve. Look alive, will you?"

While the shopman is rummaging for the Pots and Phials, another voice ejaculates:—

"Coming Struggles, twenty-six as twenty-four; two Devices of Satan, and one little Tommy Tubbs."

"Do you keep the Pious Pieman?" roars a lanky "lither lad," half doubled up beneath his corpulent bag.

"No," says the shopman—"over the way for the Pious Pieman."

"Well, give us a dozen Blaspheming Blacksmiths—thirteen you know. Anything off the Blacksmith?"

Shopman shakes his head.

"Nine Broken Pitchers and Jacob's Well!" screams a shrill youth; "and What's a Church, and Wheat or Chaff?"

"Ten Garments of Faith, and fifty Bands of Hope," cries another.

"Come," adds a third, "give us Old Brown and the New Jerusalem, and I'll be off."

"Do you keep the Two Thieves?" asks a fourth.

"Yes; how many?"

"Two Two Thieves and Thoughts in Prison."

The traffic here, as you perceive, is of a peculiar kind, being mostly in publications of a low price and of a religious character. The moment a customer gets what he wants, he is off elsewhere for serials and volumes of a different description. The demand of

the present day being chiefly for cheap or low-priced literature of one kind or another, we find the greatest crowds where that is dispensed in the greatest quantity. In places where volumes and the dear magazines form the whole, or nearly the whole, of the materials of traffic, there is time, even on Magazine-day, to conduct the business with more deliberation and decorum. But time must not be lost; and the dinner-hour comes and goes at this particular crisis with but an apology for dinner, or not even that, to the majority of the actors in the busy scene.

As the afternoon wanes, the collectors gradually disappear; and that for an obvious reason, as their burdens have to be sorted, packed, and sent off before six o'clock. As other people's collectors desert the publisher's shop, his own begin to return, having fulfilled their commissions; and now there is an hour and a half, or two hours, in which the work of packing has to be completed. The packing of books is an art, not an intuition. If it is not well done, the books suffer in their transit to the bookseller, and may be refused by the customer; and if it is not done quickly on Magazine-day, it may as well not be done at all. Practice, however, renders the packers adroit; and it is amusing as well as surprising to note how rapidly a heap of books, of all sizes and all shapes, of damp magazines and flimsy sheets, is transformed into a neat brown paper-parcel, corded and directed, and ready for carriage. This all-important work employs all hands, and consumes the last laboring hours of the day. As time draws on, symptoms begin to appear of the conclusion of the labor. Head-clerks and shopmen button on their coats, and march off to a late dinner; chops, steaks, and cups of coffee walk in to the solace of those who are left behind to see to the termination of the day's business; and carts and wagons begin to defile into the Row from the Western entrance, to carry off the parcels to the carriers' depôts. According to a very necessary regulation, well understood, the carts and vehicles performing this service enter the Row from the western or Ludgate Hill end, and draw up with horses' heads towards Cheapside. As a compensation for any trouble this rule may occasion, the carters have a small monthly gratuity allowed them. The carriers send for the goods at their own expense, receiving only the usual booking-fee for each parcel. Notwithstanding these regulations, however, the carting-process rarely goes off without a bout at wrangling and squabbling among

the drivers. Now and then, an unsalaried carter, hired for the single job, and ignorant of the etiquette which requires that all vehicles shall depart at the Cheapside end of the Row, will obstinately persist in crushing his way in the contrary direction—and though he is generally defeated in the attempt, he does not submit to fate without the usual demonstrations characteristic of his class. When the carts have all been filled and driven off, the Row assumes a sudden tranquillity, in remarkable contrast with the bustle and turmoil of the past day. By the time its shops are finally closed for the night, some million or so of copies of the latest productions of the press have taken to themselves wings of steam, and are all flying from London, as a common centre, to all parts of the realm; and before to-morrow night, the greater portion of them will be affording to the reading-public their monthly literary treat.

The above glance at the operations of the publishing-trade, furnishes us with a reason sufficiently obvious why publishers should congregate—in so doing, they do but practice what is mutually convenient and profit-

able. It shows us, moreover, that the convenience at present derived from association, is capable of very considerable enhancement. What, to us, appears to be wanting, is the establishment of a publishers' hall of commerce, in which, of everything published, not only in London but in all parts of the country, copies should be deposited for sale at the wholesale prices to all the members. The establishment need not be large, nor its management expensive; and the expense should be defrayed by a rate chargeable to each member, and deducted from the sums handed over to him in payment for his deposits. If the publishing trade goes on increasing for the next thirty years in the same proportion as during the last thirty years, Paternoster Row, with its present limits, cannot long continue to form its principal store-house. As other nuclei arise in other places, the necessity for some common area for the despatch of business will become more imperative and indisputable; and something equivalent to what we here suggest will arise, as most improvements in commercial systems have arisen, out of the urgent requirements of the hour.

From Dickens' Household Words.

ALEXANDER THE FIRST.

I HAVE recently met with a strictly Russian account of the death of the Emperor Alexander. It was written evidently by one of his attendants, and disseminated through Germany, for the purpose of contradicting the opinion then generally entertained that he had been poisoned. The German publication in which it occurs is very guarded in the expression of its sentiments on this still mysterious subject, and I think there are some circumstances, even in this quasi-official document, which are not quite clearly reconcilable with the theory it intends to support. The immediate interest of this question has now passed away, but the diary (which is the form this writing sometimes assumes) is so full of the names of places about which our curiosity is now daily excited; and the contrast between the past and the present condition of the lands in which Alexander

made his last expedition, and ended his days, is so strange; that I have thought a translation of the whole description of his journey and death would not be without its value at time when our eyes are so anxiously turned to the Crimea and the Sea of Azoff.

EINIGES UBER DIE LETZTEN LEBENSTAGE DES KAISER'S ALEXANDER.

General Diebitsch has remarked, that when the Emperor was leaving St. Petersburg, he looked at the quays, which he generally admired so much, with a dark and sorrowful expression, and even turned away from them to look at the citadel; that he then sunk deep in thought, and even when, at last, he broke the silence, made no observation on the magnificence of the view before him.

Some days before he commenced his journey to the Crimea the Emperor was working in his cabinet, in the finest possible weather. Suddenly such a cloud enveloped the sun that he could not see to write. He rang for candles. Aricimoff entered and received the order; but as the darkness suddenly cleared off, he came again but without bringing the lights.

"You don't bring in the candles," said the emperor, giving way to some dark foreboding, to which he had been subject for some time. "Is it because people would say, if you burnt candles by daylight, that a corpse was in the room? I thought of this myself."

When the emperor came to Taganrog, on his return from the Crimea, where everything had given him satisfaction, he went to his room, and said to Aricimoff: "Do you remember your refusing to bring in the candles, and what I said on the occasion? Who knows but very likely the saying may come true?"

At dinner one day, at Bakshiserai, the emperor, who hated physic, and never spoke of it, especially at table, took it into his head to ask Wylie, his physician, if he had any strong antidote against fever.

"Yes, sire," said Wylie.

"Good; let it be brought in."

The medicine-chest was brought, and the emperor, who was in perfect health, took a pinch or two of the specific, though it had a strong, disagreeable smell.

Whenever he stopped at a town, it was his custom to go straight to the principal church to say his prayers. When the empress arrived at Taganrog, the emperor led her, as if under the impulse of a presentiment, into the Greek monastery instead of into the High Church. And this monastery is the same in which his body was laid in state, on the twenty-third of December. On his arrival he expressed his anxiety to visit the Crimea at once. This anxiety, however, seemed to decrease as the time of his departure drew near. The expedition, indeed, was nearly put off till the next spring; but Woronzoff's arrival altered this idea. Once he ordered Diebitsch to draw out a plan of the journey, and bring it to him. Diebitsch soon prepared one, as he was ordered, but the emperor said, "This is too long a route—make a shorter one." Next day Diebitsch brought one which he thought would please.

"Twenty days!" said the emperor; "you have altered nothing—shorten it! shorten it!" And at last, with difficulty, he consent-

ed to a route reduced to a little more than a fortnight.

All the time the emperor's illness lasted, the dogs in Taganrog, as many people remarked, howled in a strange and frightful manner. Some had established themselves under the windows of the imperial cabinet, and made more hideous noises than the rest. Prince Wolkousky told me he had had a hundred and fifty of them killed in three days.

[After these preparatory statements, which are all of very sinister augury, we get to the emperor's visit to the Crimea.]

On the first of November, eighteen hundred and twenty-five, the emperor began his journey, and was gay and talkative for the first few days.

He was evidently happy and contented with everything. On the sixth he left Simpheropol on horseback, and rode five-and-thirty versts to Yoursoff, on the south coast. The carriages were ordered to wait for him two days in Baidar. The *maitre d'hôtel* was sent off with the carriages, and this, in Dr. Wylie's opinion, was one of the chief causes of the emperor's illness, because, during his absence, the food was of an inferior quality, or, at least, ill-prepared. On his arrival at Yoursoff, on the sixth, he dined late; on the following day, he went to Alupka, belonging to Prince Woronzoff; he visited the garden of Nikita on his way, and walked a great deal; then he went to Orienda, which he had bought of Bezborodka; and, from that place, went alone to Princess Galitzin. Diebitsch has told me that the Ohol colony of the Princess was, at that very time, afflicted with fever. He spent the night in a Tartar hut. He dined very late on his arrival at Alupka, and had eaten fruit on the journey. He rose early, and walked some time before leaving Alupka, and then rode at least forty versts. During this ride he was in bad humor, and very much discontented with his horse. It was necessary to mount a very steep hill to get to Marderino's estate in the interior, and without tasting food he came to Baidar. He was in a profuse perspiration and greatly tired; then, at last, he got into the carriage to go to Sebastopol. At the post-house, two versts from Balacava, he again got on horseback, and rode out with Diebitsch to review a Greek battalion, commanded by Ravalliotti; with him he breakfasted, and ate a large quantity of rich fish. He resumed his carriage at the post-house, and at the last station rode alone to visit a Greek monastery dedicated to St. George, wearing neither great

coat nor cloak, though the sun was set and there was a cold wind blowing. He stayed perhaps two hours in the monastery, and then rode back to the carriage, and reached Sebastopol between eight and nine o'clock. He betook himself immediately by torchlight to the church, and getting into the carriage, again drove to his quarters, near which he reviewed (also by torchlight) the marines. He ordered dinner on his arrival, but ate nothing. He then busied himself about the arrangements for the following day.

On that—namely the ninth—he saw a ship launched, and then visited the Military Hospital, about three versts from the town. On his return he received the authorities till half-past two, and then walked down to the seaside. He embarked in a boat, and visited a line-of-battle ship, and then crossed the harbor to see the Marine Hospital. After this he inspected the barracks, which were exposed to a cold damp wind, and then went, about four versts farther, to inspect the Alexander battery, where he ordered some practice with red-hot balls. At a late hour, the emperor dined with all his generals, and labored longer than usual with Diebitsch.

On the tenth, he sent over his carriages to the other side, and himself crossing in a boat and inspecting the Constantine battery and the citadel, rejoined them where they had been ordered to wait.

In the citadel an officer, poorly clothed, and without his sword, threw himself at the emperor's feet, saying he was in arrest by sentence of a court-martial, and applied for pardon. The man's uninviting appearance and manner made a very unpleasant impression on the emperor, who was probably already seized with illness, and he got no sleep all night. Shortly after this incident, he got into an open carriage, and proceeded to Bakshiserai, with which he was not nearly so much pleased on this visit as he had been on the last. He did not show the same liveliness as he had done hitherto, but seemed thoughtful and depressed. He slept in the carriage, and ate by himself.

On the eleventh, he rode to Yonfoul Kale (Schefet Kale), a Jewish town, where he visited several synagogues; and before he reached Bakshiserai, he visited a Greek monastery. As he ascended the steps, he felt himself so weak, that he was forced to rest, and then he returned to Yonfoul Kale, where he took refreshments with some of the principal Mahomedans. In the evening, he visited several of the mosques, and attended a religious solemnity at the house of one of the inhabit-

ants. In the same night he sent for Wylie, and consulted him about the health of the empress, regretting very much he had not been with her when she received news of the death of the King of Bavaria. On this occasion, also, he confessed he had for some time suffered from diarrhoea, and otherwise felt indisposed; but indeed, "In spite of it all, I don't want you or your medicines. I know how to cure myself." Wylie answered he was wrong to trust so much to tea and rum and water-gruel, for rhubarb was far better.

"Leave me alone," said the emperor; "I have told you often I will take none of your drugs." From that time till they arrived in Marienpol, Wylie, who daily inquired how the emperor was, received only the same reply: "I am quite well, don't talk to me of physic." From Bakshiserai, the emperor went in his open carriage to Kozloff, and exposed himself to the frightful exhalations near that place. In Kozloff he visited the churches, the mosques, the synagogues, the barracks, and the quarantine establishments. He allowed the captain of a Turkish merchantman which had not performed quarantine to come on shore, and spoke with him for some time. He was even angry with Wylie, who remonstrated with him on his imprudence.

It was only on his arrival at Marienpole, on the sixteenth, that for the first time he called in his physician, and consulted him on the serious state of his health. Wylie found him in a state of strong fever, with blue nails; the cold affected him greatly. Some days afterwards the fever left him, but till his arrival in Taganrog he ate almost nothing, and felt constantly unwell.

On the seventeenth, the emperor reached Taganrog. Prince Volkousky asked him how he felt. "I have caught a fever," he said, "in the Crimea, in spite of its boasted climate. I am now more than ever persuaded that we were wise to fix on Taganrog as the residence of the empress." He added, that since he left Bakshiserai he had had a fever; he had asked there for something to drink, and Federoff had given him a cup of acid barberry syrup. "I drank it off," he said, "and immediately felt acute pains in my limbs. I became more feverish when I visited the hospital at Perekop."

Volkousky observed in reply, he did not take care enough of himself, and should not run the risks he did with impunity when he was twenty years younger.

He felt much worse on the following day, and was forced to desist from transacting busi-

ness with Volkousky. At three o'clock he dined with the empress.

The chamberlain told the prince that the emperor perspired in an extraordinary manner; and Wylie being summoned, accompanied Volkousky into the room. They found him sitting on a sofa, with his feet covered with flannel, and very feverish. The physician induced him to take some pills, but afterwards it was with difficulty he could be dissuaded from renewing his labors. At seven in the evening he felt better, and thanked Wylie for his attentions. He then sent for the empress, who remained with him till ten o'clock. The emperor had a quiet night, and at seven in the morning took a mixture, which did him good. The night of the twentieth was restless; he had had an attack of the fever, and had been prevented from attending mass. The emperor seemed shocked at the number of papers placed before him; but Volkousky recommended him to attend first to the restoration of his health, before he busied himself with despatches. The empress was again sent for, and stayed with him till ten.

On the twenty-first he felt worse, and allowed a report of his condition to be sent to the Empress-mother and the Grand Duke Constantine.

The night of the twenty-second was tolerable easy, but in the morning he felt very ill. At eleven he had an alarming fainting fit, and all day a burning skin, with strong perspiration in the evening. He never spoke unless when he wanted anything, and appeared almost always in a comatose state.

On the twenty-third he felt somewhat better, and the empress remained with him till dinner-time; but on standing up, he fainted again.

On the twenty-fourth he enjoyed some orange lemonade very much, and seemed considerably relieved.

On the twenty-fifth his skin was burning, and all day he did not speak a word. As the lemonade made him sick, they gave him cherry syrup.

On the twenty-sixth he was so much stronger, that he sat up and shaved himself; but at twelve had another access of fever. The physician recommended leeches, but he would not hear of them; and in case of irritating him by the attempt, they were not alluded to again. On the recurrence of a fainting fit, at eight o'clock, Wylie told Volkousky that his life was in great danger. The latter went at once to the empress, and told her no time was to be lost if she wished

the emperor to perform his last Christian duties. The unhappy empress found herself strong enough to go without delay to the emperor, to speak to him on the subject.

"Am I indeed so ill?" he asked.

"My dearest friend," answered the empress, "you have refused every means suggested by the doctors; let us now make an experiment with this."

"With all my heart," said the emperor, and called in the physician.

"I am then so ill?" he said.

"Yes, sire," replied Wylie, with tears. "You would not follow my prescriptions, and now I must tell you—not as your physician, but as an honorable and Christian man—there is not a moment to lose."

The emperor pressed his hands, which he held a long time in his, and sank into deep thought. Wylie was now asked if the confession might be delayed till the morning, and to this he agreed. At eleven o'clock the emperor besought his wife to go and take some rest.

Between four and five of the morning of the twenty-seventh, the emperor was much worse, and the empress was summoned. The confessor came.

"I must now be left alone," said Alexander. And when he had finished his confession, the empress returned and joined in the communion. She then, throwing herself on her knees along with the confessor, besought him to let leeches be applied. He promised his consent, and turning to the empress, said: "Never did I find myself more perfectly at peace, and for this I am eternally indebted to you." Thirty leeches were applied, but took more than two hours to bite, and drew little blood.

The night of the twenty-eighth was very restless, and the emperor greatly exhausted. He took a spoonful of lemonade, and in spite of all applications was ill the whole day. On the twenty-ninth a blister was applied to his back. At ten o'clock he came to himself again, spoke a little, and recognized everybody. He wished to drink, and said to Volkousky, "Edrean, nisiré." On which the other replied, "Tino? Nonackambe." But Volkousky saw that he had no strength to take the gargle, and he was now in the greatest danger.

On the thirteenth he seemed tolerably strong, but the fever increased, and the danger grew more threatening all day. Every time he opened his eyes, he looked to the empress, took her hands, kissed them, and pressed them to his heart. Volkousky ap-

proached to kiss his hand, but he did not seem pleased, as he never liked kissing of hands. He lost consciousness at twenty minutes to twelve and never recovered it.

On the first of December he breathed his last, at ten minutes to eleven in the morning. The empress closed his eyes.

The priest to whom he confessed is called Alexis, and is arch-priest of the high church at Taganrog. The Archbishop of Ecatherinossloff read the prayers when the emperor was laid out. The corpse of the emperor lay nine days in his cabinet, while it was embalmed. During this time the empress resided in the town. The body was, however,

not so well embalmed as could be wished. It was necessary to dip it constantly in ice, and to moisten the face with an acid by which his features became dark and unrecognizable. In the head some wrong-placed membranes were found, at the exact spot which he used to touch when he was in pain. The emperor had suffered greatly in his last moments; he breathed fast, and with difficulty. He died in his cabinet, on a divan. The persons in the next room heard his struggles. During his illness, he often lay in the little room at the front of his cabinet. A moment was seized, while the empress was out of the chamber, to administer the last sacraments.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE FIRST CONCERT IN TAHITI.*

PROBABLY NO artist in the world ever saw so strange a public assembled, as that which surrounded me here on the 6th of October, 1854. In the hall which, for the occasion, was transformed into a concert-room, the natives formerly worshipped their idols; here, the queen had the false gods burnt; here, a French court-martial sentenced the rebel islanders who could not reconcile themselves to a protectorate they had not sought; and here, in spotless London attire, stood I as the herald of the West, and tried with my fiddle to give some of those notions of modern European civilization to the children of nature, from which Providence until now had kindly preserved them. To the right, surrounded by tropical plants, sat the French governor and his lady, and a crowd of officers

in glittering regimentals; to the left, a box was constructed of palm-mats, decorated with gaudy chintz, for the barefooted queen and her court; the rest of the hall was filled with the strange figures of the natives, whose ears were as yet unaccustomed to any other music than the warbling of the birds.

I stepped forth, bowed to the audience, and opened the concert; but it took some time before I could make it understood that at a concert the public have nothing to do but to listen. The natives did not seem at all aware of this fact; they chattered so loud, that I had frequently to break off and begin over again.

I played *Othello*, by Ernst, but probably a thrilling cornet-a-piston, accompanied by drums, would have afforded more pleasure to the brown islanders than my fiddling; for with the exception of some friendly European hands, not a finger was moved by my performance. The piece was finished without having been interrupted by any sign of applause—never in my life had I felt so little appreciated as here. The queen, leading a young boy by the hand, now appeared with her ladies-in-waiting, fantastically clad, but all of them barefooted, and very curious about the things they were to witness.

* This relation is given by the musician himself in a letter to one of his friends. Miszka Hauser is a Hungarian violinist, apparently fond of adventures; for after finding his way to California, where he was very successful in his calling, in September last he set out for Australia. In crossing the Pacific, however, he paid a visit to the natives of Tahiti; and in this island, whose first step in civilization was made about thirty years ago, he tried his luck with a fashionable concert. Our readers, we have no doubt, will be well pleased to hear the result as communicated by himself.

The first musical celebrity of Tahiti, Mr. Camieux, chief of the French military band, a broad-chested giant, now came forward, and played a piece on the flute. He told me later that it was the cavatina from *Ernani*; and I might perhaps have recognized it, had not the stout flute-player, in spite of his physical exertions, failed to produce at least one-half of his notes. The artist in stepping forward, respectfully kissed the hand of the lady of the governor—an act of French loyalty which, though an insult to Queen Pomare and her court, was more pardonable than his interminable performance. He would not stop, in spite of all the signs I could make. I saw, to my great dismay, the yawning queen rise from her seat; the children of nature, whose ears were now so severely taxed, began to leave the hall, and all my illusions of Tahitian knighthood, reputation, and immortality vanished. Pomare, in fact, without having heard me, left the hall, expelled, I felt sure, by the dreadful flute. After I had calmed my excited mind as well as I could, I again commenced. I gathered all my strength, and played sentimental love-tunes and eccentric variations, but all in vain!—no sign of pleasure, no clapping of hands, no encoring: the brown islanders remained as unmoved as ever.

Failure and disgrace staring me in the face, I adopted a bold resolution. "Save me humbug!" thought I; and with real wrath I tore three strings from my fiddle, and on the G chord alone I played the *Carnival*. My trick took; a whisper of surprise was heard; the natives became attentive; they approached me, and with every new passage, principally where I imitated the flute, they began to cheer in a way which would have been impossible to any civilized audience. Encouraged by the enthusiasm, I began to extemporize; and the quainter my variations grew, the louder became the cheers of my barefooted admirers, who did not leave the hall until, wearied with the exertion, my arm could no longer manage the fiddle-stick.

All Tahiti was in a tremendous excitement after my concert. Everybody spoke of the foreign fiddler who had come across the seas, and could whistle on the fiddle like a bird. Flowers and fruits are sent to my hotel; and when I play in my room, a crowd of admirers gather under my windows; everybody greets me when I go out—I am the lion of Tahiti.

A few days after, I was invited by the governor to a dinner-party. All the consuls and foreign agents were present, for it was

the birthday of the governor. Even a deputation of natives, who had come to congratulate the French general, were, to my greatest amusement, invited to the feast. They were clad in the European way, even to the stiff shirt-collars and kid gloves, but they retained the nakedness of their feet. European civilization reached only to their ankles. It was amusing to see how those gentlemen endeavored to imitate the manners of their hosts, and how they managed the knives, forks, and napkins. Every new dish put them into new difficulties; and a capital plum-pudding, the delight of the white guests, astonished the internals of one of the brown islanders to such a degree, that he had to leave the table. And how should French cookery be acceptable to those natives, who, only forty years ago, used to eat their enemies? Not half a century has elapsed since that epoch, and now a European violinist fiddles the *Carnival* to them! The march of civilization is indeed rapid.

But it is not only Euterpe who has been introduced to Tahiti, Thalia has accompanied her sister. The French officers, after dinner, performed Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, to the amusement of the governor, though not to mine. I got so tired, that I left the party and went into the garden, to admire the gorgeousness of vegetation. The French, who have introduced all kinds of European refinement, have transformed this garden into a fairy grove. All the plants and flowers attain here to an extraordinary size and perfection. The roses especially surpass in hue and fragrance everything I ever saw; nature appears clad in her gaudiest garb. Parrots glitter in the rays of the sun; the humming-bird is buzzing round the flowers of the aloe; deep-colored butterflies, of the largest size, flutter around the roses; but swarms of gnats and gigantic bats, and sometimes a snake, remind us that the peculiar charms of the tropics are accompanied by peculiar nuisances.

The garden was opened to the natives, whom I found assembled, some in European attire, others in hardly any attire, and all amusing themselves with gymnastic games and animated dancing.

Their dances are very peculiar. The girls, with flowing hair, richly decorated with wreaths of flowers, but otherwise not much encumbered with dress, whirl round with the utmost rapidity, until they sink exhausted on the sand, where they remain motionless, unless the entreaties of some dancer induces the fair one to start anew. In this case up she

darts, and with graceful leaps whirls round until she falls again. But wo to the male dancer who falls! All the girls gather round, pour water on him, pelt him with cocoa-peels, laugh at him, and at last make a terrible noise on cow-horns; but, compelled by custom, he must submit with a good grace to all these insults.

I was peculiarly interested by a female snake-charmer, who had a boa-constrictor twisted round her body, which seemed to understand every word of its mistress. The girl ordered it to pluck a rose, and the reptile plucked it, and handed it to her in the most caressing manner!

The queen was likewise invited, but she did not come. Pomare avoids, as far as possible, all contact with the French, and particularly with the lady of the governor; it was on account of her, and not of the flute-player, that she left my concert so soon: so I was informed by the missionary who is her chaplain.

The evening began already to spread its dark shadows over the mountains and flowery valleys of Tahiti, when I left the palace of the governor; the deep-blue sky of the tropics was studded with stars; a fragrant breeze gently moved the gloomy cypresses and stately palms, whose crowns of leaves waved gently in the air; the petals of the flowers, which had drooped towards the earth in the heat of the sun, rose once more refreshed by the evening dew; glow-worms glittered with trembling light in the dark-green orange thickets; and the silvery light of the moon illumined the magic scene, the beauty of which could not be conceived even by the most powerful imagination. Plunged in thought, I pursued a path towards the heights, through blooming cactuses and aloes, and under gigantic palm-trees, when suddenly, on the slope of a palm-grove, I observed a large building, from which came the sound of the organ and singing. This was the Roman Catholic church, the first in Tahiti, formerly an idol-temple. Thirty-five large columns, stems of the breadfruit-tree, support the building, the nave of which was decorated with flower-wreaths. On the master-altar I saw a picture of the Madonna; a priest read the mass; natives knelt on the steps of the altar; boys and girls, clad in white garments, sang to the sound of the melancholy organ. Soon after, the priest, an old man, began to preach in the Tahitian language; a native followed him, and spoke enthusiastically of the blessings of faith.

The next day my ardent wish was fulfill-

ed. The governor sent me word that Queen Pomare had expressed a desire to hear me, and I had immediately to put myself in readiness. At three o'clock, P.M., just when the heat of the sun was most oppressive, I went forth, accompanied by the chaplain of the queen, through the streets of Tahiti. A half-naked islander carried my violin-box, whilst the missionary instructed me in the court-ceremonial of the queen. We reached the shore, embarked in a canoe, and were rowed to the isle Papitee, the residence of her majesty. It is impossible to imagine a more charming picture than this green island: on one shore, studded with houses and gardens; on the other, bordered by a steep coral-reef, on which the waves of the Pacific break in majestic succession.

We reached the house of the queen by a path leading through a palm-grove, the outskirts of which are occupied by the huts of the natives. The royal residence resembles a European house, with large windows and a balcony; a gilt crown on the top designates it as the dwelling of the brown queen. A guardsman, with musket and heavy sword, in handsome regimentals, but barefooted, was pacing to and fro before the door with military gravity. We gave him a piece of money, and he immediately became very serviceable, and opened the gate for us. The missionary proceeded direct to the queen, to announce my arrival, while I had to stop in the waiting-room on the ground-floor, where there was no other furniture than a long table, on which lay asleep a stout man in very primitive costume. Awakened by the noise I involuntarily made, he yawned, put on a green dress coat, and girded himself with a rusty sword, seemingly much astonished at the intrusion of a foreigner. From his diplomatic look, I could not doubt that the chamberlain, or perhaps one of the ministers of her majesty, stood before me. I bowed accordingly, but when he was about to enter into conversation with me, the missionary summoned me to the queen. I followed him, first through a long passage, decorated with arms and trophies; then through an apartment in which the ladies-in-waiting were dressing without heeding us. I had here to tune my violin, and, armed with fiddle and bow, I was introduced into the next room, to the presence of the queen.

Pomare sat on palm-mats, in an apartment adorned with chintz, but scantily furnished. A badly painted picture hung on the wall behind her; two ladies-in-waiting squatted at her side, and fanned her with ostrich-fea-

thers. Pomare, about thirty-six years old, is rather tall; her frame noble and well shaped; and her deportment not without majesty. Her features, full of expression, show traces of great beauty, though her thick lips and yellowish-brown complexion detract from the effect. Her rich dark hair was confined on the top of the head by a large comb, and her brow was adorned with a simple gold circle. Her muslin robe of light blue color, wide on the shoulders, and drawn close round her waist, reached scarcely beyond her knees; her arms and feet were bare, adorned with corals and shells; and her great-toe was dyed of a red hue, and encircled with gold rings.

Not to infringe upon Tahitian etiquette, I bowed as low as possible, and then began the concert with a few simple melodies; but Pomare did not listen, carrying on a loud conversation with her ladies. I was much disappointed, and thought soon I had better go; but to try my luck, I struck up variations on *Yan-kee Doodle*. She seemed to know it—nodded—and was soon so charmed, that she sent for her two children, who became, indeed, a most satisfactory audience. The prince-royal, a little fellow, began to clap his hands; and the princess, about thirteen years old, danced to the music, much to the delight of the

queen, at whose order the doors were thrown open, and all the court assembled around me.

The royal consort, a gigantic islander, appeared barefooted, like all the rest of the courtiers, and began to touch my hands, my bow, my fiddle, so that I could scarce continue to play. I was at length so much squeezed by the crowd, that I began to have serious apprehensions for the safety of my instrument; but Pomare soon dismissed her court, and remained alone with me. She wished to examine my violin, touched the strings, and then returned the instrument. I now played a Tahitian melody, which seemed to please her much. She asked whether I came from France; and when I told her I was not a Frenchman, she shook my hand, and whispered: "I do not like those fellows." Of course she has reason enough not to like them, since they have deprived her of her power, and reduced her to mere nominal royalty. She now untied a small gold cross from her necklace of corals, and handed it to me, with the words: "Take this as a keepsake from Pomare." I bowed once more to her majesty; and, accompanied by the missionary, left the royal residence and the island Papitee. I shall never forget my visit to Tahiti. To-morrow, I sail for Australia.

From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

THE ZOUAVES.

"WHAT are the Zouaves?" is a question frequently asked when the name of the three brave regiments occurs in the accounts from the Crimea. An answer to this inquiry appears in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the shape of a history of these remarkable warriors. We present our readers with some extracts translated from it, which we think will prove interesting.

In the month of August, 1830, General Chausel took the command of the French army in Africa, the mission with which he was charged not being very easy of fulfilment, nor even very clearly defined. He found himself at the head of a reduced army, without precise instructions; surrounded by intrigues and various difficulties; having before him an unknown country,

scarcely described by a few forgotten travellers, with a population savage and warlike, but accustomed to receive its laws from Algiers, and now plunged into anarchy by the fall of the Dey. All the Turks had been expelled, and this completed his embarrassment; for they who, for ages, had been suspected and obeyed by the Arabs, would have been ready and willing to submit themselves to their conquerors. This expulsion of the Turks has been severely condemned: its ultimate results, however, have been most fortunate; for the government of the Arabs being conducted directly by Europeans, has promoted a degree of order, civilization, and progress, which could never have been hoped for from the Mussulman domination. At the close of 1830, however, the inconve-

niences alone of the measure were felt; and General Chausel, in order to remedy them in part, and also to increase the number of his effective troops, organized corps of native infantry and cavalry. By a royal order, dated the 21st March, 1831, two battalions were formed, which received the name of Zouaves—in Arabic, Zouaoua. The Zouaoua are a tribe, or rather a confederation of the Kabyle tribes, who inhabit the most remote gorges of the Jurjura; a race of proud, intrepid, industrious men, whose submission to the Turks was never more than nominal, but who were very well known in Algiers. Thither they frequently repaired, in order to exchange their oil and the products of their coarse industry, for the commodities which were not to be had in their poor mountains. As they had the reputation of being excellent warriors, and as their military services had been occasionally hired by the princes of Barbary, their name was bestowed on the new militia. A mixed multitude it was, however, receiving into its ranks, without distinction of origin, all the natives, mountaineers and men of the plains, town workmen and country laborers, Kabyles, Arabs, and Coulougis. Chiefs, however, were necessary—these were chosen from amongst the French officers—and in order to leaven the mass of natives with the European element, a number of volunteers, chiefly from the lowest rank of the Parisian populace, were enrolled.

Six weeks had scarcely elapsed since its formation, when the new corps received its baptism of fire on the mountain of Mouzaia; and from that time, during the whole African campaign, the Zouaves distinguished themselves by their courage and fidelity.

This corps was remarkable both for the virtues and vices of irregular troops; and when, in 1841, Marshal Bugeaud took the command of the troops in Algeria, he very soon appreciated their peculiar fitness for the service in which they were engaged.

See them at the bivouac; some men come out of the ranks, and run to the nearest spring to fill their canteens, before the water has been made muddy by the trampling of the horses and mules. Presently, their little tents—formed by ripping their baggage-sacks, fastening them together with packthread, and propping them up with sticks—are ready; fires are lighted, as if by magic; and cooking begins. The evening soup is quickly made, consisting, as it does, of onions, lard, and bread; or, if these ingredients be wanting, some liquid coffee is filled with pounded biscuit, and transformed

into a sort of paste, which might not, perhaps, please a fastidious palate, but which is both tonic and nourishing. The meat is kept slowly stewing during the night, in order to furnish the morning repast; but sometimes the sportsmen of the division may enrich the larder with a hare, a tortoise, or some fish, not to speak of an occasional hen, kid, or lamb, brought in with a certain degree of mystery, and most probably not procured after a very orthodox fashion. Supper is eaten, the last pipe smoked, and while one party sleeps, the remainder change their place in silence, lest their position should be known by the enemy. Follow the officer on duty in his rounds, and despite of the obscurity, he will show you, on the declivity of the hill, a Zouave lying flat on his face and hands beneath the shadow of the summit, his eye on the watch, and his finger on the trigger of his gun. A fire is kindled in the middle of a path which crosses a wood, and which a party of soldiers occupied during the day, but they are no longer there. However, the marauding enemy who may happen to approach the camp in order to attempt a robbery or a surprise, carefully avoids this fire, round which he thinks the French are encamped. He throws himself into the wood, and there falls beneath the bayonets of the ambushed Zouaves, who strike noiselessly, in order not to spoil the trap, by signifying their presence to the comrades of their victim.

One night—it was a singular instance—their vigilance was at fault, and the troops of the Emir, gliding into the midst of their encampment, opened on them a murderous fire. The attack was so sudden, that for a moment the soldiers hesitated to rise, until their officers set them the example. Marshal Bugeaud was the first to arrive: two men instantly fell dead beneath his vigorous arm. Speedily the attack was repulsed by the Zouaves, and the enemy routed. When the fighting was over, and order re-established, the marshal observed, by the light of the bivouac-fires, that the soldiers smiled as they looked at him. He put his hand to his head, and found that his head-dress was identical with that of Beranger's Roi d'Yvetot—viz., a white cotton night-cap! He immediately called for his helmet, and a thousand voices shouted: "The marshal's helmet! the marshal's helmet!" This became a sort of byword in the army; and the next day, when the trumpets were sounding the march, the Zouaves sang in chorus, by way of an accompaniment:

Hast thou seen the helmet,
The helmet, the helmet?
Hast thou seen the brave helmet
Of Father Bugeaud?

From that time the trumpet-march was known as "the helmet;" and the hero of the anecdote himself used to laugh good-humoredly, and say: "Sound the *helmet*."

It happened one day that the marshal, after one of the first razzias, or forays, executed by his orders, examined with considerable satisfaction a fine flock of sheep, which had been brought in for the commissariat. He went into his tent, and lay down to sleep, but was suddenly aroused by certain significant bleatings. He hastens out, he sees his Zouaves and his muttons all mingled together, and ready to vanish, despite the efforts of the guards. Full of fury, the marshal in his shirt, and sword in hand, rushes into the thickest of the fray. The Zouaves disappear in double-quick time, and so do the sheep too. Subsequent researches made in their bivouac are attended with no satisfactory result: no one was absent at the roll-call; no one had seen such a thing as a sheep. Marshal Bugeaud had nothing for it but to laugh.

Another day, the Zouaves formed the rear-guard; the column they belonged to brought into the Tell an immense population, who had been captured, after having for a long time followed the fortunes of Abd-el-Kader. The advanced-guard had set out at four o'clock in the morning; and although they were on a plain, at seven o'clock the last families had not yet left the bivouac. They had to journey eleven leagues before they came to water. On that day, the Zouaves were more like charitable women than mercenary soldiers, sharing their biscuit with the poor people whom fatigue and heat overcame; and when the goat-skins were emptied, holding down a sheep or a goat in order to bring its teats near the parched lips of some poor deserted child.

At nightfall, when they encamped, their sacks contained neither fowls nor tortoises, but they brought back women, children, and old men whose lives they had saved. Such men are as good as they are brave; but they require, in those who rule them, a mixture of firmness and kindness, a strict but not severe discipline, in order to repress their evil instincts, and develop their generous feelings.

The Zouaves did good service in Algeria, when, in 1845, a general insurrection broke

out. In the month of April of the following year, after six months of perpetual marching and fighting, the first battalion of Zouaves entered Blidah, covered with glorious rags. It happened that the Grand-duke Constantine, son of the Emperor Nicholas, had just landed at Algiers, and testified a desire to see these troops, whose renown had reached even St. Petersburg. That night the Zouaves received their new uniform; and at nine o'clock the next morning they were at Boufarik, awaiting the young prince.

When he, descending from his carriage, beheld them drawn up in battle array in a green meadow, flanked by two squadrons of spahis, he could not conceal his surprise; for he learned that this band, of an aspect so original, and yet so compact and so thoroughly well drilled, had returned only the evening before, had marched six leagues that morning, and during the last six months had known no other bed than the earth, and no other roof than the sky. The Grand-duke Constantine, we fancy, brought away with him, from that review, impressions which subsequent events in the Crimea have by no means tended to efface.

In the month of March, 1854, the Zouaves, filled with enthusiasm, quitted Algeria to join the army of the East. They were about to face that enemy who had so hotly disputed with Frenchmen the fields of Eylau and Moskva; they were about to fight side by side with that English infantry whose immovable solidity Frenchmen had so often experienced to their cost. Well have the brave bands of Africa fulfilled the expectations formed of their prowess.

What Frenchman can read without joy and pride the accounts given of them in the English correspondence, whether they are described as "climbing like cats up the heights of the Alma," or "bounding like panthers through the thickets of Inkermann!"

With what shouts were they hailed by the Queen's Guards when that heroic brigade, exhausted by its magnificent defence, saw appearing through the fog "the well-known garment of the Algerine troops!" Scarcely were they seen, before they were in the very middle of the Russian column. May we not hope that the banner of the Zouaves, which floated the first on the breach of Constantine, of Zaatcha, and of Laghouat, will ere long wave in triumph over the walls of Sebastopol?

From Bentley's Miscellany.

PROSINGS ABOUT THE ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS.

III.—LEIGH HUNT.

TEMPORA *mutantur*; few men (hardly even the constant subscribers to the inconstant though invaluable *Times*) can have felt this more vividly than Mr. Leigh Hunt, *without*, meanwhile, a like sense of the sequel, *nos et mutantur in illis*. His subjective experiences of change have kept no sort of paces with his objective,—his *ab intra* development of life and character with his *ab extra* position in relation to the age. He continues in his writings very much the same, in all elementary and essential qualities, that he was when bullied, badgered, baited, without ruth, nearly a half century ago; but he is now treated with politeness; and more, respect; and more still, cordiality; in many quarters where his mere name used to be the signal for crying Havoc! and letting slip against Cockneydom, and its *facile princeps*, the dogs of war—from the big bay-hounds whose bite some Cockneys found mortal, to the little dogs and all, of Tray, Blanche, and Sweet-heart breed, which barked at him; and including in the hostile corps every degree of deep-mouthed and of yelping utterance, whether

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brache, or lym,
Bob-tail tyke, or trundle tail—

as Poor Tom catalogues them; and with Poor Tom we may now add, "Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled—see, see, see!" We are improving in the courtesy of polemics; are learning to make allowances, to give credit for sincerity in our opponents, and to act out more and more, as we get farther and farther from the golden age, the golden rule, of doing as we would be done by, and tolerating all we can, lest we become intolerable altogether. To this state of things Mr. Leigh Hunt's own example and precepts have largely and sensibly contributed. Differ we never so much from his creed, this at least we are fain to own. And pleasant it is to mark the change in the world's tone

towards him and treatment of him; to turn from his imprisonment by Georgius Rex to his pension grant by Victoria Regina.

A rare thing it is, and a beautiful, to see in hoary eld a virgin-heart kept unspotted from the world—the world's pollutions, defilements, and sins. Rare too it is, and refreshing, to see a veteran, a "battered senior," with a boyish heart, unwithered by the world,—the world's scorching summer blasts and wintry chills. Rare and refreshing it is to meet with an actual impersonation of that familiar appellation, an OLD BOY. Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his writings, is very near the mark. Like *Friscobaldo*, in the play, age hath not command of his blood—for all Time's sickle hath gone over to him, he is Leigh Hunt still; his resolve being, that his "heart shall never have a wrinkle in it while he can cry Hem! with a clear voice."* As it has been said of one of old time, "on se le figure ayant toujours gardé quelque chose de jeune, de riant,—un de ces visages qui sont tout étonnés d'avoir des cheveux blancs." Alluding in one of his essays to (strangely assorted couple!) Jean Jacques and Mr. Wordsworth, our essayist says of himself:

* HIPPOLITO. I see, Friscobaldo, age hath not command of your blood; for all Time's sickle hath gone over you, you are Orlando still.

ORLANDO. Why, my Lord, are not the fields mown and cut down again, and stript bare, and yet wear they not pied coats again! Though my head be like a leek, white, may not my heart be like the blade, green!

Hr. Searce can I read the stories on your brow,
Which age hath writ there; you look youthful still.

ORL. I eat snakes, my Lord, I eat snakes. My heart shall never have a wrinkle in it so long as I can cry Hem! with a clear voice.

Hr. You are the happier man, sir.

Of this old boy Hazlitt says, "Old honest Decker's Signior Orlando Friscobaldo I shall never forget! I became only of late acquainted with" him; "but the bargain between us is, I trust, for life. We sometimes regret that we had not sooner met with characters like these, that seem to raise, revive, and give a new zest to our being." &c.

"I do not pretend to be as romantic in my conduct as the philosopher of Geneva, or as poetical in my nature as the bard of Rydalmount; but I have, by nature, perhaps, greater animal spirits than either; and a bit of health is a fine prism to see fancies by."* We may apply to him some lines of that same bard of Rydalmount—

I moved among mankind
With genial feelings still predominant;
When erring, erring on the better part,
And in the kinder spirit; placable,
Indulgent, as not uninformed that men
See as they have been taught.†

Nevertheless they wholly misread the man, if ever they can have read him at all, who regard him as a creature of levity all compact—as if, like another of Wordsworth's characters, "as if to bask in sunshine were his only task." He is very gay, very vivacious, very jaunty, and, sometimes, more than a little flippant and coxcombical; but he is not one of your frothy frivolists, who have always an infinite deal of nothing to say, and are always saying it. If he never turns from lively to *severe*, at least he solidifies and relieves (*basso relievo*) his gay with grave. His characteristic has not inaccurately been defined, "earnestness at ease." He says serious things as weighty as are said by the eminently serious and the overpoweringly grave, but in a more airy manner, in words that glide more trippingly off the tongue. Byron seems to have been at first struck with this serious side of Mr. Hunt's character, and remarks (1813): "He reminds me of the Pym and Hampden times—much talent, great independence of spirit, and an austere, yet not repulsive aspect;" adding, "he is the bigot of virtue (not religion), and enamoured of the beauty of that empty 'name,' as the last breath of Brutus pronounced, and every day proves it."‡ Haydon, about the same time, or a little earlier, journalizes his appreciation of Hunt's "honesty of principle and unflinching love of truth," as not less attractive and distinguishing than his pre-eminence in "wit and fun, quotation and impromptu."§ Shelley's poetical portraiture

* "The World of Books."

† Wordsworth: "Prelude." Book xi.

‡ Moore's *Life of Byron*.

§ Haydon, together with Wilkie, was anxious to become acquainted with the theatrical critic of the *News*, and thus records his impression after the longed-for interview had been brought about: "I thought him with his black bushy hair, black eyes, pale face, and 'nose of taste,' as fine a specimen of a London editor as could be imagined; assuming

of his friend represents him grave as well as gay:

You will see Hunt; one of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom
This world would smell like what it is—a tomb;
Who is, what others seem.—
And there is he with his eternal puns,
Which beat the dullest brains for smiles, like duns
Thundering for money at a poet's door;
Alas! it is no use to say "I am poor!"
Or oft in graver mood, when he will look
Things wiser than were ever said in book,
Except in Shakspeare's wisest tenderness.*

He calls himself, indeed, a son of mirth and melancholy—"for my father's Christian name," says he, "was Isaac [*Hebr.* "laughter"), and my mother's was Mary ("bitterness")—and as I do not remember to have ever seen my mother smile, except in sorrowful tenderness, so my father's shouts of laughter are now ringing in my ears."† He is neither his father's child, nor his mother's, exclusively.

Had he been either exclusively, he could hardly have surmounted so happily the flood of opposition which once set in against him. He was by repute the prince of the Cockneys, and, as such, exposed to a war of extermination. With this unenvied principality and power his name and fame are widely, if not eternally, associated. "Leigh Hunt," writes M. Philariète Chasles, "hardiment libéral et chef de l'*Examiner*, s'exposait bravement à tous les coups. C'était lui qui passait pour chef de ce groupe bien impuissant et bien faible des poètes libéraux, réunis par une épithète railleuse sous le nom de l'*Ecole des badauds* (*Cockney-School*); pauvres gens, en effet, qui vivaient à Londres, ne pouvant guère admirer la nature dans les châteaux qu'ils n'avaient pas."‡ Let the galled jade wince; Mr. Hunt's withers are

yet moderate, sarcastic yet genial, with a smattering of everything and mastery of nothing; affecting the dictator, the poet the politician, the critic, and the sceptic, whichever would, at the moment, give him the air, to inferior minds, of being a very superior man."

In 1813 occurs the following entry in Haydon's diary: "Spent the evening with Leigh Hunt, at West-end—walked out and in furiously after dinner, which did me great good. Leigh Hunt's society is always delightful: I do not know a purer, a more virtuous character, or a more witty, funny, and enlivening man.—We talked of his approaching imprisonment."—TAYLOR'S *Life of Haydon*.

* Shelley's "Poems written in 1820." (Letter to Maria Gisborne.)

† Autobiography of Leigh Hunt (1850).

‡ Etudes sur la Littérature et les Mœurs de l'Angleterre au XIX^e siècle.

unwring by a definition of this sort. There is a fair modicum of truth in what has been said of him, that his chief title to the Cockney *nom de guerre* (and *guerra* it then was, with a vengeance) lay in his inextinguishable desire to find the good and the beautiful in the persons and scenes amidst which his lot was cast. He could smell freshness in the Hampstead fields; he could discern a fair prospect from Highgate Hill; he could hear, not mere discords harsh and grating, but Whittingtonian music in the sound of Bow bells. He stood up (though no native) for the city in whose suburbs his tent was pitched, and retorted scorn for scorn on those who derided it—feeling something of the indignation, we may suppose, of another sort of prince who once put the irate query,

Τίς γὰρ τοιαύτ' ἀνὸν ἀν' ὀργίζουσ' ἐπη
Κλῶν, α νὺν σὺ τὴνδ' ἀτιμαζεις πόλιν ;*

As for a Cockney school of poetry, if there be one, *that* he contends, in his Autobiography, is simply "the most illustrious in England;" for, he continues, "to say nothing of Pope and Gray, who were both veritable Cockneys, 'born within the sound of Bow bell,' Milton was so too; and Chaucer and Spenser were both natives of the City." But so frightened were the booksellers by the charge of Cockneyism, that he found it anything but a *vox et præterea nihil*. "It is inconceivable," he owns, "to what extent I suffered, in mind, body, and estate, because the tide of affairs was against me.†" He ignores, however, something of the charge, when he limits its gravamen to a mere local accident. It was not the living near, or a certain attachment to, London and its environs, that his assailants fixed upon: there was a real or imputed affectation, conceit, vulgar dandyism of thought and phrase, supposed to be peculiar to him and his parasites, against which the term Cockneyism was directed. A spice of this mannerism, more or less pungent, flavors all Mr. Leigh Hunt's prose and verse, from the first day until now. His foes have nauseated it with a demonstrative degree of loathing, and his friends have owned it, whether with a smile or a sigh. He refers, himself, apologetically to the bumpiousness (not that *he* uses the word, though) of his early critiques in the *Examiner*, which he and his brother John set up in 1808. "When I consider," says he, "all

the nonsense and extravagance of these assumptions—all the harm they must have done me in discerning eyes, . . . I blush to think what a simpleton I was, and how much of the consequences I deserved. It is out of no 'ostentation of candor' that I make this confession. It is extremely painful to me."* Byron writes of him half a dozen years later, "He is perhaps a little opinionative, as all men who are the centres of circles, wide or narrow—the Sir Oracles, in whose name two or three are gathered together—must be."† Haydon describes himself as listening with curiosity to Sir Oracle's "republican independence, though hating his effeminacy and Cockney peculiarities," and talks of his "jaunty style" of reviewing works of art, "without knowing anything of its technicalities," true to his character as endowed "with a smattering of everything and mastery of nothing."‡ But there are vanities and egotisms, as M. Sainte Beuve says, "qu'on excuse et qui trouvent grâce par leur air bienveillant et naturel,"§ and of such are Leigh Hunt's, unless we mistake outright himself and the mass of his readers.

Those readers are many, as they ought to be. Perhaps not so many as they ought to be. Else, why have Leigh Hunt's literary undertakings more than once signally failed? Is it from his deficiency in habits of business and worldly tact?—a deficiency partly exemplified by his avowed innocence of arithmetic; for he says of himself, writing in 1850, and referring to a period about fifty years earlier, when he was a yellow-legged blue-coat boy, "A boy might arrive at the age of fifteen in the grammar-school,|| and not know his multiplication-table; which was the case with myself. Nor do I know it to this day!" He adds: "The fault was not my fault at the time; but I ought to have repaired it when I went out in the world; and great is the mischief which it has done me."¶ Instances of his unarithmetical ways and means might perhaps be culled from his writings, and provoke hard-headed Cockers and Cockerlings to crow with inarithmetical laughter (*ἀνριθμονγελασμοί*): one we remember, where he says that Mary Tudor "sent two hundred and eighty-four people to the stake during a short reign of five years

* Autobiography, vol. ii.

† Moore's Life of Byron.

‡ Taylor's Life, &c., of Haydon.

§ Causeries du Lundi.

|| As distinct from the writing-school (at Christ Hospital).

¶ Autobiography, vol. i.

* Sophocles, *Œdip. Tyr.* 347, 348.

† Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, vol. iii.

and four months; which, upon an average," he computes, "is upwards of four a week!"* Possibly a slip of the pen;† but we have a shrewd suspicion, not to say a malicious one, that the pen was quite as likely to slip, and rather more so, when working out the Marian statistics by the agency of horrid divisors and dividends, in which Mr. Hunt is not at all at home, than when inserting the result in a fair copy of composition, in which he thoroughly is so. But whatever the cause of his failure in magazine directorship, the effect is patent. Admirably adapted as his specific talent would seem, for managing a periodical, he has been unsuccessful where the Chambers' Brothers, and Charles Dickens, and others, have signally flourished and are flourishing. Numerous are the periodicals in which he has borne a part, and in none without his native grace, pleasantry, and cleverness. Not to speak of those prosperous issues, the *News* and the *Examiner*, there have been the *Indicator* (and most truly was he told, "The Indicative is your Potential mood"), the *Companion* and the *Seer*, the *Reflector* (of which he was editor, aided by the contributions of the Aikin family, of Charles Lamb and [all of them blue-coat boys] Barnes, Dyer, *Aristophanes* Mitchell, and *Euripides* Scholefield,—but which stopped at the fourth number for want of funds), the *Liberal* (nearly half of which was in Hunt's autograph—his chief associates in this, another bad speculation, being Byron and Hazlitt), the *London Journal* (a most agreeable mélange, which ought to be circulating still, to the recreation of thousands and the profit of one, and which even the editor's hard-hitting foe, Christopher North, welcomed with no stinted praise, and pro-

nounced it an essential to his breakfast-table), the *Monthly Repository*, and finally *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, which opened so promisingly with papers by himself, and Carlyle, and Savage Landor, and R. Horne, but closed with the pace and the catastrophe of a galloping decline. As a weekly sheet devoted specially to *belles lettres*, cheap but not nasty, it left a gap which has not yet been filled up.

In these varied periodicals, what an array of lively, gleesome, witty, humorous, fanciful suggestive "articles" has Leigh Hunt produced, to "pleasure" the light-hearted and laughter-loving, the sick and the solitary! Pleasanter pastime, in its proper sense, it were hard to find, of a light literary sort, than such chatty discourses as those he has indited, formally or occasionally, always knowing how to begin and where to stop, on topics just amusing enough to challenge general perusal: witness his gossip about Getting up on Cold Mornings, and the luxurious sophisms of an ingenious liar in bed; about a Day by the Fire, with its babble of snug in-door enjoyments—the poker's provocation of a blaze, a sudden empyreal enthusiasm, which glorifies the breakfast-table, and makes

The conscious wight, rejoicing in the heat,
Rub the blithe knees, and toast th' alternate feet—

the crisp sound of the rolls, the charm of the uncut newspaper,—and then again evening's twilight on the same spot, and in the same seat, an easy-chair, when the window is becoming imperceptibly darker, and the fire assumes a more glooming presence, and the contemplatist is absorbed in his fancies,—the only time this, perhaps, at which sheer idleness is salutary and refreshing,—every trick and aspect of the fire observed with the smallest effort, so that nothing escapes the eye and the imagination, whether a coal falling in, or a fleeting fume, or a miniature mockery of a flash of lightning, or whatever the dissolving views presented within the grate—shifting forms, perchance, of hills, and vales, and gulfs, of fiery Alps and black precipices, from which swart fairies seem about to spring away on sable wings,—or walled towns, and figures of unknown animals—"till at last, the ragged coals, tumbling together, reduce the vision to chaos, and the huge profile of a gaunt and grinning face seems to make a jest of all that has passed;"—or about Sleep, which he thinks most graceful in an infant; soundest, in one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome, to the mind haunted with

* Female Sovereigns of England. (Reprinted in *Men, Women, and Books*, vol. i.)

† Let us hope it was a slip of the pen, and not an evidence of Mr. Hunt's unbiblical as well as unarithmetical turn of mind,—the ascribing to Shelley a cherished intimacy with the Gospel of St. James. Shelley, he tells us (and we rejoice), took a "great, though peculiar, and often admiring interest" in the Bible—especially the book of Job. For his Christianity, it is added (and we are puzzled), he went to the "gospel of St. James."—*Autobiography*, vol. ii.

‡ Is an awkward trick some pens have of stumbling on sacred ground. Mr. Dickens, we remember, makes a schoolmaster set as an imposition (it is somewhere in *Domby and Son*) "the First Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians." What would that pedagogue's pupils, and their parents, have thought of him, had he set the *Second*? in what recondite stores of *apocrypha* and *antilegomena* would they have sought for the hid treasure!

one idea; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept; lightest, in the playful child; proudest, in the bride adored; and the prose and poetry, the ridiculous and solemn aspects of which, he sketches in his happiest style; or about Shaking Hands, about Sticks, about the Shops of London, about the Graces and Anxieties of Pig-driving, about Beds and Bedrooms, about the Inside of an Omnibus, and, in fine, as the last title suggests, *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*—the *aliis* being to the *omnibus* almost in the proportion of the Scotch bittock, that's "over," to the Scotch mile.

Give him nothing to have and to hold (forth about) but "A Pinch of Snuff,"* and he will titillate your optic nerve as you read, as pungently as his subject could your olfactory. He will allow that snuff-taking is an odd-custom; that if we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it might make us split our sides with laughter—to see, *par exemple*, a grave gentleman take a little casket out of his pocket, put a finger and thumb in, and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he was doing one of the most important actions of his life, proceed to thrust, and keep thrusting it, at his nose—thereupon shaking his head, or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims of his well-being. But if snuff-taking has its ludicrous side, its philosophy is also treated of. The snuff-box is declared to have a pacifying magic, of which the handful of dust with which the Latin poet settles his wars of the bees was a type and figure:

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent—

These movements of high minds, these mortal foes,
Give but a pinch of dust, and you compose.

Then the classes of snuff-takers are discriminated: the epigrammatic, who came to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is everything, and who use a sharp and severe snuff—a sort of essence of pins' points; the urbane, who value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around them as much out of dignity as benevolence; the irritable, again, and the bashful, and the economical, and the gesticulatory. One thing puzzles the essayist,—how lovers, and ladies, ever came to take snuff—and anon he dashes you off a fancy sketch of two lovers in Queen Anne's time, each with snuff-box

in hand, who have just come to an explanation, and who in the hurry of their spirits have unthinkingly taken a pinch, just at the instant when the gentleman is going to salute the lips of his mistress. "He does so, finds his honest love as frankly returned, and is in the act of bringing out the words 'Charming creature,' when a sneeze overtakes him!

Cha—Cha—Cha—Charming creature!

What a situation! A sneeze! O Venus, where is such a thing in thy list? The lady, on her side, is under the like malapropos influence, and is obliged to divide one of the sweetest of all loving and bashful speeches, with the shock of the sneeze respondent:—

Oh, Richard! Sho—Sho—Sho—Should you think ill of me for this?"

What though Catullus make Cupid sneeze at sight of the happiness of two lovers—

Hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistram ut ante,
Dextram sternuit approbationem—

he did not make the *lovers* sneeze, as Louis Quatorze fashion did. Then are cited snuff-taking mortals extraordinary: Gibbon, heralding a bon mot by tapping his box; Johnson, diving into his waistcoat pocket; Napoleon, making the most of his last pinch, in his flight from Moscow; the whole seasoned with excerpts from the poets, native and foreign,—not omitting some lines of the poet's own, apt and characteristic, in which occurs the sternutative (almost sternutatory) parenthesis.

—*Shac—shee*—Oh! 'tis most del-*ishi*

Ishi—ishi—most del-*ishi*

(Hang it! I shall sneeze till spring)

Snuff's a most delicious thing.

Or give him a pair of Washerwomen,* tub-tumbling viragos, with brawny arms and brawling voices; and how ingeniously, and genially withal, will he dwell on all the hot, disagreeable, dabbling, smoking, splashing, kitcheny, cold-dining, anti-company-receiving (his are all these epithets, simple and compound) associations, to which they give rise—tracing them throughout their day's work, from that dreadfully early knock at the door, which comes like a lump of lead, and instantly wakes the maid, whose business it is to get up, though she pretends not to hear it, till

* The Seer.

* The Round Table.

knock after knock compels her to descend, and meet the grumbling pair, whom anon she soothes with the promise of a "nice hock of ham" for breakfast, and "everything comfortable,"—and who, after warming themselves at the copper, taking a mutual pinch of snuff, and getting things ready for the wash, take a snack at the promised hock—"and then commences the history of all the last week of the whole neighborhood round, which continues amidst the dipping of splashing fists, the rumbling of suds, and the creaking of wringings out, till an hour or two are elapsed; and then for another snack and a pinch of snuff, till the resumption of another hour's labor or so brings round the time for first breakfast;"—when, having had "nothing to signify" since five, they sit down at half-past six in the washhouse, to take their own meal before the servants meet at the general one—and, having just labored enough to make the tea and bread and butter welcome, sit down, fatigued and happy, "with their red elbows, and white corrugated fingers, to a tub turned upside down, and a dish of good Christian souchong, fit for a body to drink." How like the author, so kindly as well as quizzical, is his averment that a washerwoman's cup of tea may vie with the first drawn cork at a bon vivant's table, and the complacent opening of her snuff-box with that of the most triumphant politician over a scheme of partition; and again the moral, or didactic suggestion, or "improvement of the subject," characteristically tagged to its latter end, and exemplifying the essayist's resolve to educe a soul of goodness from a thing so evil as Washing Day, and his habit of "making things pleasant," looking at their bright side, and optimizing their pessimisms—when he argues that the visitors whom *dies illa* excludes, and the leg of mutton which it hinders from roasting, are only so much enjoyment kept back and contracted, in order to be made keener the rest of the week,—and that beauty itself is indebted to it, and draws from that steaming outhouse and splashing tub the well-fitting robe that adorns its figure, and the snowy cap that sets off its curls and complexion:—in short, as he concludes, "when ever we hear a washerwoman at her foaming work, or see her plodding towards us with her jolly warm face, her mob cap, her black stockings, clattering pattens, and tub at arm's length resting on her hip-joint, we look upon her as a living lesson to us to make the most both of time and comfort, and as a sort of allegorical union of pain and pleasure, a little too much, perhaps, in the style of

Rubens." Few could, few would, thus allegorize the plump prosiness, and thus idealize the matter-of-fact vulgarity, of *mesdames les blanchisseuses anglaises*—few indeed blow such gay and sparkling soap-bubbles from the suds of a washing-tub!

Or let him have for his theme, Hats ancient and modern;* and forthwith he will begin a chit-chat on the *désagrémens* of a new "tile"—the uneasy sensation about the head it produces, after its emerging, sleek as a lap-dog, from blue box and silver paper—so unlike the old hat, that well-tried and well-worn friend, which must now make way for this fop of a stranger, and which you might do what you liked with, and which dust affected not, nor rain, nor a gale of wind, nor a fall, nor a squeeze; whereas the new arrival is sensitive on all these points, and can be carried with safety into no place but a church, where there is plenty of room, and whither accordingly the essayist carries it at once,—describing with perhaps some excess of levity, but an awkward amount of truth, the "preparatory ejaculation whispered into it by the genteel worshipper, before he turns round and makes a bow to Mr. and Mrs. Jones and the Miss Thompsons. There is a formula for this occasion; and doubtless it is often used, to say nothing of extempore effusions:—but there are wicked imaginations, who suspect that instead of devouter whisperings, the communer with his lining sometimes ejaculates no more than Swallow, St. James's street; or, Augarde and Spain, Hatters, No. 51, Oxford street, London; after which he draws up his head with infinite gravity and preparation, and makes the gentle recognition aforesaid." A new hat in a crowd is discussed; and a new hat in a boating expedition; and a new hat inside a mail-coach (when mail-coaches were on the road—ah distant when! ah for the change 'twixt now and then!); and so in the diminutive headpiece of Christ Hospital, likened to the quaint cap of *Catherine the Shrew*, as the *Shrewtamer* describes it:

—moulded on a porringer;
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
A custard coffin, a bauble:—

and anon we are deep in the head-gear of the Chinese, a hatted race, both narrow-brimmed and broad; of the Greeks, not so bare-headed a people as "the general" suppose; of the Romans, Phrygian-capped and

* Indicator. No. XXII.

toga-hooded; of the turbaned Easterns; and of the velvet cap of Italy, and the hat and feathers of Spain, and the cocked-hat, and clerical beaver, &c.,—a *résumé* duly enlivened by gossip ethnological, æsthetical, historical, and anecdotal.

Or, let his text be "Pantomimes."* Off he goes, and tells you at once, whatever your age or estate, that not to like pantomimes, is not to like animal spirits, not to like motion, not to like love, not to like a jest upon dulness and formality, or to smoke one's uncle, or to see a thump in the face, or a holiday, or the pleasure of sitting up at Christmas; that it is not to sympathize with your children, or to remember that you have been a child yourself, and that you will grow old, and be as gouty as Pantaloon, though not, perhaps, so wise and active. The text allows fair margin for discoursing on the Italian growth of Pantomimes, and their English transformation. They are commended as the satirist of folly as it flies. Harlequin is admirably scrutinized—demi-masked, party-colored, nimble-toed, lithe, agile, with his omnipotent lath-sword, emblem of the converting power of fancy and light-heartedness; Columbine, the "little dove" that is to be protected, ready to stretch her gauze wings for a flight, the moment Riches would tear her from Love; Pantaloon, a hobbling old rascal, void of any handsome infirmity; and the Clown, round-faced, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, but agile to a degree of the dislocated, with a great smear for his mouth, through which dumplings vanish, and sausages innumerable, and macaroni by the mile, and rum by the gallon. Pantomime is shown to be a representation of motion—motion forever, and motion all at once—of the vital principle of all things, from the dance of the planets down to that of Damon and Phillis. Whether the essayist's nerves and spirits can endure a Pantomime now, we know not; but while nerves and spirits hold together he will probably be prompt to endorse the sentiment with which this essay concludes—that there is nothing wiser than a cheerful pulse, and all innocent things which tend to keep it so.

The late Justice Talfourd held that Mr. Leigh Hunt has never been approached in theatrical criticism, at once just and picturesque in the art of applying his graphic powers to a detail of the performance, and making it interesting by the delicacy of his touch; "enerystal the cobweb intricacies of

a plot with the sparkling dew of his own fancy—bid the light plume wave in the fluttering grace of his style—or 'catch ere she fell the Cynthia of the minute,' and fix the airy charm in lasting words."† It was in 1805 that he joined his brother John, when spoken take the dramatic critiques in the *News*, then just set up. "We saw," he says, "that independence in theatrical criticism would be a great novelty. We announced it, and nobody believed us; we stuck to it, and the town believed everything we said."‡ The legitimate drama was not as yet exiled to Hoxton and the Edgeware-road, nor, when spoken of, was it in tones of apology. The theatre was beloved and frequented by King and Commons at night, and discussed by them at noon. That is fifty years since. And at that time a critic who would criticize it for them with a candid spirit, a tolerably searching eye, a zestful sympathy, and a light pen, must win attention. The critic of the *News* won more. He was in every play-goer's mouth, every morning. And every night, there he was at his post, every night he

— was at "the play."

And saw uprise the stage's strange floor-day,
And music tuning as in tune's despite;
And Childhood saw, that glad-faced squeazeth tight
One's hand, while the rapt curtain soars away,—
And beauty and age, and all that piled array—
Thousands of souls drawn to one wise delight. †

Now-a-days it is only very old play-goers who can tell you aught of these dramatic by-gones, or even remember to have met with the lucubrations, jaunty, gay, sincere, which deal with Kemble's unbending seriousness—his success in the prouder passions, and inability to express that of love—his excellence wherever an air of self-importance or abstraction was required—his perfect mastery of bye-play—the admirable art which supplied the natural weakness of his voice by an energy and significance of utterance—his pronunciation crotchets—his genius as a whole more compulsive of respect than attractive of delight;—his sister's resemblance to him in all his good qualities, but not any of his bad ones, and deserving undoubtedly the palm both of genius and judgment;—Pope, without face, expression, or delivery; his unmeaning rage consisting in a mere staring eye and a thundering voice;—Ray-

* TALFOURD'S *Thoughts upon the late William Hazlitt*. 1836.

† Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.

‡ Sonnets: "To the Author of 'Ion.'"

* The Companion.

mond, always natural and always admirable in the gradations and changes of passion ;—H. Johnston, always upon stilts, heralding every trifling speech with cold pauses of intended meaning ;—Bannis, unapproachable in the heartiness of jovial honesty and the sincerity of ludicrous distress ;—Lewis, all heart, all fire, polite from a natural wish to please,—exuberant in frankness and vivacity, inimitable in affecting the lounging fop, his laborious carelessness of action, important indifference of voice, and natural vacuity of look ;—Munden, extravagant and grimacing, as confined in action as vagrant in features, but a special master in the relaxed gesture and variable fatuity of intoxication ;—Fawcett, gaining his effects by eccentricity, by a hastiness of gesture, a strange harsh rapidity of speech, and a general confidence of manners ;—Simmons, unassuming, correct, and and delicate ;—Liston, irresistibly humorous, but adding to his *role* nothing of stage affectation, nor diminishing from it aught of nature—exquisite in portraying the voluptuous self-repose of conceited folly, and in the rawness of country simplicity,—indeed, for the range of his characters,

— own'd without dispute
Thro' all the realms of nonsense absolute—

Emery's tragi-comic intensity ; Johnstone's radiant Irish jollity ; Dowton's supremacy in the testiness of age ; Mathews, great in officious valets and humorous old men ; Mrs. Mattocks, with "a head to conceive and a hand to execute any mischief ;" Mrs. Jordan, unrivalled in acting childhood, its bursts of temper and its fitful happiness—combining with cordial frankness a power of raillery managed with inimitable delicacy—her laughter the happiest and most natural on the stage, intermingling itself with her words, as fresh ideas afford her fresh merriment, and sparkling forth, at little intervals, as recollection revives it, like flame from half-smothered embers—yet unable to catch the elegant delicacy of the lady, from her perpetual representation of the other sex, and of the romping, unsettled, and uneducated part of her own ; Miss Duncan, original and alone in her representation of the fashionable lady, with an imposing air of perpetual flourish ; Mrs. H. Siddons, of entirely feminine genius, delightful for her sweetness and her feeling, but for nothing so delightful as for the chastity of her demeanor ; Elliston, who alone has approached Garrick in universality of imitation ; Cooke, the Machiavel of the modern

stage, master of every species of hypocrisy ; and Charles Kemble, excelling in the tender lover, in the spirited gentleman of tragedy, and in a very happy mixture of the occasional debauchee and the gentleman of feeling.

Mr. Hunt's critical biographies of Wycherley, Farquhar, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, are done with great pains and genial talent ; seldom, if ever, has he appeared to more advantage in so far as the quality of ingenuity and nicety of appreciation goes. But we pass them over ; siding as we do with the Macaulays and Thackerays in their antipathy to the group, rather than with the Lambs, Hazlitts, and Hunts in their sympathy ; and saying ditto to Sir Bulwer Lytton's *censura litteraria* : "They are worse than merely licentious,—they are positively villanous—pregnant with the most redemptionless scoundrelism,—their honor debauches the whole moral system ; they are like the Sardinian herb—they make you laugh, it is true ; but *they poison you in the act.*"

Happily, Mr. Hunt has applied his critical gifts to more wholesome uses. He has written admirably of many who both deserve and command admiration—not with mere vague panegyric or second-hand rapture, but with intelligence, with discrimination, with an answer for those who would know the reason why. He can not only relish a beautiful poem—as an accomplished brother-critic, Mr Foster, if we mistake not, has said—but he can also explain the mystery of its mechanism, the witchery of peculiar harmonies, and the intense force of words used in certain combinations : the mysteries of versification in their subtlest recesses are known to him : his sensibility, originally delicate, has been cultivated into taste by a lifelong intercourse with poets—and he has not only read much, but read well. His greatest drawback as a teacher is, in the judgment of the same well-disciplined judge, "the absence of that conception of literature as the product of national thought, which though often carried to excess, is the distinguishing characteristic of modern continental criticism"—of that new class of thinkers, to wit, who, when judging of a work of art, endeavor to throw themselves back into the era in which it was produced, and to look at it as its contemporaries did—to understand that era in its language, beliefs, and prejudices. Now in practice, whatever he may be in theory, Leigh Hunt, it is here contended, belongs "to the eigh-

teenth century school of critics. He judges works of art absolutely; the effect they produce on him is taken as the test of their excellence. A method which, though proper enough for each man seeking merely his own pleasure among books, is, we believe, singularly unfit for literary criticism." The literary *pièce d'occasion* which suggests these strictures is Dante's Divine Comedy,—Mr. Hunt's account of which furnishes ample evidence of the charge of personal predilections, and of trying old catholic creeds by the right (made wrong) of new private judgment. "His own Muse loves to wander amidst the Graces and Charities of life, and shrinks from any outburst of violence and energy. The vehement Dante startles and annoys him. His aim has ever been to inculcate gentleness and tolerance. The stern and fanatical Dante makes him shudder." "Dante the theologian is quite left out of sight; indeed, the whole poem is never looked upon as a product of the middle ages. . . . He was the creature of his age: the intense expression of its dominant elements. If asked whether such fanaticism, such vehemence be laudable now, no one can hesitate as to the answer. But the question for the literary critic is whether they were laudable then."* This notice of Mr. Hunt's tendencies as a critic comes in partial confirmation of what Hazlitt once said, that the style of poetry which a man sat down deliberately to write, was the style he would praise, and that only.

In other respects there is a marked and largely re-marked catholicity of taste in Leigh Hunt's literary verdicts. Where, indeed, he has personal dislikes, or particular antipathies, he freely expresses them, but they little affect his general estimate of the writers concerned. Thus, he has his sling at Young, as a preferment-hunter, who was prosperous enough to indulge in the "luxury of woe," and to groan because his toast was not thrice buttered; at old Isaak Walton, whose angling hobby he can never speak of with patience, and whom he regards as an overweening old man, whom to reverence were a jest—"you might as well make a god of an otter;" at Franklin, as vulgarized throughout a long life by something of the pettiness and materiality of his first occupation, that always stuck to him, his only Justice arithmetic, and stubbornness his nearest approach to Fortitude; at Colman, as having no faith in sentiment, mouthing and over-

doing it, as a man does when he is telling a lie; at Addison even, as wanting greatness of every kind, whose "virtue, even in its humblest moment, was but a species of good breeding, equally useful to him, he thought, in and out of the presence; a mixture of prudence, egotism, and submission;"—but for once that he charges or hints a fault, and avows or hesitates dislike, how numerous (or say innumerable) his eulogies, his handsome compliments, his tributes of loving admiration, his *eurekas* over a latent beauty, some literary violet, by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye. Indeed, to such violets he may be thought by some to add fresh perfume,—to paint his lilies, and regild his fine gold,—for he has been taxed before now with a habit of finding in his favorite authors more than they contain, and of placing to their credit things that they know not. He has a charming knack of calling attention to the *benè notanda* in a poet's verses, by a few harmoniously pitched prose intervals of his own, in (to apply a bit of Wordsworth)

—some happy tone
Of meditation, stepping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

His later works, "Imagination and Fancy," "Wit and Humor," &c. (when are we to have the promised third of the series, "Action and Passion?"), show his critical aptness, delicacy, and enthusiasm to fine effect; and what a "nosegay" exhales from that "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," whose *melle fragrantia* very redolent *thymo* and all the *floribus variis* concerned in the concoction of *Hyblæum nectar*—what honeyed sweets he discourses anent, of divine Alpheus, and Proserpine, and the Sirens, and Acis and Galatea, and the pastorals of Theocritus, and Tasso, and Guarini, and the "Shepherd's Kalendar" of Spenser, and the Masques of rare old Ben, down to the piping of Allan Ramsay's Doric reed amid the Pentlands, nigh to that bonny Bonaly whose learned, letters-loving laird hath so lately fallen on sleep.

If the reader is bored, and fairly worn out by the oppression of our "too-muchness," let him (notwithstanding that the full soul loathes the honeycomb) seek what shall revive him, by a dip (the deeper the better: into this said Jar of Honey; its thymy flavor, its Hyblæan odor, shall anon recruit him; and he shall be himself again in a trice.

* See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxvi.

From Dickens' Household Words.

TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa, near Walton-on-Thames, sat, one evening at dusk, an old man and a young woman. The age of the man might be some seventy; whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiful, blooming face, and active, light and upright figure, were in strong contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man; but in his eye, and in the corners of his mouth, were indications of a gay self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he; "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very hard that, when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and see him, they can't come at once. The duty is simple in the extreme,—only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will! Pooh! when I was a young man, I'd have done it for my uncle with the utmost celerity. But the world's getting quite heartless!"

"Oh, sir!" said Mary.

"And what does 'Oh, sir!' mean? said he. D'ye think I sha'n't die? I know better. A little more, and there'll be an end of old Billy Collett. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner—to the great sorrow, (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Ugh! Give me a glass of the doctor's stuff."

The girl poured some medicine into a glass, and Collett, after having contemplated it for a moment with infinite disgust, managed to get it down.

"I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said he, "I don't by any means approve of your 'Oh, sir' and 'Dear sir,' and the rest of it, when I've told you how I hate to be called 'sir' at all. Why you couldn't be more respectful if you were a charity-girl and I a beadle in a gold-laced hat. None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your lawful guardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings and dislikings."

"My poor father often told me how you disliked ceremony," said Mary.

"Your poor father told you quite right," said Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man of talent—a capital fellow! His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved me—I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child—and it isn't every friend would do that!"

"A kind and generous protector you have been!"

"Well, I don't know; I've tried not to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes? Haven't I given you good, prudent, worldly advice about John Meade, and made myself quite disagreeable, and like a guardian? Come, confess you love this penniless nephew of mine."

"Penniless indeed!" said Mary.

"Ah there it is!" said Mr. Collett. "And what business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward? And what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor devil of an artist? But that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over! Haven't I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one—the thriving one? Peter Finch—considering he's an attorney—is a worthy young man. He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's business, only when he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the main chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil canvas forever, and not grow rich. He's all for art, and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in his carriage, and splash poor John Meade as he trudges on foot!"

The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch was announced. He had scarcely taken his seat when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a queer sort of smile, whilst they made speeches

expressive of sorrow at the nature of their visit. At last, stopping them,

"Enough boys, enough!" said he. "Let us find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to know a little more about you both. I haven't seen much of you up to the present time, and, for anything I know, you may be rogues or fools."

John Meade seemed rather to wince under this address; but Peter Finch sat calm and confident.

"To put a case now," said Mr. Collett; "this morning a poor wretch of a gardener, came begging here. He could get no work, it seems, and said he was starving. Well, I knew something about the fellow, and I believe he only told the truth; so I gave him a shilling to get rid of him. Now I'm afraid I did wrong. What reason had I for giving him a shilling? What claim had he on me? What claim has he on anybody? The value of his labor in the market is all that a working man has a right to; and when his labor is of no value, why, then he must go to the Devil, or wherever else he can. Eh, Peter? That's my philosophy; what do you think?"

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr. Finch; "perfectly agree with you. The value of their labor in the market is all that laborers can pretend to—all that they should have. Nothing acts more perniciously than the absurd extraneous support called charity."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collett. "You're a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear boy, go on!"

"What results from charitable aid?" continued Peter. "The value of labor is kept at an unnatural level. State charity is state robbery: private charity is public wrong."

"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collett. "What do you think of our philosophy, John?"

"I don't like it, I don't believe it!" said John. "You were quite right to give the man a shilling. I'd have given him a shilling myself."

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr. Collett. "You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all orthodox political economy, you Vandal?"

"Yes," said John: "as the Vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance."

"Poor John!" said Mr. Collett. "We shall never make anything of him, Peter. Really

we'd better talk of something else. John, tell us all about the last new novel."

They conversed on various topics, until the arrival of the invalid's early bed-time parted uncle and nephews for the night.

Mary Sutton seized an opportunity, the next morning, after breakfast, to speak with John Meade alone:

"John," said she, "do think more of your own interest—of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent, last night, and contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself. John, you must be more careful, or we shall never be married."

"Well, Mary dear, I'll do my best," said John. "It was that confounded Peter with his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly out. I'm not an iceberg, Mary."

"Thank heaven you're not!" said Mary; "but an iceberg floats—think of that John. Remember—every time you offend Mr. Collett, you please Mr. Finch."

"So I do!" said John. "Yes; I'll remember that."

"If you would only try to be a little mean and hard-hearted," said Mary; "just a little, to begin with. You would only stoop to conquer, John—and you deserve to conquer."

"May I gain my deserts, then?" said John. "Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? And are you not to sit at needle work in my studio, whilst I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for us?"

"Ah, how indeed?" said Mary. "But here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. I leave you together." And so saying, she withdrew.

"What, Meade?" said Peter Finch, as he entered. "Skulking in-doors on a fine morning like this! I've been all through the village. Not an ugly place—but wants looking after sadly. Roads shamefully muddy! Pigs allowed to walk on the footpath!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed John.

"I say—you come out pretty strong last night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old man! But I like your spirit."

"I have no doubt you do," thought John.

"Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little that way myself," said Peter. "But the world—the world, my dear sir—soon cures us of all romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see poor people miserable; but what's the use of regretting? It's no part of the business of the superior classes to interfere with

the laws of supply and demand; poor people must be miserable. What can't be cured must be endured.

"That is to say," returned John, "what we can't cure they must endure?"

"Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nephews in his bedroom. They found him propped up by pillows, looking very weak, but in good spirits as usual.

"Well, boys," said he, "here I am you see: brought to an anchor at last! The doctor will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his head and write recipes. Humbug, my boys! Patients can do as much for themselves I believe, as doctors can do for them: they're all in the dark together—the only difference is, that the patients grope in English, and the doctors grope in Latin!"

"You are too sceptical, sir," said John Meade.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us change the subject. I want your advice, Peter and John, on a matter that concerns your interests. I'm going to make my will to-day—and I don't know how to act about your cousin, Emma Briggs. Emma disgraced us by marrying an oilman."

"An oilman!" exclaimed John.

"A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said Mr. Collett, "a wretch who not only sold oil, but soap, candles, turpentine, black-lead, and birch-brooms. It was a dreadful blow to the family. Her poor grandmother never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned Methodist in despair. Well! Briggs, the oilman, died last week, it seems; and his widow has written to me, asking for assistance. Now, I have thought of leaving her a hundred a-year in my will. What do you think of it? I'm afraid she don't deserve it. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friends? What have I to do with her misfortunes?"

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter Finch, "no notice ought to be taken of her. She made an obstinate and unworthy match—and let her abide the consequences!"

"Now for your opinion, John," said Mr. Collett.

"Upon my word I think I must say the same," said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly for the part of the worldly man. "What right had she to marry—as you observed with great justice, sir. Let her abide the consequences—as you very properly remarked, Finch. Can't she carry on the oil-

man's business? I dare say it will support her very well."

"Why, no," said Mr. Collett; "Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are destitute."

"That does not alter the question," said Peter Finch. "Let Briggs's family do something for her."

"To be sure!" said Mr. Collett. "Briggs's family are the people to do something for her. She mustn't expect anything from us, must she, John?"

"Destitute, is she?" said John. "With children, too! Why, this is another case, sir. You surely ought to notice her—to assist her. Confound it, I'm for letting her have the hundred a-year."

"Oh, John, John! What a break-down!" said Mr. Collett. "So you were trying to follow Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, and turned back at the second step! Here's a brave traveller for you, Peter! John, John, keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave sterner ways to very different men. Good-bye both of you. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said."

He pressed their hands, and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak the next day, and in three days after that he calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of business, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's affairs. The group that sat around him preserved a decorous appearance of disinterestedness; and, the usual preamble to the will having been listened to with breathless attention, the man of business read the following in a clear voice:

"I bequeath, to my niece, Emma Briggs, notwithstanding that she shocked her family by marrying an oilman, the sum of four thousand pounds; being fully persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could even find it again, would do nothing to provide her with food, or clothing, or shelter.

John Meade smiled, and Peter Finch ground his teeth—but in a quiet, respectable manner.

The man of business went on with his reading.

"Having always held the opinion that woman should be rendered a rational and independent being,—and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right of earning her own living—I hereby bequeath to Mary Sutton, the only child of my old friend, Frederick Sutton, the

sum of ten thousand pounds, which will enable her to marry, or to remain single, as she may prefer."

John Meade gave a prodigious start upon hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his teeth again—but in a manner hardly respectable. Both, however, by a violent effort, kept silent.

The man of business went on with his reading.

"I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew, John Meade, and have been grieved to find him much possessed with a feeling of philanthropy, and with a general preference for whatever is noble and true over whatever is base and false. As these tendencies are by no means such as can advance him in the world, I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand pounds—hoping that he will thus be kept out of the workhouse, and be enabled to paint his great historical picture—which, as yet, he has only talked about.

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way, and is so certain to get on in life, that I shall only insult him by offering an aid which he does not require; yet, from his affectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony of admiration for his mental acuteness, I venture to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds towards the completion of his extensive library of law-books."

How Peter Finch stormed, and called names—how John Meade broke into a delirium of joy—how Mary Sutton cried first, and then laughed, and then cried and laughed together; all these matters I shall not attempt to describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs. John Meade; and her husband has actually begun the great historical picture. Peter Finch has taken to discounting bills, and bringing actions on them; and drives about in his brougham already.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

I AM an old physician: an old fool, one of my bachelor friends called me on an important and interesting occasion; but every man, the proverb says, is either the one or the other at forty, and I wish the uncomplimentary remark to be kept a profound secret between myself and the public. I was just five-and-twenty when I made a solemn determination to live and die a bachelor: moved thereto by the pretty Mary Somers having refused me and married my friend and schoolfellow, John Tolmer.

I never saw her afterwards: she died in a few years. John came to me in the lonely sorrow of his bereavement, seeking for comfort and sympathy; in the renewal of our early friendship I shook his hand—I listened to his words of grief for Mary—I wept—and we were brothers as before.

After some time I went abroad, and travelled through many lands, picking up a few out-of-the-way secrets in medicine, which have been useful at times to my patients, and especially to my darling—— But I must not anticipate.

Years passed on; I grew tired of leading a wandering life, and returning to my native country, Ireland, I took up my abode in Dublin. I began to practice as a physician, but somehow I did not get on particularly well,—at least with the ladies. I could not, for the life of me, listen with a grave, sympathizing face to the history of "a nervous headache," "a nervous finger-ache," "a nervous general affection." Oh, those nerves! How I hated the very name! I suppose one reason why I did not succeed well in my profession was that I had the means of living in affluence without it. One of those kind old Three-per-cent.-Consols aunts, so frequently to be met with in novels, and so seldom in real life, and whom I had never seen, died shortly after my return from abroad.

A few days before her death, she had had a most opportune quarrel with her waiting-maid, on the score of the pet parrot having bitten the pet cat, and the latter having retaliated by clawing out her antagonist's eye, without Susan being present, as in duty

bound, to prevent hostilities. In revenge of the injury sustained by the feathered biped, the luckless expectant plumeless one was summarily dismissed and disinherited in favor of me, her lawful and "beloved nephew," as the old lady styled me in her will.

Maybe, some thought of old love for my mother, whom she had disowned for marrying my father, came back, as such thoughts often do, and visit those in death who in life have sternly repelled them. Be this as it may, I suddenly found myself a rich man, just when I felt that riches, without Mary Somers, were valueless. I pensioned poor Susan, and also the cat and the parrot, who, being annuitants, lived, I need not say, to a good old age. My aunt's legacy, still invested in the Funds, formed a comfortable provision, and removed the spur of necessity from my professional efforts.

One day I received a letter from John Tolmer (who lived in a remote part of Ireland), saying that he felt very uneasy about his only daughter's state of health. "She had had a severe attack of scarlatina in the spring, and, probably from wanting a mother's watchful care,"—these words were written very tremulously,—"*had never since properly regained her strength.*" He had sent her to town under the care of her aunt, Mrs. Willis, who resided in — street: would I call to see her, and give my opinion of her case?

"Of course I will!" said I to myself. "Poor little thing! She's about ten years old, I suppose. Better have to deal with a girl of that age, who knows nothing of nerves, than with a fine grown-up young lady—I hate young ladies,—and then Mary's child!"

So, without waiting even to finish reading a debate on the Medical Charities' Bill, I set off to go to Mrs. Willis. She lived in a nice comfortable house, and was a nice, comfortable-looking lady herself, with a matronly but not motherly expression of countenance; for, although a widow, she had no children. And mother-joy, as the Germans beautifully call it, gives an expression to the dullest face—to the plainest features, which no other emotion can ever produce.

"My niece," she said, "I fear, Doctor, is very ill; her strength has failed so much lately. And yet she has been brought up in a very healthy retirement—she has never even been at a ball."

"A ball!" I exclaimed. "Why, madam, how old is the child?"

"Seventeen, Doctor."

"Is it possible that John Tolmer can have a daughter so old? It seems but the other day—"

The door opened, and there entered, walking feebly and slowly, in touching contrast to her extreme youth, the prettiest young creature I had ever seen, since—well, no matter! When she saw me she started with real agitation—not with nervousness. No, no; Annie, though she was seventeen, knew nothing about nerves.

"This is Dr. Torrens, your papa's friend, my dear, who is so kind as to visit you," said Mrs. Willis, as she arranged the sofa cushions.

I approached her, took her little hot transparent hand, and led her to the sofa, on which she sank exhausted. Twenty years seemed to have rolled back: the child was very like her mother,—so like in the expression of her soft gray eyes that I had to close mine before I could dispel the illusion.

When first I saw the child I did not think she could recover. Her cheeks were so thin, her eyes so bright, with that suffering anxious expression outlooking from their depths, which is so often seen in young dying persons. She was very good and patient, submitting with the utmost sweetness to every needful remedy; and after a time I saw her revive, and begin to grow stronger every day.

It often surprised me to see with what pleasure the child used to listen to my long stories of adventures in foreign lands; and while Mrs. Willis's knitting or netting, or crotchet, or whatever the work might be, continued to progress quite regularly, Annie's embroidery was sure to fall from her fingers, and lie unheeded on her lap, while I told her of my adventures in the deserts of Africa, or in the wilds of America.

At length she became quite well: her father (no wonder!) was longing for her return, and I felt a curious kind of sinking sensation when one Monday morning I knocked at her aunt's door, and thought that the following Wednesday was fixed for their departure for the north.

I was ushered as usual into the drawing-room; Annie was not there, but Mrs. Willis soon came in.

"Well ma'am," I said, after the usual salutations, "how is my young friend to-day?"

"Indeed, Doctor, I have just been scolding her."

"Very wrong, ma'am," I said, testily. "Exceedingly imprudent indeed,—she ought not to be agitated."

"Oh, Doctor, it was not exactly scolding, in the common acceptation of the word. I was merely trying to prevent the dear from giving way to excessive grief at parting."

"How," I said, "I don't understand; are not you to accompany her home?"

"Oh, yes, but *you*, Doctor. The only reason she would assign for her excessive grief (she has done little else but cry since Saturday) was that 'Doctor Torrens was so very kind she could not bear to think of leaving him.'"

Forty-eight and seventeen! it was a fearful disparity! And yet, old fool that I was, I felt something within my bosom give a sudden bound—something that had not stirred there since that gloomy day when I bid farewell to Mary.

"If I thought, Mrs. Willis," I said; "if I *could* have thought that the dear child would marry me, I'm sure I'd have asked her long ago."

Mrs. Willis blushed, and was going, I believe, to say something angry, when Annie herself came in. The soft gray eyes were indeed red with weeping, but ere that interview was over they smiled again. Mrs. Willis discreetly took herself off, and if Annie's aunt did not know exactly what I said and what she answered, I do not think any one else has a claim to do so. Indeed, all that I can recollect distinctly is, that the blushing, trembling little thing said a good deal about papa, and sent me away the happiest man breathing.

"Papa," John Tolmer, my own real old friend, did not say "No." As soon as he found that his darling and mine was really so silly as to love for himself and his old-world stories, him who had loved her mother, he gave his consent; and I think, nay, I am sure, that my Annie does not repent the day that made her the old Doctor's bride.

A GREAT MAN'S HOPE OF THE WORLD. The following passage occurs in an article upon "the Past and the present Morality of British Statesmen," in the North British Review:

"We recently ventured, at the close of some long conversations with a retired philosopher and statesman, who for many years was the first minister of a great kingdom, to ask him the following question: You have lived through some of the most interesting and troublesome times of modern history; you have studied men contemplatively, as well as acted with them and governed them; you have long had the fate of your own country, and a portion of that of Europe, in your own hands. What feeling is strongest in your mind as you look back and look forward—hope or despondency for your country and for the world—contempt and disgust, or affection and esteem for your fellow-men? His

reply was, as nearly as we can recall it, this: 'I do not feel that my experience of men has either disposed me to think worse of them, or indisposed me to serve them; nor, in spite of failure which I lament, of errors which I now see and acknowledge, and of the present gloomy aspect of affairs, do I despair of the future. On the contrary, I see a glimpse of daylight; I see elements of rescue; I see, even now, faint dawns of a better day. The march of providence is so slow, and our desires so impatient—the work of progress is so immense, and our means of aiding it so feeble—the life of humanity is so long, and the life of individual men so brief, that what we see is often only the ebb of the advancing wave, and thus discouragement is our inevitable lot. It is only history that teaches us to hope.'"

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

AMONG the new works announced by the English publishers, we notice the following :

LINLEY MANOR; or, Rural Recollections, by Wm. Platt, Author of "Tom Thornton," &c.

RICHARD CROMWELL and the Dawn of the Restoration, by M. Guizot, Author of "History of Oliver Cromwell."

THE EXTERNAL GOVERNMENT and Discipline of the Church during the first three Centuries, by John Kaye, D. D., late bishop of Lincoln.

ARISTOBULUS; a Tale of Jerusalem, by M. Kavanagh. (Not Julia.)

THE DEAD SEA, a New Route to India: with other Fragments and Gleanings from the East, by Captain W. Allen, R. N., F. R. S., &c.; Author of "The Narrative of the Niger Expedition."

PATRIARCHY; or, the Family, its Constitution, and Probation, by the Rev. J. Harria, D. D., New College, St. John's Wood, London.

JOURNAL kept at the Head-Quarters of the British Army before Sebastopol, from the Landing of the army in September, 1854; comprising the Letters of the Correspondent of the "Morning Herald," corrected and revised by the Author.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN KITTO, D. D., F. S. A., Author of 'Daily Bible Illustrations,' &c., compiled chiefly from his Letters and Journals, by J. E. Ryland, M. A., editor of "Foster's Life and Correspondence."

LIFE AND WORKS OF GÖTTE; with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from published and unpublished sources, by G. H. Lewes.

THE GUIDE TO LIVING MEDICAL AUTHORS; with a Classification of the Subjects of their Writing; being a complete Catalogue raisonne of Medical Bibliography.

A LITERAL ENGLISH Translation of King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon Version of the Compendious History of the World, by Orosius, by the Rev. J. Bosworth, LL.D., containing—1. Notes on the English Translation; 2. Facsimile Specimens of the Laud and Cotton MSS.; 3. Mr. Hampton's Essay on King Alfred's Geography; 4. A Map of Europe, Asia and Africa, according to Orosius and Alfred.

THE FUR-HUNTERS OF THE FAR WEST, by Alex. Ross, Author of "Adventures in the Columbia River."

MY FIRST SEASON, by the author of "Counterparts" and "Charles Auchester." (Smith & Elder.)

CARAVAN JOURNEYS; and wanderings in Persia, Afghanistan, Turkistan, and Beloochistan, with Historical Notices of those Countries, Descriptions of the Cities of Mehed, Herat, Balk, and Candahar, and Sketches of the Nomade Tribes of Central

Asia, by J. P. Ferrier, formerly of the First Regt. of Chasseurs d'Afrique, translated by Capt. Wm. Jesse.

THE Fourth Volume of the Collected Works of John Knox, edited by David Laing, Esq., forming vol. 2 of the Miscellaneous Works.

A NEW EDITION, in 9 vols. 8vo, of the Works of the Rev. John Howe, A. M., including several works never before published; and a Life of the author, by Henry Rogers, carefully revised for this edition, to be edited by the Rev. Dr. Goold, Edinburgh.

THE Lord Advocate of Scotland is engaged in preparing for the press a Memoir of the late Lord Cockburn, with Anecdotes and Sketches of the distinguished Contemporaries of the deceased Judge.

THE First Number of Dickens' new novel in shilling parts, illustrated by Hablot K. Browne, will be published in November next.

Mr. T. B. MACAULAY has been elected a member of the Academy of Sciences, of Belgium.

THE Jury assembled at Anvers, to determine the quinquennial prize of 5,000 francs, instituted for the encouragement of Flemish literature, has awarded it, unanimously, to M. Henri Conscience.

THE French Government has granted a fresh delay of three years for the completion of the two Dictionaries—French and Arabic, and Arabic and French, for which two prizes of 5,000 francs each were offered by a decree of the 29th of November, 1852.

M. LAMARTINE is about to commence a series of contributions to the *Siecle* newspaper.

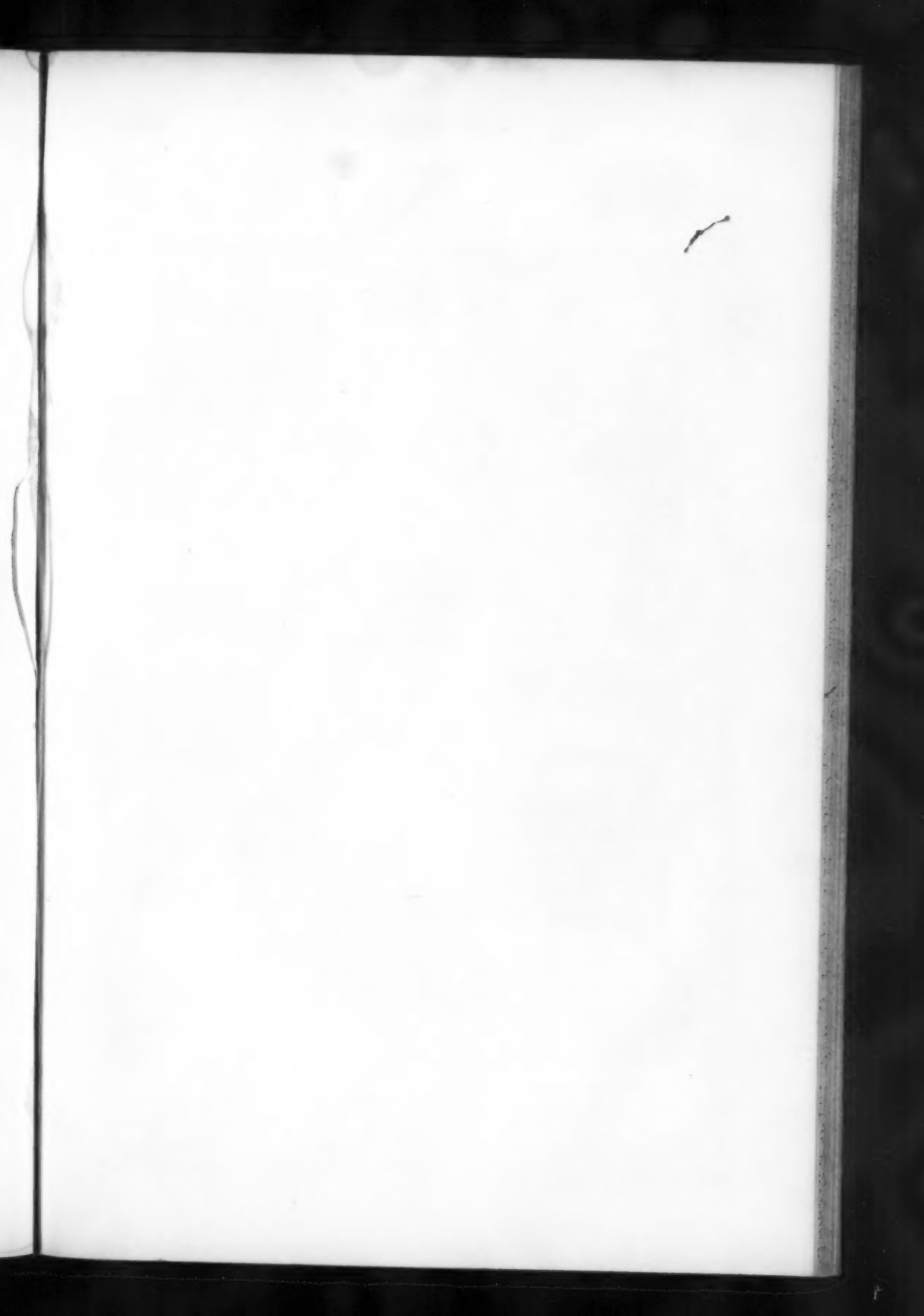
A HISTORY OF RUSSIA, by Lamartine, is advertised to appear in Paris, as a companion work to his recent "History of Turkey."

It is stated that the celebrated Strauss, author of "The Life of Jesus," has retired from the department of Theological Polemics, and has devoted himself to literary pursuits. He is making minute researches as to the lives of the older poets and artists of his Suabian fatherland.

A curious work, on the Book of Jasher, "restored from the Masoretic text," has been published at Berlin, in Latin, the author being Dr. Donaldson, the author of the "New Cratylus," head master of Bury School, England. It is an attempt to restore this ancient book, referred to in Josh. x. 13, 2 Sam. i. 18.

THE first volume of a "translation of Albert Barnes' Commentaries on the New Testament into French, by N. Rousel," has been issued in Paris.

LAMMENAIS' Work upon "Dante, his Life, Opinions and Works," is to be published, edited by M. Forgues.





SCULPTED BY S. L. COLE

ARMED BY J. GASTON

Charles Henry

ENGRAVED FOR THE "ECLECTIC MAG."

